# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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JUNE 10, 1916 — 5cts. THE COPY

## THE BELLS OF SAINT CLEMENS—By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

# California RAISIN BREAD

*Made With* **Sun-Maid Raisins**

California's rich contribution—a true fruit food! The *new* raisin bread—the kind that is winning the nation—baked after *our* recipe, which calls for *plenty* of Sun-Maid Raisins—muscats from California's sunlit valleys.

*Count the raisins.* Each slice is rich with these deep-juiced, full-flavored confections of Nature. They make this bread delicious—and a great fruit food. For raisins are sun-brewed nutriment—nuggets of energy. Get a loaf today from your dealer. Ask for it by name, for other raisin breads are not like this.

**Sun-Maid** raisins are selected from 8000 California vineyards—muscat grapes, sun-cured in the open vineyards, seeded, and shipped fresh, with the sunshine sealed in. No other raisin has the rare flavor of the muscat raisin. And nowhere else do such muscats grow. Such raisins are both good and good for you—slightly laxative, wholesome, energizing. They are Nature's own answer to the sweet-tooth problem, for they supply the sugar children crave in its best and purest form.

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**With Whipped Cream**

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1 cup rice, 1 teaspoon salt

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Ask your grocer for **Sun-Maid Brand Raisins** in packages. They lend variety to your daily menu, and are a true economy, because of their high food value. Try the recipe printed here, and send to us for a book of raisin recipes telling dozens of delightful uses.

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At the height of its success it was the butt of much good-natured, even affectionate, ridicule, such as Ford and Ingersoll enjoy today; and like these became an institution known to the ends of the earth.

Then followed mismanagement and unsound business policies. The quick-winding Ingersoll came into the market, at a lower price. The name of the famous old pioneer watch, which was so familiar to the public, was changed as a last hope and it went out as a stranger on the market. Although it was improved mechanically from time to time, it never regained the prestige of its predecessor, and two years ago it was bought by the Ingersolls.

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On the road as on the busy thoroughfares of every city throughout the country, this Studebaker is proving its unchallenged reputation for comfort, stamina and refinement.

* * *

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In Detroit, the city that produces three-fourths of the country's cars—where people know cars from the technical and manufacturing sides better than they do in any other city on earth—more Studebakers were registered, according to official figures, in the year of 1915 than any other cars selling at more than $500.

* * *

***California's Opinion is Authoritative—***

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# The Bells of Saint Clemens

## By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

*ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN*

*"Poor Old Billy! It's a Shame!" She Cuddled Back in Her Cushions*

"WELL?" Mendenhall smiled broadly. "Do you hear Opportunity kicking in the front door? Shall we let her in, or do we call the police?"

A cone of mellow light fell softly on one corner of a Gargantuan desk. A few bits of ore were scattered within that shining circle, samples from the T.-S. C., the Torpedo-Sundown Consolidated. Clem Gray laid a paper beside them. His hand trembled a little.

"If you're sure the assay is straight and if there's any such body of ore as your borings indicate—why, with copper the price it is, we are all rich. The Torpedo is a made mine."

"Clem," said Mendenhall, "you amuse me, you do indeed. Your simplicity is quite refreshing. As your poor father would have phrased it, you are a pointblank fool. You seem to think I am going to let the stockholders in on this. Guess again."

"But—how—why——" stammered Gray. His face was blank.

"I'll spell it out to you." Mendenhall sat back in his swivel chair and grinned complacency. "You're on your feet, Clem; push over that box of cigars, will you? Help yourself. Sit down."

"Now," he continued, when his cigar was fairly alight, "here's the proposition: No one is to make one round red copper cent but you and me and the superintendent—unless we're absolutely forced to let old J. C. in. We may have to do that to pull it off. I would much prefer to skin him. Bullheaded, overbearing old roughneck, Armstrong is. But he owns a biggish share of stock, and he's from Missouri."

"I haven't the least idea," declared Gray, "of what you are talking about."

Leaning forward, Mendenhall laid his heavy hand on Gray's knee. "We'll freeze out the minority stockholders. Nothing doing but assessments, trouble and more trouble from now on until we can buy their interests at our own price."

"My aunt!" Young Gray sat up with a feeble giggle. "And their money paid for all the development work, didn't it?"

"Your father and I put in the mine for half the capital stock. The proceeds from sale of the other half developed the mine, certainly."

"And every cent the mine has produced has gone right back into it for more machinery, buildings, wagon roads," cackled Gray. "All the money that might have gone for dividends?"

"Well, not quite all. Some of it went for operating expenses. Your father as president and general manager and myself as secretary—we drew good salaries, Clem; quite fair, quite fair!" said Mendenhall complacently. "The mine superintendent too—great technical knowledge—his salary was a fat and juicy cut.

"Your dad and I, we had the naming of the superintendent, and we made a very satisfactory arrangement with him. We bought supplies too; let contracts for freighting for mine timbers, and all that."

"Stop, Uncle Herman, you'll be the death of me," said Clem Gray. "Oh, you sly old dog! You and the old man were getting yours no matter what the mine did, eh?"

"Mining is a risky and uncertain business. I never cared much for mining. Other people's money, my son—other people's money—that's the surest thing there is. And of course there was always a chance that the mine might pay. The Bennett-Stephenson has been a steady producer since '66. Strictly speaking, the Torpauncon has always made a modest return on the investment. But we have paid few dividends, except at first, because"—Mendenhall coughed modestly—"because of our foresighted policy of reinvestment for permanent betterment."

"And now that you've really struck something big—by the use and risk of their money—you're going to take it away from 'em!" Young Gray rocked with glee; his voice was a thin crow. "Oh, this is too rich! Gets 'em comin' and goin'—what? You're the ticket, gov'nor! I string my bets along with you. Go on, tell us how you're goin' to do it. I'm sure I don't see."

"Easy as silk. Since your father died I've acted as both president and secretary, and Spencer has been both superintendent and general manager. It was our own proposition. We put it up to the stockholders, as a measure of economy—clear saving of two salaries—self-denying ordinance. 'Twas much appreciated. But we were figuring on this very possibility. The mine kept shaping up better as we went down, and we wanted to have everything in our own hands. Spencer is my man. I can hang him or get him a life sentence. To make sure I gave him a bunch of stock. Five thousand shares. He's mine."

"Excuse me if I interrupt, but why did you take me in?"

"Mostly because I need your votes to retain control," explained the elder man simply. "Partly, I hope, because you are old Pete Gray's son. Pete and me was pardners all our lives. We've seen more downs than ups, I want to tell you. You may not believe it, but Pete and me were fairly decent chaps when we were down—and young. Gettin' old and up is what plays hell with a man. However, comma, old Pete's boy is different from other folks, to me. Not but what you want to watch me," he added hastily.

Gray reassured him.

"I'll keep an eye on you, all right. A man that will play this merry little prank on his backers will do most anything."

"That's funny too—your dad never would stand for this play I'm pulling off," said the old man musingly. "I've talked it over with him. 'Give the poor boobs a run for their money, Hermie,' he says. 'Give 'em a fair break at what little outside chance they've got,' he says. But since he died, when any working began showing up extra good, Spence and me took the gangs off and set 'em to work somewhere else. The old Torpedo has been shipping nothing but her lowest-grade ore—and, by George, she's paid a little even so, and freightin' forty miles to a railroad. But this is the first ore body we've ever struck worth the trouble of playing the freezeout game to a finish. It's going to need careful playing too. Hey! What are you looking so glum about?"

"While you were shipping low-grade ore and cutting out dividends—suppose I had sold out, hey?" demanded Gray indignantly. "Nice game, ain't it—and me in the dark? Oh, you'll bear watching all right—fox!"

"Now listen here, Clemmy, didn't I always advise you not to sell? Listen now, didn't I tell you if you needed money, not to sell Torpedo, to come to me every time, that I'd lend you money—didn't I, Clem? You mustn't go to thinkin' that of me. A fellow's got to believe in something and he's got to be square with someone. Not on your own account altogether, but old Pete's boy—I wouldn't do old Pete's boy. Honest, I meant to let you in all along, if the play came off."

"Oh, so you say," said Clem sulkily.

"Don't you believe me, Clem? You don't have to believe me—see for yourself. I had to have you, Clem—had to have your stock to pull it off. I couldn't buy you out if I wanted to. Haven't got the money. That's right. I've been blowin' in the mazuma like a carpenter sows nails. But you've got a lot of old Pete's money yet. You put your money in against my brains—and we hammer Torpedo down and buy it all. You and me and Spence own about forty per cent of the mine between us—so much that we can easy run things to suit ourselves, for all the resident stockholders can do. They ain't likely to interfere, anyhow. The scheme I'm going to work will make them fall right in and help cut their own throats—you'll see! Old Armstrong is the only one I'm afraid of, him and his old, long, hard head. If he gets his back up we'll just have to take him in, that's all. With him, we'll have a clear majority of the stock, Eastern proxies and all—but, Lordy, I hate to go snooks with J. C."

"Would he come in?"

"Who, J. C.? On the high moral lay, you mean? Hell, I hadn't thought of that! Maybe he wouldn't. We'll make a big try without him."

"What's your scheme? I'm quite in the dark. I understand that none of the good ore went to the company assayer. The suckers won't have any way of knowing we've struck it rich. That's as far as I've got. Go on from there."

"We'll have a strike. Tie up the mine indefinitely," said Mendenhall with an oily smile. "These chuckle-headed Cornishmen are ripe for it. They've been growling for more mine props and four dollars, and every gang to do their own timberin'. Spencer will give 'em less stulls and poor lagging; he'll put a gang of Mexicans timberin' up—measures of economy, which will commend themselves to the support of the stockholders—that sort of thing."

"On the level," said Clem, "those suckers ought to be robbed. I'm rather an ass myself, as you so kindly remind me from time to time, but even I can see that safe timbering is the cheapest timbering."

Mendenhall tugged at his square gray beard and eyed his young guest reflectively.

"Sure. That's because you really know a little about the work at first hand. Perhaps you wouldn't be such a fool, Clem, if you had done more work. I always warned Pete he was making a mistake with you. Lord, it's a queer world! If your mother had lived, Clem, we might all have been different—you, anyhow. She named you after this old town, boy."

"Never mind about me. I get ample information about myself every day from the most surprising quarters. You had got as far as dealing mine props from the bottom," prompted Clem. "Go on from there."

"Oh, yes! Spence'll turn 'em down and he'll do it ugly. If necessary he'll cut their wages to three dollars. They're getting three-fifty now, and wanting four. It won't be necessary. Hothead bunch, these old-timers—and they really should have more timbers than they've been getting lately. They know it; they'll quit on that proposition without waiting to see about wages. And there's a hundred mean little ways of irritating men—ways that these inarticulate people won't be able to explain."

"Maybe only part of 'em will quit. There's no union here," observed Clem.

"No, there's no union; San Clemente is cut off from the rest of the world about as much as if we were on an island. But that very isolation makes folks stick together. And these people are clannish. They'll strike and they'll stick. The rest will be easy. The management will be firm but stubborn. Why not, when we don't want 'em to go back to work? Capital lying idle—overhead piling up—armed guards at a fancy price—sump filling up with water—assessments—and down comes the price of Torpedo-Sundown Con!"

"Kind o' tough on the workin' Johnnies, what?"

"Cousin Jock? Do 'em good. Take 'em down a peg. They've been pretty darned independent here lately. They'll all be more tractable for us when we need them. And they won't come to any real grief. All these cowmen will be doing the Red-Cross act—women and children first. I'm glad of that, too. Mighty insolent, uppitty lot, cowmen. They've always had a good deal to say about how San Clemente mines was run. I'll be glad to see that bunch dig down in their jeans to play our game for us."

"We'll have to make a bluff at getting another crew of miners," said the young man thoughtfully.

"Yep. Mexicans. They'll scare the Mexicans off. That will set the Mexican freighters against 'em, and the courts, and the Mexican population generally."

"Race feeling—perpetratin' dastardly outrages on life and property—that sort of thing?" laughed Clem.

"Exactly. Alienate any possible sympathy that might be coming from the minority stockholders who live here, too, if we can only stir 'em up to a little violence. Once we get a foolish gun play started, the justice of their original demands will be lost in the dust."

"Ship in someone on the sly," said Clem, "keep him in funds, make it his job to keep the whisky going. That will turn the trick. John Barleycorn is what turns public opinion."

"You said it, son. Once the strikers get to hellin' round, old J. C. will be red-hot against them. He'll close down his thinking machine till the miners come to his terms—he'll think they're his terms, he'll not suspect us; and so he'll not throw in with the scatterin' Torpedo stock to investigate. That's the important point—old J. C. Armstrong counts for more than courts or cowmen. Without him both strikers and stockholders will be playin' without ace, face or trump."

"You're sure the assays are straight, Uncle?"

"Sure. No 'if' for me. I trust no one. I went in after the last shots on the six-hundred-foot level and picked up my samples before the muckers came. Sent one to Denver, one to San Francisco and one to the State School of Mines. The assays checked—allowin', of course, for a slight difference in the specimens. Same with the South Tunnel, which is only a little higher than the Six Hundred Drift. The borings were made under my personal supervision, and Spencer had all the cores mixed in the ore bins except what I sent away. And them assays tallied too."

"Then we'll make a killing. When do we begin?"

"Right now. You go send Spencer up. Don't come back yourself. No need for you to be mixed up in it openly. You never can tell—we may get in trouble. I'll give Spence his instructions. They used to growl at Pete's driving them," said Mendenhall jovially. "I'll make 'em think my little finger is thicker than old Pete's loins."

II

BY THE converging cattle trails Rainboldt had known for an hour that water was near by. He came upon the ranch suddenly, deep-hidden in a hill-sheltered cove. He drew rein at the silent house.

A window swung open on creaking hinges. Dust lay lightly on the side of it. Dust lay thick on the floor of the empty room. Rainboldt rubbed his nose thoughtfully. Wiseman, his claybank horse, brought bright eyes to bear upon the situation, and twitched an ear back at his master. They passed on to the corral.

Cattle sunned themselves in the corral, comfortably asleep on the warm sand or gathered in congenial groups—Herefords, line-backed, white-faced, sleek and tame. They made way grudgingly. Wide-eyed calves peered fearfully at the intruder. Rainboldt slipped the bridle off and hung it on the saddle horn; he loosened the cinches; he slapped the claybank's neck.

"Go to it, you li'l' ol' son-of-a-gun!" he said. "Drink hearty!"

Wiseman dipped his velvet muzzle daintily into the brimming coolness of the upper trough. There were six water troughs, wide and deep and long, ranged stair-fashion down the slope; the slender overflow from each successive trough fell to the next below with a blurred and pleasant bell note; a clinking of fairy anvils, a sound of mimic echoes slight and silvery, blended to drowsy music.

Wiseman sighed blissfully and closed his eyes for a little repose. Rainboldt opened a gate into the well yard; he drank from the clanking pump; he washed his face and hands. The windmill creaked and complained. An oil can hung beside the pump. Rainboldt climbed the tall steel tower and oiled the gearing. He washed his hands again at the trough and viewed with disfavor certain wind-blown oil spots on his corduroys. He punched Wiseman with his thumb.

"Hi!" he said. "'Sail on—sail on—sail on—sail on!'"

Wiseman eyed him with mild reproach, but thrust out his head for the bit. Rainboldt swung lightly to the saddle and rode out at a footpace, southward through the April sun.

The horse was slender and sleek and glossy-dun; broad between the eyes, deep-shouldered, short-coupled; his legs were dainty, flat-boned, black-barred; his neck arched. A brown stripe lay along his back and down his shoulders; foretop and mane and tail were long and heavy and black. The rider was something under thirty, slender and tall and brown. His supple body swayed with easy and unconscious mastery. Every move of the man was coördinated, quick and sure; he bore himself joyously; youth danced in his eyes.

But the face, bold and pleasing, was yet in some way oddly older than his body; lightly lined, alert, holding something in reserve—the face of a man steeled by adversity. A mouth fit for laughter, capable and generous, was schooled to quietness; the keen dark eyes had a trick of quiet watchfulness.

To the left, far below, bare and white and blinding, the overwhelming desert stretched away and away to a line of dim and misty hills. Rainboldt knew that blistering plain to be almost water-level. It seemed now, as he looked down upon it, uptilted to an interminable slope, along which his eye toiled wearily—up, up, up, till those far-off misty hills on the farther verge seemed the very rooftree of the world.

He rode sidelong athwart a tremendous and hill-strewn slope, wide-flung between the horns of a crescent range; following an old road across an endless succession of long, straight ridges, with shallow draws between, plunging headlong to the glaring levels below.

The granite-born soil, yellow, tough, compact and firm, rang under the shod hoofs. The wide road, untraveled now, had once been traveled greatly, bitten deep into the narrow ridges; always it edged upward, elbowing between sharp, bleak hills.

Behind, the northern horn of mountain was square and grim, flat-topped, crowned with the deep black of cedar and piñon. To the right, beyond and above the knobbed and bowldered foothills, swept a long curve of wave-edged ridge, smooth, rounded, granite brown, granite yellow, granite pink, bare save for glossy green dots of mountain laurel, the olive-gray blotches that were clumps of scrub oak.

A slender and symmetrical cone of golden granite, at the south, soared high and gleaming above that long ridge, and ended it; beyond, a notch, sharp and very narrow, V-shaped, opened the only window to the west. And then ——

The farther horn of that great crescent swung away, south and east, a titanic and crenelated parapet, shining and sheer, fantastic, glorious, incredible. So lately that the knife-sharp edges were yet unblunted, central fires had thrust that stupendous mass through the torn crust of earth, all at once and violently, incandescent, glowing, cooling to spire and spine, needle and lance, tower and dome; rose-edged, tawny in the shadows, golden in the sun, inky black in cleft and gorge.

The traveler threaded the last foothills and came out to the upper reaches, below the mountain proper; the road bore straight for the great notch, the only practicable pass.

Wiseman cocked up his ears and whinnied softly. Rainboldt brought his eyes back from the southward crest, followed the pricking ears, and became aware of a man on a dust-colored horse toiling up the next ridge. Rainboldt crossed over and came there to a well-traveled road. He curled his leg over his saddle horn and waited. The newcomer joined him: a tall man with a long nose, a long mustache and a long, serious face.

"Howdy!" said Rainboldt. "Do you live far about here to do any good?"

"Seldom ever," said the tall man. "How's your health this evenin', or ain't it? I never saw you look better."

"Got the makings?"

"*Seguro*. Help yourself."

Rainboldt rolled a smoke and puffed luxuriantly. Then he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but could you tell me where I'm going?"

"Easy. You're going to supper with me."

Rainboldt's face was wooden and his eye was vacant.

"Supper?" he said slowly. "Supper. . . . I wonder what that is. What is that?"

The tall man grinned joyously.

"I got you, Steve! You've been meanderin' down the east side. And you haven't seen anybody or anything to eat."

"Oh, I don't know. I saw a man some time last week, or the week before. And I been shootin' cottontails. I had matches and found some salt, one place."

"Come along with me. Emil James is the name. Glad to meet you."

"I'm Dick Rainboldt. I'm glad to be met. I'm glad to meet anybody. Say, I want to speak to you a minute. Over here."

He rode to one side; he glanced anxiously round at the towering mountains and the immensity of desert; he lowered his voice.

"Explain!" he said in a sepulchral whisper. "What's happened? I can bear it. Let me know the worst. Tell me!"

"Explain?"

"Everything." Dick waved his hand grandly. "Why haven't I seen a man since I left the Mal Pais, and an empty ranch house every so often. Why did I find a ghostly, ghastly mining camp, all full of

*"If the Assay is Straight the Torpedo is a Made Mine"*

rusted engines and machinery, with the windows rattling and the doors squeaking; stone shacks along the hills, with flat roofs and them falling in; a million wagon roads all criss-cross, with grass grown up in the ruts; and prospect holes with rotten timbers; a row of wagon roads all side by each, straight down an upandicular mountain where no wagon could possibly get up, not if it was ever so—everything. Tell me. I never felt so darned ignorant before, not in my whole life."

Emil James laughed. "It's a right smart step to supper, brother. Let's ride. I'll educate you as we go along."

"First of all, what you call them mountains?" Dick jerked his chin to southward.

"La Fantasia."

"Dream Mountains was my guess. Pretty close guess, what? Some hills over yonder!"

"Some hills is right," said Emil James lovingly. "I guess yes. Let me introduce San Clemente Gap—and the big fellow all alone, no'th of the Gap, that's San Clemente Peak. There isn't any name, rightly, for the rest of it till you get to Black Mountain, where all your steep wagon roads was. Wood roads, them was, hauling to the Sunol mine, where the windows rattled. The *paisanos* would creep up the ridges mebbe three or six miles to the west, shin up a low place to the eavestrough, worry back east till they came opposite the Sunol, chain a load of wood on, lock all four wheels, say a prayer, shut their eyes and slide down. Twelve miles up and one mile back."

"I savvy! And every time it rained the old road would gully out so bad they'd have to make a new one. Yes, indeedy! And silver went down?"

"And silver went down. It did so. Tumultaneous with that the camp went up. No flowers. This was once as lively a little corner as you might wish to see. The Sunol might mebbe have kept on producin'—they had some gold too—but they struck heap water and blowed the roll pumping it."

"And now," prompted Dick, "about the hundred-and-some-odd miles of cattle and nary a man?"

"Cattle don't drift north. They can't cross the desert—too far enough to the first water and none there. Way, way south there's some Texas lads with leased land and fence strung nearly part way across. So our stuff can't go south either. The main range is so straight up and down that the birds go round—and every little cañon is fenced in the narrowest place—so the cattle can't get west. Except right here at San Clemente Pass. Bein' as San Clemente town—big copper camp—is right beyond the Pass, we just natchally quit our ranches and come up here where it would be handy to play poker and get married and things like that."

Rainboldt rubbed his thumb along his slender brown mustache and rolled a preternaturally wise eye skyward.

"No, sir, you're mistaken. The boys don't steal cattle any more," said Emil pensively. "I don't know why. Just isn't fashionable now. I was strong against it at first, but after all maybe it's about as good a way as any. The stock can't get away; they might as well be on an island. So we work 'em twice a year and each fellow only gets his own. You don't get rich so fast—but then, you don't get poor so fast either."

"We-e-ell, it might work," conceded Dick doubtfully. "And so you all live in San Clemente?"

"Not so as you could notice it. Sometimes, when we get hard up, we slip over there and work in mines a few days. But there's a strike on now. No, sir; we live over on this side, strung along right against the foot of the mountain, at the little springs. Sheltered from the big southwest winds here, you see. That's what dries up the grass, them winds; and they don't strike in the hills and cañons and parks, up under the main mountain; hop right over. So we have some green grass all the year round. That keeps our saddle horses fat and contented, so they don't wander round. We have it pretty soft; plenty scrub oak for wood, nothing much to do but make our little gardens, and maybe ride round and grease windmills once a week."

"Or ten days?" suggested Dick.

"Or ten days. Then we have our little old mountain to look at too. That helps." His eye lingered along those happy battlements. "Sightliest spot in the world, I guess, and all the better for that out yonder." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, without looking, to indicate the blistering desert. "The hill ain't nigh so fine from San Clemente. They're two or three thousand feet farther up in the air than we are on this side. Nobody minds lopin' three or four mile to town after a match, or to get the mail, but we wouldn't exactly live there. Cast your eye along that bunch of three-cornered parks leaning along the hill and you'll begin to see where we live, about one ranch to each park."

"I see 'em," said Dick. "You don't know nobody that don't want to hire nobody that don't want to work, do you?"

"Slim chance. There's just about enough of us for a full crew. But you're mighty welcome to hole up with me till the wagon starts. Maybe so you might catch on somewheres, here or on the West Side."

"How about the mines? I can swing a sledge some."

"Aw, you don't want to do that. Cousin Jock and Taffy, they're striking for a little more money—which maybe they don't deserve, I dunno—and for a lot more props in the workings which they certain-l double e ought to get. We want the strikers to win. Them mines ain't even half safe. Rotten shame! The owners tried to work Mexicans a while. But even a Greaser can see that them Welshmen are dead right about the timberin', so they mostly quit. Not such a bad lot, the *paisanos*."

"Any rough stuff?"

"We-ell, no, not to speak of. There might be if the sign was just right. I hear about some imported gunmen maybe a-coming—a bunch of strike breakers they used in the coal mines at Cerrillos and Gallup. If they come to San Clemente—good night, nurse! These red-headed people here ain't no coal-miners."

"How about broncos?" asked Rainboldt. "Can't lay up with you a-tall unless I can earn my keep—and I'd sure like to stay here long enough to take a look at that old mountain. I can break bronc's."

"You're on."

"Home again!" said Dick. "What brand do you give?"

"Square and compass. Some calls it the X Diamond X. Come round on this side and you'll see it on my horse's thigh. And there's my shack peeping up, the one nighest the Pass."

"Any of the old M T boys settled down here, maybe?"

Emil shook his head.

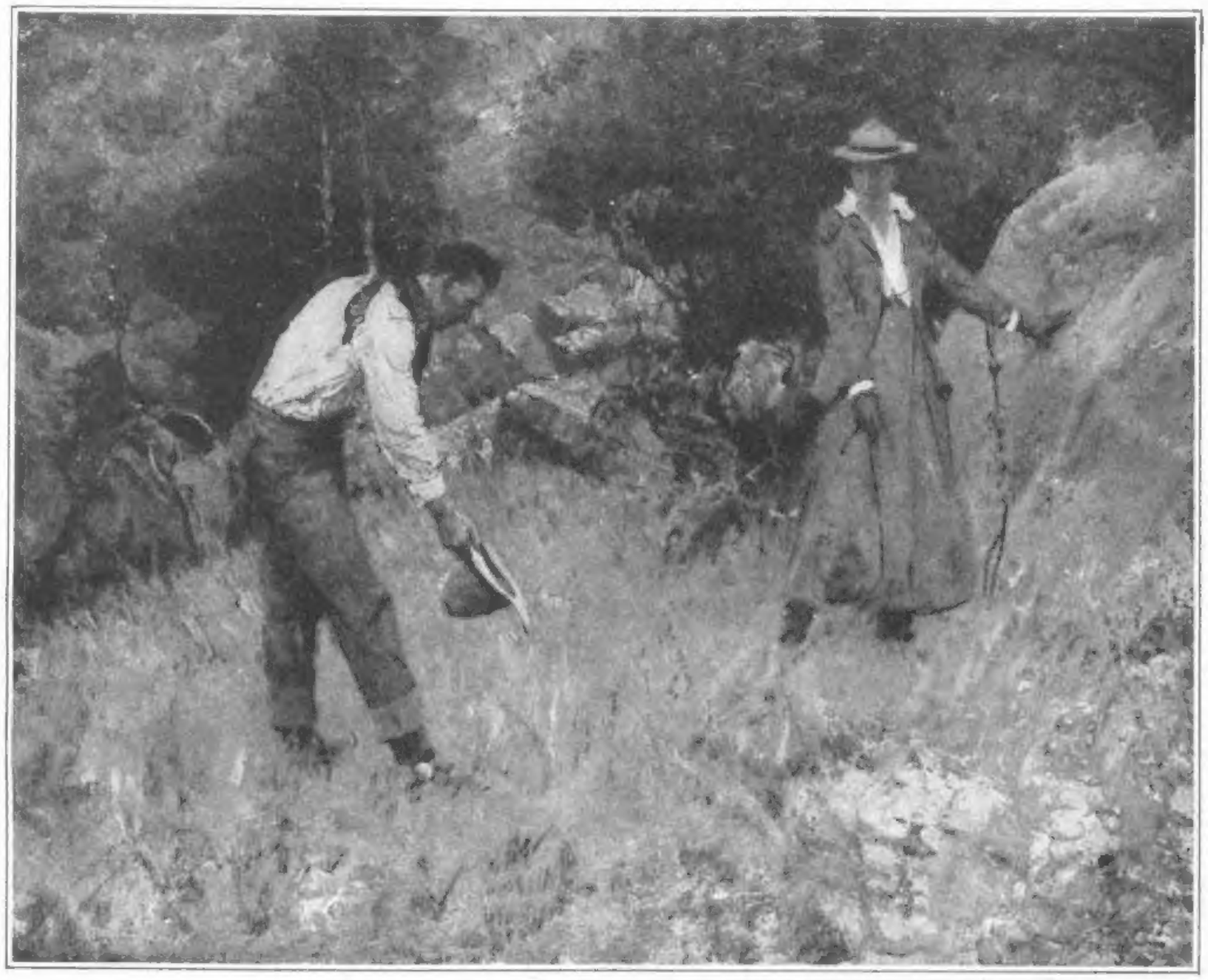
"Shucks. I was hoping there might be. I been working for the M T since I was knee-high to a hoppergrass. Good outfit."

"Wanted to get out and see the world?"

"No-o, not exactly. You see, I didn't think they done me just right. They stopped my pay, they took my mount away from me, and they barred me from the chuck wagon. Then I got mad and quit. Yes, sir, quit 'em cold!"

"Don't blame you one bit!" said Emil warmly.

"There was something said about a yearling, I believe. And the young gentleman that said it, I never had liked his nose. So I fixed it. He, or it, was the Old Man's nephew—is yet. Then I borrowed his gun, too, a little later—five or ten seconds, say. I think maybe that had something to do with the Old Man treating me the way he did. I kind of hate it too," Dick confessed soberly. "You don't find many like the Old Man. Sometimes I almost wish the Old Man had been an only child."



*Rainboldt Leaped to His Feet and Swept Off His Sombrero*

### III

"BUT, lovely lady dear, you simply must make a choice," expostulated Pierre Hines with the firm emphasis of one who voices a finality. He lay on his back in the short yellow turf, his hands clasped behind his head. "The girls are willing you should have your pick—stranger within the gates, hospitable rites, that sort of thing—but you're overdoing it, really. They've been wonderfully nice to you. Strangely so, I thought at first. But calm reflection shows me the reason. We're such a fine bunch that any one of us—— Judy! You're not listening!"

"Oh-h!" breathed Miss Elliott. She sat up in the hammock. White forms flashed swallow-swift on the court below, a white ball shot back and forth across the net. The girl's dusky face sparkled, her eyes snapped with excitement as she followed the ball. The rally ended. "Oh!" she said again. "Poor old Billy! He tried so hard for that point! It's a shame!" She cuddled back in her cushions and retrieved a silken ankle.

"Fifteen-forty. If Alf wins this it will be game and set," said Dowlin, unemotional, massive and blond, camped cross-legged on a bowlder at Miss Elliott's feet. "But he hasn't won it yet. Billy always plays his best when he has to."

The tennis court was terraced at the base of a little natural amphitheater. The hammock swung between two chance junipers on the hillside; beyond the court flaunted a gay marquee, crowded with joy and laughter. Clustered homes of the North Side, the San Clemente of ease and of leisure, peeped from subsidized greenery roundabout; business San Clemente huddled along the narrow cañon below; working San Clemente, stone, adobe and box-house, straggled on the southern hillside, where deep-cut wagon roads twisted and turned to the widely scattered mines on the long slopes. Far above, the golden crest of Fantasia Mountain overhung them all.

"Thirty-forty!" Miss Elliott clutched the edges of the hammock and chanted under her breath. "Go it Willyum! Oh, it's a fault! Dear, dear!"

"Yes, yes; what is it?" said Hines soothingly.

"Shut up, will you? Oh, it's a beaut! He was expecting a slow one for the second serve. Back, Billy, back! Run up, Billy! Watch out! Oh, dear! Oh! A-h-h! Deuce!"

"Alf will hear you," said Dowlin mildly. "If he does he may imagine that you want Billy to win. You're not allowed to talk to the ball or to influence it. Be calm!"

"You can't stop her, Ed. She always unburdens her mind. It is that precaution which inspired the simple villagers to call her Little Miss Fixit before she had been here a week."

"They call you Pretty Pierre!" retorted Miss Fixit. "Hush! I want to watch."

"Judith Elliott!" said Pierre severely. "Pay attention to me! Leave that silly game alone, will you? I am urging you, aiding you, to make a wise decision; a quick one, anyhow. You owe it to us—to me. Those nice Danish girls at the Memphis mine, now, the little one in particular—Elsa, the one with the flaxy hair and the slate-colored eyes with little gold flecks in 'em—say, Ju, that child is a wiz! If you're really going to turn me down, make it a quick one. Little Elsa ——"

"Vantage, by heck!" said Dowlin. "Old Bill will pull it off yet!"

"Did you say specs?" asked Miss Elliott sweetly. "Eyeglasses?"

"Flecks. Not specs. Little gold flecks—little gold devils—makin' a bally fool of a fellow."

"Goody, goody! Billy made it!" cried Miss Elliott.

"One set each," said Dowlin. "Now comes the rubber."

"Ed," said Hines reproachfully, "you chatter too much. Be quiet, won't you? I would speak winged words to this scornful lady."

"Poor worm!"

"Sometimes I think that you do not appreciate your privileges. Here you have practically all the Emerged Tenth on the waiting list; all the men that count, or that have anything much to count: the Tired Business Man, the Retired Ditto, the Only Son, and others too humorous to mention. Also Edward Dowlin, here present, otherwise known as the Abysmal Brute, and me! Choose, be-yutiful stranger, choose! Do it know!"

"Flanneled yourself?" said the beautiful stranger.

"Flanneled? Me? Madam, I would have you to distinctly wot ——"

"To deliberately split an infinitive," said Miss Elliott coldly, "is to wantonly imperil your soul. It is almost as bad as to profanely swear."

"Coises!" Pierre clutched at his heart. "Woman! False and fatal beauty! I would have you know that I am always fitly appareled to suit the occasion. Correct attire is my one hobby."

"Like the farmer with one besetting hen?" suggested Judith.

"Cruel and unkind! You could always be proud of my clothes, at least. It would serve you right if you married a common workingman! But no; I forgive you. Forget my hasty words! And I beseech you, child, never make that mistake! Shun, oh, shun the man who works! Work is a sucker's game. No one ever makes any money until he has abandoned that disgusting habit!"

"Idiot!" said Judith, dimpling with mirth.

"Ah, you may well blush! I have marked you, madam. I have seen you making eyes at the stage driver, at the assayer, even at the blacksmith! Men with no taste in dress whatever!"

"Blue overalls are always in fashion," observed the Abysmal Brute.

"Dowlin, you grow more garrulous daily. Check yourself. I have warned you once already. And you quite miss the philosophy of dress. The white collar—the polished shoes—the spotless gloves—what are these for but to advertise to all that their owner is above the degrading necessity of work? When, added to this, one follows closely every detail of the changing fashion, it proclaims aloud that one is ——"

"Cut out the swear words, Perry," advised Miss Judith, twinkling. "We know what you mean. We agree with you."

"—— a person of refinement, culchaw and intelligence. Like myself. Look at me! My enthusiasm prompts me to sit up. Pardon me!"

Pierre sat up, his Norman hawk's face sparkling with that enthusiasm; he brushed back his blond pompadour with slim fingers. "When corded vests are the thing, my vests are corded; when fashion says detachable cuffs, undetachable cuffs, or nonundetachable cuffs, I am in line. My galluses ——"

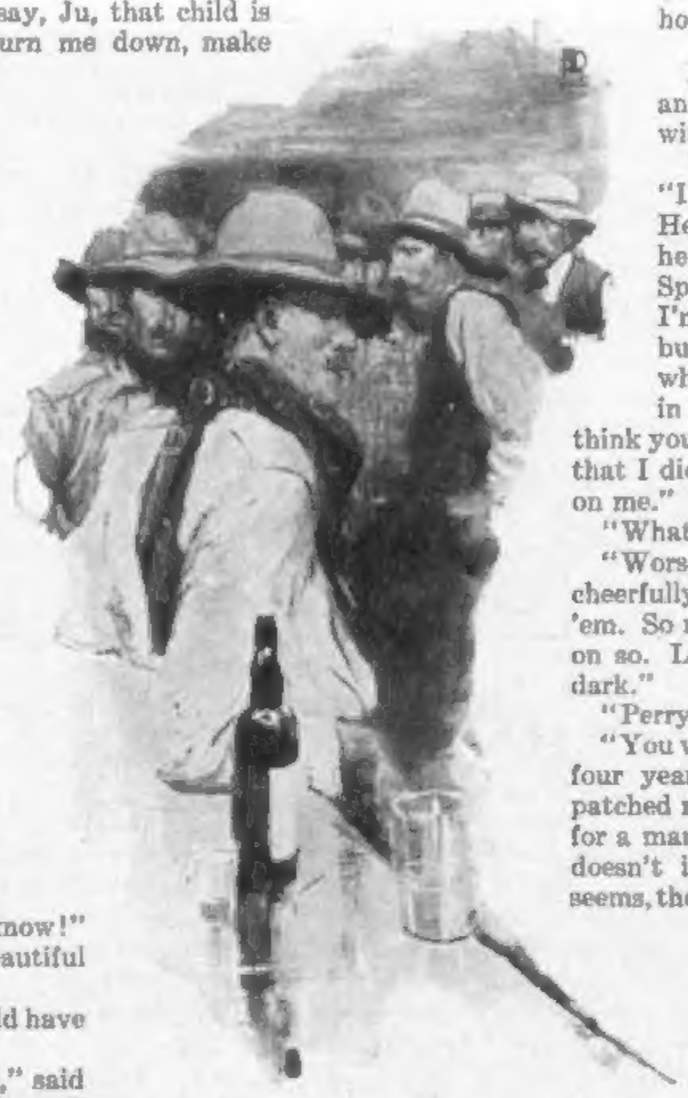
"Pierre Hines!"

"Well, then! The roll of a coat, one button, two or three; the curve or width of a hat-brim; the peg-top, the straight-front; if you want to know what's what, watch me. Or Alf."

"Alf is barred out," said the Abysmal Brute mildly. "I draw the line somewhere. Alf is hereby black-balled."

"Good! Now we're making progress," gloated Pierre. "Not to be outdone in generosity, I'll eliminate the Only Son. I'll tell you what, Ed; don't you give me away and I won't tell on you. But we'll both give absent treatment to the absent, all except Charming Billy. Then I'll draw straws with you to see who fights it out with Billy. We won't leave it with Miss Elliott, of course. That wouldn't be fair. Let chance decide it. Winner to catch hands with Billy, dance round Miss Judy—discreetly—and sing:

*Oranges and lemons,*
*The Bells of Saint Clemens!*



*"Go On With Your Song, Kid. I'll See That No One Interrupts You"*

Then she can guess. Let us hope she don't get a lemon."

Billy won a glorious victory; and Pierre Hines walked home with Miss Elliott.

"Judith," he said at the gate, "I want to tell you something." He hesitated a moment. Then he shrugged his shoulders, Spanish fashion. "You'll think I'm a conceited ass—at first—but I'm not, really. You'll see, when you think it over. Not in this case, anyhow. But I do think you ought to know what it was that I didn't want Ed to give away on me."

"What is it, Pretty—murder?"

"Worse than that," said Hines cheerfully. "Lungs. My father had 'em. So now you know why I rattle on so. Like a boy whistlin' in the dark."

"Perry! And I never guessed."

"You wouldn't. I've been out here four years. Good old climate has patched me up till I can almost pass for a man. Sounds like whimperin', doesn't it? It's not so bad as it seems, though—honestly it isn't. But I haven't the brains for head work, you see, or maybe I've only got too much money. It's only fair that I should envy—Lord, Judy, there isn't a miner or a freighter that I don't envy! I don't count. There, damn it, this is exactly what I didn't want to say or sing or anivel, not on a bet! Makin' a pitiful donkey of myself!"

"You're not, you're not! Are you afraid, Perry—in the dark?"

Pretty Pierre snapped his fingers.

"Not that much—not a scare! You remember that wise saying of Mark Twain's: 'How hard it is that we have to die—a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have had to live.'" Then he made a wry face. "I'll be honest with you, kid. We talk a heap of drivel, Judy, you and I, especially you—but I know you've got good hard sense behind the fluff, and you won't misunderstand. Not a bit scared. But gee, kid, it's lonesome—in the dark! I gotta keep a-whistlin'!"

### IV

"DICK, you don't have to keep working all the time," said Emil James. "You got them three broncos pretty well gentled. That entitles you to the eats for quite some time. You don't manage more'n two or three pounds of steak at a meal, anyway. Regular canary bird, you are. What say we play Sunday for a while?"

"Right as rain," said Dick. "Those bronc's are getting drawed, anyhow. Couple days' rest won't hurt 'em. I'll handle 'em a little night and morning, so they don't forget. They sure like to be rubbed and curried."

"I'm going over to town. Want to side me?"

"Not to-day. I'll get old Wiseman and shoe him," said Dick. "This evening I'm going up in the high country. It looks mighty cool and pleasant there, when the cliffs begin to shade this side. I've been wanting to go look, but not bad enough to ride any wild horses up there, thank you. I'll ride a bronc over to town to-morrow and buy myself some duds."

"You're surely one wolf for dollin' up," observed Emil. "You've been washing on what clothes you've got ever since you came. So long!"

Midafternoon found Dick creeping in the cool shadows of the northern peaks. He rode slowly; he walked at the steep pitches, up or down; he made wary choice from the branching trails that twisted along the bowlder-strewn hillside. A little bunch of deer bounded down the hill and disappeared. Dick had brought no gun because of the weight in the hard climbing. "Besides," he confided to Wiseman, "there may be a law on them, or something."

Dick looked out across the wide, dim plain, now far and far below; his eye strained upward to the slender, gleaming pinnacles at whose base he rode, and the greater peaks to southward, looming now to incredible beauty through the misty shadows. Red blossoms of *ocatilla* and cacti flamed about him; low, earth-clinging flowers, whose names he did not know, peeped up through the grass; a bunch of wild phlox was knotted at his saddle horn. For the horn-string was unused. Dick had left rope behind as well as gun, for the same weighty reasons. A cloth-covered canteen hung at the horn in the rope's place.

The way bent level before him; the reins were loose on Wiseman's neck; Dick raised his voice, full-throated, and woke the startled echoes:

*"Oh, I'll drink and I'll gamble, I'll be gay again;*
*I'll ride the old fork-lip in the branding pen;*
*I'll rope 'em and throw 'em, and when they are tied*
*I'll stamp a big J B L on the left side."*

His next attempt bespoke a desultory mind; skipping lightly across half a world and half a thousand years to a joyous and carefree refrain, high and quavering, from an alien tongue:

*"How many pretty girls you have,*
*Giroflé—Girofla!*
*How many pretty girls you have.*
*—Love will take count of them!"*

The stern mouth curved now to an unwonted smile, his face softened, musing on the sweet girl-mother—long and long ago—who had sung that old song so gayly.

He held that softened and better mood as he came to a wide and level shoulder of hill. He took off the bridle and left Wiseman munching the tender grasses; he looked across the deep blue valley intervening between these outlying peaks and the main range, a valley which culminated in a high and steep pass far to his right. He threw himself on the velvet turf and looked in silence. When his cigarette burned out, a fragment of another song—softly, now—rose unbidden to his lips:

*"There are the good and blest,*
*Those I love most and best:*
*And there I too shall rest——"*

"Hi!" said a startled voice.

Rainboldt leaped to his feet and swept off his sombrero. Behind and to his right a young lady stepped briskly from between two mighty bowlders, a young lady in riding attire, earth-stained and disheveled. She carried a slender wire-wound quirt of Mexican weave.

"Water, you were about to say? I'll get it for you," said Dick. "It's on my saddle. And you've had an accident? Not hurt, I hope?" He held out the canteen, first unscrewing the top.

"Thank you, sir. No, I'm not hurt a bit. Except my feelings. They're ruined. If you'll excuse me I'll drink first and tell you afterward. Dear me, what a very jerky conversation!"

"That's because I'm afraid—my part of it," said Dick gravely. "Not of you, you know. Of girls." He waved his hand to explain. "Any girls. All girls. And I suppose you're afraid of men. Girls are."

"Not!" supplemented the girl, and wrinkled her nose at him. Then, "Oh, dear!" she sighed. "What would poor mamma say if she knew I'd made a face at a perfect stranger?"

"Me too," echoed Dick, mournfully sympathetic. "I never behaved this way before. I don't know what is getting to be the matter with me—unless, as Topsy said, it's my wicked heart. But my perfection was not shocked when you made the face. It was very effective. Not the nose so much—the dimples."

"Upon my word!" said the young lady.

"Why don't you drink? You must be thirsty."

"Look the other way, then. I haven't learned to drink from a canteen yet—not gracefully."

"Why, drinking from a canteen is easy," he said. "The first rule is, you mustn't laugh ——"

The girl laughed promptly, with disastrous results. There was a sound of spluttering and gurgling and of splashing water. "There! See what you've done! You made me choke myself—you made me spill it."

"I didn't want to do it," observed Dick with a decidedly musical effect.

The young lady shot a suspicious glance at him and frowned slightly; but the young man's eyes were fixed on a distant hill with a gaze so innocent, so guileless, and so unswervingly straightforward that she broke out into dimples again.

"That wasn't a song, however it sounded," she remarked. "Now you keep still till I drink."

A brief interval followed.

"Now you may look," said the young lady.

Dick looked. He saw a slim and girlish form, a face glowing with youth and laughter, dark hair under the upturned sombrero.

"I said look, not stare."

"A wise man has stated that any man is entitled, without offense, to take two looks at any lady," said Dick firmly. "The first look, as an ordinary precaution, to

*(Continued on Page 42)*

# Are Railroad Receiverships Necessary?—By Roger W. Babson

A CLOSE examination leads me to conclude that this is a fair and sensible question. I believe that, unless radical changes are made, some of the best railroads of to-day may be bankrupt twenty years hence. Apparently others think so too; for do you know that less new railroad mileage was constructed last year than in any year since the Civil War?

The railroads, with the rest of the world, are gradually growing better; but there is still much room for improvement. The Interstate Commerce Commission is doing much to prevent discrimination and organized monopoly. Such work is good and should be encouraged; but the Interstate Commerce Commission will not keep railroads from bankruptcy by an arbitrary control of rates, or by ignoring the law of supply and demand.

Before having a child of my own I had many beautiful theories as to how a child should be managed. I believed that by enforcing a few simple rules any boy could be made a saint. I, however, made the fatal mistake of thinking that all boys are alike, forgetting that food for one is poison for another. It rather looks as if the commission may be making the same mistake about managing the railroads of the future.

One needs only to read the printed reports, decisions and opinions of the Interstate Commerce Commission to see how those men feel about the future of the railroads. These statements show clearly that the commission believes that by controlling the issuing of securities it can protect the holders of stocks or bonds. At present the Federal Government has no power to prevent railroads from stock watering, and the like. Unless some state commission should interfere, there is nothing to prevent at any time a repetition by any railroad company of such gross overcapitalization as wrecked the Chicago and Alton, and many other roads.

I went to Washington recently to talk this over with the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Judge McChord. He forbade me to quote him; but he gave me, to take away, the two massive volumes containing reports of the New Haven Railroad investigation, stating:

"You'll find my sentiments in there."

### *Exciting Reading*

TALK about an exciting novel or detective story! This New Haven report beats them all. It has its villain and its hero; its burglary and its tragedy. Subscribers of this weekly who want to read a really exciting story should send to their senators at Washington for these two massive volumes.

This report shows clearly how strong and conservative railroad systems of twenty years ago have been looted and wrecked. It is very apparent that the commissioners believe that the much-needed safeguard is a law making it necessary that new securities should be passed upon by them before they are issued by the railroads. As one of the commissioners said to me:

"To-day we are called in only after the horse is stolen. In order to be of real service we should have something to say about locking the barn door."

Some have suggested that it is necessary only that the commission should see that money is properly spent by the railroads. These people insist that the issuance of securities should be left to the law of supply and demand. If the sales were at public auction, with proper minimum prices, this might work; but not otherwise. The trouble with the railroad situation is not that the railroads waste the money they get for their securities, but that they so often never get the money in the first place. A big railroad president once said to me:

"If the Interstate Commerce Commission would simply audit the vouchers of the railroads everything else would properly adjust itself, from the issuance of securities to the regulation of rates."

This idea, at first, seemed reasonable. I am a great believer in as little government interference as possible with economic affairs. The laws of supply and demand, of action and reaction, of reward and punishment, are Nature's laws, and can no more be suspended than can the law of gravitation. All legislation attempting to suspend such laws—and there is much of it—is doomed to failure. All legislation that even indirectly conflicts with these laws is apt to do more harm than good.

When I recently went to Washington, however, and studied the workings of the Interstate Commission, I concluded that this railroad president was only bluffing me. He knew that for the commission to O. K. vouchers, as he proposed, is an utterly impossible procedure. He knew that the commission now has charge of about eight hundred railroads and two hundred and forty-seven thousand miles of track, operated by 1,695,000 employees. When we consider that some of these railroads have one hundred or more subsidiary companies, and that each of these thousands of companies may issue thousands of vouchers a week, the whole idea of O. K.-ing vouchers seems ridiculous.

Although the regulation of the issuance of new securities by the Interstate Commerce Commission would doubtless have prevented bankruptcies like the Rock Island and the New Haven, yet, even with this precaution, could not some of the trunk lines be in receivership twenty years hence? The Boston and Maine situation clearly suggests this.

For years the laws of Massachusetts have been very strict concerning the issuance of new railroad securities. The Boston and Maine has long been under those laws. Its stock, which is now selling at about forty dollars a share, was issued at par or above, with the authority of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission, after exhaustive hearings; and its bonds, now selling in the seventies, have this commission's stamp of approval. Massachusetts law has required the stock of its railroad companies to be issued at par or above. Some of this Boston and Maine stock, now selling so low, the wise commission insisted should be sold to the public at not less than one hundred and sixty-five dollars a share! Under these conditions, did the Massachusetts Railroad Commission do good or evil? Certainly New England investors would be better off to-day if the commission had taken some wiser course.

### *The Undoing of Boston and Maine*

MOREOVER, the treasury of the Boston and Maine has never been looted. The very worst that can be said of Boston and Maine is that it paid greater dividends than it should have paid, and that it was permitted to go to seed. All the railroad commissions in the world could not have saved the Boston and Maine Railroad. It was blind pride, New England self-satisfaction and a nongrowing territory that "busted" Boston and Maine. Could any railroad commission have changed Boston's state of mind? Boston and Maine's inherent goodness and virtue aided in its damnation. It was a case where everyone was so sure it was good that no one took pains to keep it good. But of this later on.

Every able man is to-day praising the management of certain railroads. Moreover, these roads are really worthy of all the praise that can be given to them. But the same praise was bestowed on the Rock Island, the Chicago and Alton, the New Haven, the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, and the Boston and Maine twenty years ago. They were model roads. Their securities were then of the highest grade. The officials were believed to be honest, careful and long-headed.

Look what has happened!

Is there any reason why history should not repeat itself?

A generation ago Rock Island stock and Burlington stock sold at par. They operated in similar territory; in fact, I remember that, during the great Chicago, Burlington and Quincy strike, Burlington sold for less than Rock Island. To-day Rock Island sells for eighteen or twenty dollars a share and Burlington is two hundred dollars a share. Why this difference? Has it really been due to the fact that a Federal Railroad Commission has not

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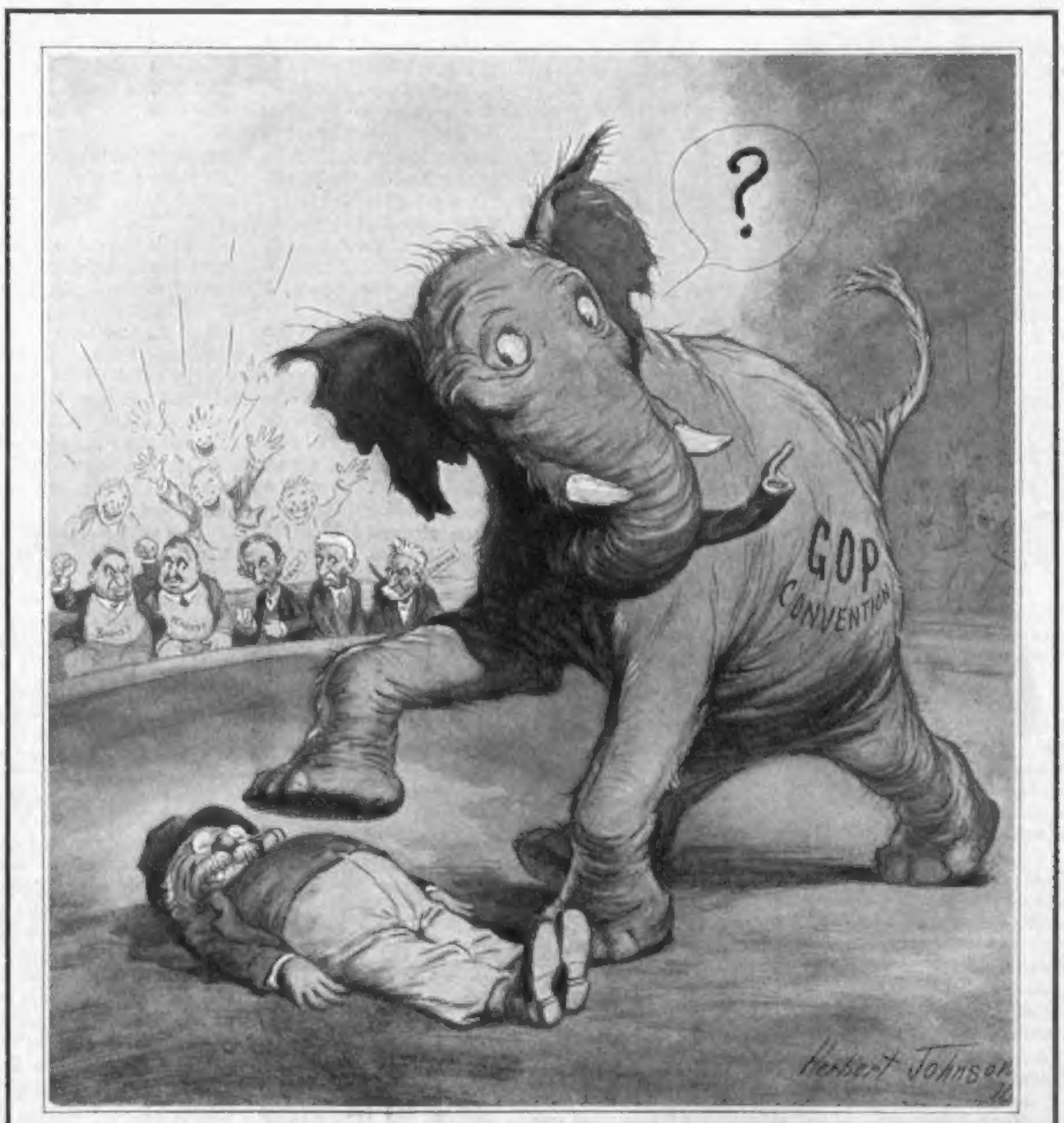



*Watch Your Step!*

# THE GREAT LEGEND

## By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

IT DID not occur to us to sleep. We sat by a tiny fire made of bleached bones and some handfuls of grasses burned by the sun and as hard as parchment.

We were in the desert south of the Zar'ez. In a vast motionless ocean of sand; billows of sand like a disturbed sea paralyzed by a stroke of sorcery. The moon filled the desert, the mountains behind us, the waves of sand, the salt bed of the Zar'ez shimmering like a silver disk.

It was all a weird, saffron, devil's color.

The Arabs were asleep about us, each muffled in his burnoose like a mammoth goat fleece. De Morney sat beyond me across the tiny fire. Now and then far out beyond us in this remote, limitless ocean of sand, there came the rolling of a drum; the roll of innumerable, distant drums blended into a faint, indistinguishable, menacing war sound.

The weird thing moved De Morney.

It was a night for any fantastic notion. And the spirit of the great war that had just closed was on all of us.

"The drums of Imam," he said, and he extended his arm toward the sleeping Arabs. "Every nation has its great legend; its heroic spirit to awaken in the hour of need."

He paused. Then he added: "Is it a dream, or does the thing happen?"

He was a big, heavy, strange man: French crossed deeply with the Oriental. He belonged in the mystery of this desert. He was the authority of France in this nomad world. Everybody has heard about him. He held Algeria to the republic through every exigency of the great war; against every wile of Enver Pasha and his innumerable mad mullahs. Nothing could move him. When you looked at him you thought of a figure in basalt. He sat now on a rug in this desert, his feet under him, his body squat, his face inscrutable, like an Oriental.

"There is truth in the thing," he said—"strange, inconceivable truth in it. Do you know the bronze opposite the Madeleine?"

I knew it well, everybody knows it; it is one of the new beauties of Paris, an immortal group by Baldeau. It is before the Gothic door of the Cercle de France. The club put it up. The dominating figure is the Marquis de Chantelle, a young, eager, vivid figure, bareheaded, in the nondescript uniform of Maunoury's sixth army, straining, vital, above a basic group of thin, weird, gnome-faced men. It's a work of genius. It looks east toward Prussia. Everybody knows about it.

There was a faint chill in the air. The desert had been hot under the sun. Our horses had floundered in the sand, suffering from the light that blinded them and the thirst that we could only sparingly quench. It was less than fifty leagues south of Algeria; but it might have been in the brazen bowels of the Sahara.

De Morney was going out to get the Arab tribes united under French authority. He took me with him. The thing was a whim with me. One of those bizarre notions of ennui—I had been idling at Nice—and a letter from the English minister to De Morney, and the wanderlust took me to Algeria.

It does a soft white man good sometimes to know what thirst is, what heat and hunger are—all the hard clutch of the devil's fingers on him.

Behind De Morney the salt Zar'ez looked like water. It looked like a fairy sea in an Arabian story with a shimmering faintly tinted haze on it—God-given water where there was no living thing, no thing with a drop of moisture. The heavenly illusion and the cruel fact behind it moved you with a hovering menace. And every now and then there came that far-off, vague, mysterious drumming.

De Morney went on as though there had not been a long break in his words, precisely like an Oriental:

"Every country has the great legend. There's Arthur under Land's End. We have it too. I was in the Cercle de France on the day they uncovered that group opposite the Madeleine. It was a day laid over with gold leaf for the old Marquis de Chantelle. It's a wonderful day when the idle, wandering son of a decadent family appears suddenly to make it immortal; to put it in the van of national glory, to make you think of it forever after, when you think of France. I remember how the old marquis looked when he was going out. Some one came in then, but he didn't see him, he didn't see anything. He was already in the Elysian fields. His glorious dead son had him by the hand, leading like a victory."

De Morney stopped.

The fire of dried camels' dung and the bleached bones that the Arabs had gathered up smoldered in a heap, with now and then a finger of flame running up a white rib.

There was no expression in his face. It was placid, like something eternally unconcerned, something imaged out of the illimitable indifference of the Sahara.

"The old marquis didn't see the man that came in," he went on, "but I saw him. He was in a hurry. He had something big, flat and square under his arm, tied up in a dirty paper. He got out of a *fiacre* before the Madeleine and he ran across the street.

"It was night.

"We were in the yellow dining room of the club. It's a ceremonial dining room, a weird room—fantastic, I think.

"Golfond tried to get the spirit of glory into its mural decorations. He made wonderful walls. France is the central motive. France awakened, reborn in the hell's crucible of this devil's war. France glorified. France a winged thing rising from the strangled body of the Prussian horror.

"It was Bertram de Cary's dinner, the late governor of Paris. Four men were at the table. I got up. I was looking out of the window. I could see the garlands of priceless roses hanging on the figure of De Chantelle, and the elfin group straining about him.

"That's how I came to see the old marquis going out, and the other, with the flat thing tied up in dirty paper under his arm, coming in. Ten seconds later everybody in the room saw him. He burst in. He tumbled in like something flung upward by a sudden convulsive wrench of the earth under us; something disgorged by the under world into the light—unnaturally by an abortive shudder. You know what I mean."

The light of the fire fell steadily on De Morney's face, and he moved on the rug.

"That's all a fancy, you understand. The thing was not like that. I am merely indicating what I thought; how the thing impressed me. And those are precisely the impressions that hurtled into the room with the man. He was not a distorted, indistinguishable creature from a twilight country. There was nothing gnomelike or fantastic about the man. We all knew him. He was one of your Americans, a painter, Sebastian Winthrop."

De Morney paused.

"We thought he was dead. We thought he had gone to America to die in some New England village among his people. He was a great painter until the White Plague got him, then he threw his brushes into the Seine.

"He was a strange, somber, human creature. The pressure of severe traditions was on him, the background of inevitable disaster that the Puritan sees about him everywhere. He lived like a monk. The lure of Paris didn't exist for him."

De Morney was silent like a man in a profound reflection.

"Sebastian Winthrop closed the door, then he put his flat package wrapped up in dirty paper on the table. Everybody got up. This vanished painter was a memory. He had had an hour of glory before he left Paris. For an hour everybody applauded. He had the world before his canvases. Paris echoed with the man's genius. For that hour he was the greatest painter in the world. But there was always a seizure of invisible disaster on him; somber fancies behind his portraits, suggestions of the pit under the faces of his madonnas. He set Paris aflame with the wonder of the thing; then the White Horror tapped him on the shoulder and he went home to die.

"We were all astonished—too much astonished to speak. The memory of the man came back with the new sight of him. There was a bottle of cognac on the table. He poured out a tumbler of it and drank it down like water. He looked like a pit-imprisoned creature. He had the emaciated face and the livid color. He coughed like a man in a room full of smoke. I thought the brandy was going to choke him. But he got it down, then he looked round at us.

"'I tried to get here sooner,' he said—'to get here while Paris was putting garlands on that bronze out there. I wanted to show you the thing that was behind that piece of thrilling courage; the thing that conceived it, and staged it, and forced it through. Paris is honoring the creatures of the thing, not the thing itself.'

"He indicated the bronze hung with garlands. A gust of rain had followed him in. It swept the bronze. Now it glistened in the light, then it fell into the shadow under the rain and the gusts of wind.

"'It's the fingers Paris has glorified out there,' he said. 'I wanted to get here so I could show you the hand that moved the fingers.'

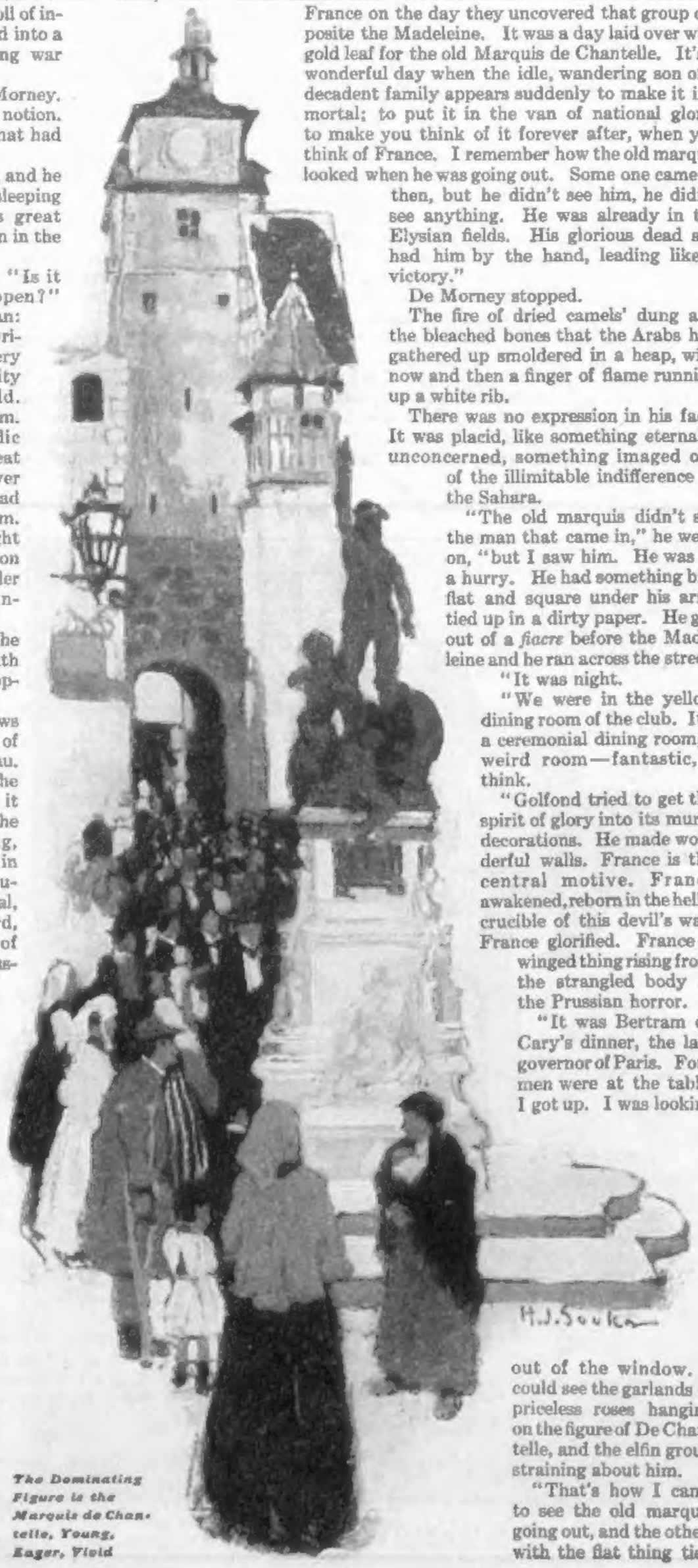
"He spoke like a man who had made an adventure in his effort to arrive—a difficult, laborious, extended adventure.

"'You know where I have been,' he said, and he began to cough. He took up a napkin and dabbed his mouth. There was a faint stain of blood on it. 'I didn't go to America'; and he thrust his spread-out fingers downward. 'I went under there—I used to wonder about it when I was living like Galahad, in the hope of seeing heavenly visions. Then this thing got me and I changed. The religion of service led me to the plague. Whither would the religion of pleasure lead me? There was no God; I'd see if there was any devil!'"

De Morney came back to me.

"You know how such things happen," he said—"how a man can go down in Paris as he goes down from a torpedoed liner in the sea—suddenly, out of sight and hearing. That's the horror of Paris. The city has a fluid floor. You can slip through it and you're out of the world. You're not dead; but you're worse than dead—you're in the kingdom of Satan, and you're alive in it, and you're in it to stay. Nobody ever gets safely out again. Now and then a man comes up, crawls up through some slimy eddy, or he is ejected up by some contortion through the fluid floor. Just as Sebastian Winthrop was thrown up that night into the yellow room of the Cercle de France."

De Morney rested his broad chin in the fork of his great thumb and forefinger. He had heavy eyebrows, a thick, matted mustache, and a bush of hair below his under lip, but the outlines and the planes of his face were Oriental.



*The Dominating Figure is the Marquis de Chantelle, Young, Eager, Vivid*

"That's where Paris differs from the sea," he said. "The sea keeps what it swallows; but now and then one of these lost creatures comes to the surface in Paris. He crawls up, or some shudder of the crust uncovers him, and he hops about. No man ever comes up a man; he comes up a coughing, livid creature with some unspeakable infection of the devil on him. He is a deep-sea thing like the creatures at the bottom of the ocean, and the air kills him.

"Sebastian Winthrop came up like that, coughing, livid, into the yellow room at Bertram de Cary's dinner.

"There were four of us in the yellow room that night: Bernhaus, the director of fine arts in Paris; Bertram de Cary, who had been governor of Paris on the eve of the Marne; and Vaudrec Saint Urban, Judge of the Superior Court—the committee of Paris on national monuments. I was a guest."

For a time De Morney was silent. Then he went on, taking me back into the tense drama staged over Paris in the yellow room of the Cercle de France:

"Winthrop had been straining across the table toward Bertram de Cary. Now he turned to Vaudrec Saint Urban, the Judge of the Superior Court.

"'On the night of the fifth of September,' he said, 'a man came to you in your chamber at the Palais de Justice and asked you to enter an order directing the release of Jean Jaques Sauer. You refused. Why did you refuse?'"

De Morney paused.

"You never saw Vaudrec Saint Urban. He is dead now. He was very old, withered like a dried-out apple. He looked like a dead man in the big chair at the end of the table.

"'I refused,' he said, 'because the police believed that they had in this Jean Jaques Sauer one of the most abandoned criminal degenerates in Paris.'

"Winthrop coughed.

"'But you did release him.'

"'Yes,' replied the judge. 'On the morning of the sixth of September, Antin Duflos, a doubtful dealer in jewels, in the Rue de Rivoli, appeared before me and deposited twenty thousand francs as bail for this Jean Jaques Sauer. There was no definite charge against the creature, and I was forced to follow the law of the Republic.'

"Sebastian Winthrop straightened up. He held to the table.

"'Do you know why the old fence in the Rue de Rivoli wished the release of this criminal degenerate Sauer?'

"'I do not,' replied the judge.

"Sebastian Winthrop steadied himself on his feet. Then he turned about to Bernhaus, when he got his cough a little under control.

"'There's a picture of Charlemagne in the Luxembourg,' he said. 'It represents him asleep on his golden throne under Aix-la-Chapelle, waiting to be awakened in France's hour of need.'

"Sebastian Winthrop stopped and dabbed his mouth with a napkin.

"We were all under the spell of the creature's resurrection. I suppose he impressed us like a dead man coming back to life. His words had that meaning, and his blue color, and the hell cough. Bernhaus was the first to get himself in hand.

"'What's wrong with the picture?' he said.

"There was a weak stutter in Winthrop behind the cough.

"'There is nothing wrong with it,' he said. 'It's a fine, distinguished picture. I don't mean the figure, the conception of Charlemagne; I mean that immortal germinal idea. The theme's true! Something did awaken to save France; but not from under Aix-la-Chapelle. I know'; and again he coughed. The napkin became a wad of linen in his livid fingers, dampened with the red spots.

"He turned to Bertram de Cary.

"'You visited the recruiting stations in the city, when Paris was trying to make up Maunoury's army. You put everything into it, you dragged Paris. Then Joffre asked for a regiment to reenforce a wing of Foch's army and you were in despair. There was nothing to recruit a regiment out of. You had dusted the bin for the sixth army that Maunoury was taking out of Paris in the remaining taxicabs. There was no place to get a regiment for Foch. You visited the recruiting stations on the fifth of September, and they were empty. And that day Von Kluck was within thirty miles of Paris. You were mad, hopeless, and in despair. Then something happened. Men began to come in, undersized, queer-faced men.'

"Again Sebastian Winthrop stopped to cough. A volume of blood flooded the napkin; he threw it down, picked up another, then he went over to the window.

"'There, down there,' he said, 'straining in the group round the Marquis de Chantelle.' He made a gesture toward Bertram de Cary. 'You didn't look at them,' he said, 'on the afternoon of the sixth of September.'

"The man's voice stuttered behind his cough.

"'You didn't know it then, Monsieur Bertram de Cary; but you knew it later, you know it now. You were recruiting a wonderful regiment. You had sent Foch a foreign legion out of Morocco to help him hold the Prussians, and now you were sending him a regiment out of the under world to help him.'

"For a moment the man's voice rang clear. There was a straggling brush of beard over the creature's livid jaws. He tried to keep the red stains out of it.

"'You were amazed, you were astonished, Monsieur Bertram de Cary. You asked this mysterious current what it was that turned it into your recruiting stations. And it said "Orders, monsieur." You thought it was your orders, Joffre's orders, orders of the war department; but it was not. That wonderful regiment didn't know anything about you, or Joffre, or the war department; but it obeyed the Thing that sent it.'

"His voice rang again, clear, through the wallow of the cough:

"'I know who gave the orders, Monsieur Bertram de Cary.'

"He had gotten the napkin wadded up in his hand again. He looked like a thing with death on him—with death long on him. He was wasted by the attrition of the White Horror. Only the eyes in his head seemed alive and vital. Voluntary sentence, living, to the pit, had changed everything else about him. But these wonderful brown eyes were not a whit changed.

"They seemed immortal in the dead face. They gleamed out under the arch of the eyebrows.

"One felt that these eyes were all right, no matter how damaged the human creature was. The cough that flung the man about now was out of the plague-infected body. The eye was sound. It was as sound as a jewel. One believed that these wonderful eyes could see inspiring visions over again. The same genius was in them, the same dominating, compelling genius. They moved you with admiration. They filled your soul with wonder. You felt that Sebastian Winthrop had carried two heavenly creatures down into the pit with him."

"'There Was Nothing to Recruit a Regiment Out Of. You Were Mad, Hopeless, and in Despair'"

The big, squat man over beyond the fire of dried camel bones lapsed into one of those periods of Oriental silence. He was motionless, the whole desert under the saffron light was motionless round him. The white fleeces were unmoving on the sand. The moon was a thing in a theater. It was too big, too near to us, and too yellow. The whole scene was overdrawn, and it was motionless. It was like a thing in the inconceivable vacuum of some imagined dead world.

And the distant drumming—this symbol of the Imam, the militant savior in whose advent all Arab tribes devoutly believe—profoundly impressed me. It is the echo of innumerable grains of sand blown against the parched leaves of the desert grasses. But to-night, before De Morney, under the spell of his verbal drama, it was the drums of the legendary leader, keeping heart in Islam until the hour should come.

De Morney went on:

"Sebastian Winthrop got hold of a chair and sat down.

"'You're thinking of Charlemagne,' he said, 'on his golden throne under Aix-la-Chapelle, as he is in the Luxembourg. But there is a note wrong with that legend. It's German territory—Aix-la-Chapelle. It's all German territory along that border; even the ruin of Charlemagne's palace at Selz, in Alsace, is under the dominion of the King of Prussia.

"'No help from Charlemagne, Monsieur Bertram de Cary. France had to depend upon something within the boundaries she had left. And who was left? Where did you get the wolf-faced men for Foch's army? Not from Charlemagne under Aix-la-Chapelle!'"

De Morney looked at me across the fire with his heavy, expressionless, Oriental eyes.

"It was an inconceivable situation," he said. "Nobody would believe it. I don't precisely understand the thing now. I mean Winthrop's bursting in like that and the spell he got us under. I suppose we were keyed up to a romantic note. It doesn't take long for a Frenchman to reach the haze of it, once he is started on the way.

(Continued on Page 34)

# THE BADGE

By John Russell

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

"Come In t' Hug the Stove a While?"

IT WAS a quiet hour of the evening when Slade entered the station house, stamping the snow from his feet. Only old Fogel was on duty in the outer room, bending over his books. Slade was rather relieved that it should be Fogel and no other.

As the Lieutenant paused in his work Slade stepped forward, unbuttoning his heavy overcoat. He was in civilian garb. For six months he had been assigned to the precinct detective squad.

"Kinda mean weather," observed Fogel.

"Yes," said Slade shortly. He fumbled at his left breast.

"Come in t' hug the stove a while?" inquired Fogel with his pen between his teeth, rubbing a fist like a pillow over the blotter.

"No," said Slade. "I came in to leave—this."

Deliberately, with a tap of decision, he laid his patrolman's badge on the bank of the desk before Fogel.

The Lieutenant looked at the bright silver shield with its embossed arms, emblematic of duty and service, with its graven number, identifying the bearer as a city guardian. Then he took the pen from his mouth, laid it upon the open book, and tilted back in his swivel chair the better to peer over at the young policeman.

"Oho!" he commented softly.

"That's what!"

Slade had meant to go on the word. In his foreview of this little ceremony he had seen himself departing with a curt emphasis that would dignify the act. But he hesitated. The need for justification was stronger than the impulse to make his withdrawal so sternly effective. And here was only Fogel. The clerical man, the doorkeeper, the reserves, were all in the rear somewhere.

"I'm through!" added Slade.

"So that's the way you feel?" nodded the Lieutenant. He was a gross bundle of a man and he looked rather like an amiable cow mildly interested in the gyrations of a restless calf. "I know how it is myself."

"You don't though." Slade threw back the collar of his coat and shook the snow water from it. "Say—are you going to come the loyalty gag?" His voice slipped a note. "Keeping a stiff upper lip, and all that bunk?"

But Fogel only smiled placidly.

"Do you hear me? I thought—likely —— It sounded like you was giving yourself the cue. And it don't go worth a damn with me, Fogel. I been over all that by myself."

"O' course you have," agreed Fogel. "I only meant I knew how things can catch a man so he feels bound to quit. And then it's right he should. And when he's made up his mind—why, nobody's goin' to be blame' fool enough to stand in his road."

Slade glanced suspiciously at the fat-jowled, heavy-lidded face. It was a curious speech for the third man on the available captains' list. But there was no hint of mockery, of reproach, such as his nerves were strung to resent. A little spurt of friendliness warmed him suddenly toward Fogel.

"Well," he said, "I ain't whimpered to no one."

The Lieutenant picked up his pen again and went back to work with big, unhurried fingers, nodding his head in bovine sympathy and lifting a mild, encouraging eye upon Slade at intervals.

"Course not."

"Not while I had my badge, anyway. But—I've got no badge now. I'm done with it. And, Fogel—I tell you I've worked up fourteen cases, carried six to General Sessions, lost every one of them, got the merry razzle for the rest and was called down for not showing results!"

Fogel nodded on. It was wonderfully easy to confide in Fogel. And Slade needed, more than he admitted or even guessed he had needed, to confide in someone.

"'S been hell—six months of hell! Heart-breaking work; no credit—failure! Plenty guys can fill such a job, maybe, and get away with it. I'm leaving to let them find one."

"I know," prompted Fogel. "They put you out trailin' the car-barn gang, didn't they? It's no lay for a young cop. Why, the car-barn outfit is what they call an institution. Politics. Sure! I seen it all in the papers about these gangs. Tough guys!"

"Tough! Cripes! It ain't that."

Slade was too eager to sense any irony in Fogel.

"I know," soothed the Lieutenant.

"I ain't quittin' because they're tough," Slade flung at him. He squared his vigorous shoulders, broad as a walking beam.

"Because it gets your goat to fight so many?"

"No. Cripes, no! Because you can't fight them. Because you make a grab and they ain't there. I been near crazy, Fogel. Men, are they—or devils? Or only fog? I've chased them half a year and I'm no closer to them. Sometimes I'd take my oath they're a fake."

"It's a fact," admitted Fogel amiably—"it's a fact they don't pull any big stuff, to attract attention—no murders; no bold cracksman stunts. Only street fights once in a while, and holdups, and steady stuss-game graft, and a little dippin' on the avenue, and flat-house work now and then."

"And will you put your finger on any one thing, and any one man who did it—with the evidence?" cried Slade. "Just try it. I tell you they got the perfect system. They know just what they can do and be safe. They never take a chance. That Mahoney Case was my finish—the Collector that got his big sparkler lifted. He's a friend of the boss downtown, it seems. An awful holler—and all back on the precinct sleuth. And when the poor boob goes sleuthing—nothing but air. No! I'm done chasing shadders!"

"They killed a cop, they say, some years ago."

Slade laughed harshly.

"They're wiser now. They got a system that beats cop killing. They stand off and let the cop kill himself. Everybody in the whole precinct that's wise is handing me the laugh. I feel it—I know it—and I can't stand any more. Fogel, let me tell you something: No cop—no detective—no man on the force is ever going to dig the secret out of the car barns. Those lads know the game too well. There's my net dope."

Fogel put down his pen.

"Net dope, hey?"

"It is. You're welcome to it."

Slade buttoned up his overcoat and let his eyes wander a last time about the grimy, yellow-lighted old room and all the familiar details of it—from the shapeless little stove to the ancient ward map with its carefully preserved bullet hole, a relic of the draft riots—from the tattered department baseball banner on the wall to the foot-grooved assembly line before the desk, where he had stood so often as a hoofer to hear the Captain's blatting tale of the d .y's alarms.

He turned back to Fogel with tightened lips.

"Good-by, Lieutenant."

Fogel's hand closed over his like a muff.

"And where'll you be goin' from here, Slade?"

Slade let out another rasping laugh.

"Oh, I don't know that it makes much difference."

"I thought maybe you'd be sniffin' round Groley's place—just to see what it's like, now you're only a civilian. You want to look out for that joint. It's no better on the inside than it is on the out."

Once more Slade searched the Lieutenant's face for some hint of veiled significance; but it was blank.

"Well, you see me ducking it on that account, don't you?" he answered with a defiant swing of his shoulders. "If I take a drink at Groley's there's nobody to tell me I can't—after this."

He wheeled with a nod, and the slam of the door echoed after him. Fogel sat quite motionless for an interval. Somehow, without any definite gesture or change of position or expression, the big Lieutenant had ceased to seem so mild, so gross, so bovine. An observer would have been tempted to suspect power in the heavy poise and vision behind the thick lids and a solid jutting angle of will under the round jowl. He sat and thought, and the outcome of his thinking was as overlapped and subtle as the true nature of the dweller inside that hill of flesh.

"Net dope!" he repeated to himself. "And not so far wrong at that. He's a good boy. I wonder, now ——"

He left Slade's badge where it lay and touched a button beside him for the doorkeeper.

II

THE doorkeeper in a police station combines the duties of turnkey, chambermaid and errand boy. Years of this petty service mold a certain type. The man who holds such a post becomes a stranger to the sterner aspects of a policeman's service. He does no patrol; he makes no arrests; he runs no risks. His tasks have to do with dirty linen, sweepings, coffee pails and fetid cells. In time he generally earns his title as Old Woman of the House, given over to a rage of gossip and muddy inside politics.

Sam Dool had been a doorkeeper since the days when the force wore side whiskers.

When Sam came snuffling from the back room, and stood snuffling by the desk, Fogel was working steadily at his books. He did not look up until he heard Sam's snuffle come to a sudden check. With a dab of his paw then, he swept the badge from sight. Sam leered across at him, his pendulous lips quivering hungrily, like the moist, repulsive jaws of a crab. He had not missed that glittering lure. Fogel scowled and grunted:

"Trust you ——"

"Who's the guy?" demanded Sam with a vast show of slyness.

"Slade," growled Fogel reluctantly, as if he did not know that Sam had identified the number at a glance.

"Psh! Got in a mess, did he? Coughed up before they took it away from 'm, hey?"

"Well, he reports sick and quits the force—on medical advice," said Fogel with a glance that made old Sam's ears twitch.

It was a dainty tale for Sam.

"Sick, hey? He looks it—the big bum! What's the idea?"

"Well, he's had some pretty hard work lately. Got run down on them car-barn cases, I guess. I don't blame him much."

"Oh—sure!" sniggered Sam. "Reports sick on the car-barn cases? I bet he is, too—pretty sick. Nervous trouble, hey? That's what's the matter with him—his nerves. Say—a lot of guys is going to have a lot to say about that sickness."

"Yes," admitted Fogel; "it's goin' to sound kind of raw in the precinct—him a young sleuth quittin' under fire."

"Psh! They won't do a thing but fan cops over at Groley's place when they hear that."

"Ain't it the truth? Yes; they'll kind of lap it up, won't they? Likely they'll know by to-morrow too."

Sam sucked his lip with a zest almost lustful. "They" certainly would know by to-morrow—the whole ambiguous, off-color, cheap-sport saloon zone that makes the penumbra of a precinct; that speaks of criminals by their first names in wise asides, and of policemen by their last names in easy familiarity; that always has the news good for scandal and never any news good for evidence. They would certainly be interested, the way Sam himself was interested, as in something tainted and discreditable. Meanwhile what a choice employment for someone whispering the first word; starting the inevitable buzz and wink and clack!

Sam never entered Groley's. He never entered any saloon. He had no acquaintances whose mugs were in the gallery. Nor had he ever overstepped the line of his sworn duty or blabbed official matters. And yet Sam knew a number of persons, perfectly all right and perfectly allowable as friends of a doorkeeper, who keenly enjoyed the various little tales he felt quite free to tell them.

"Sam," said Fogel, returning to his pen and the tone of command, "rush me a can of black, will y'? Down to the Avenue—it's best there. And a hunk of pie, Sam. And don't take all night."

III

POOL balls were clicking at Groley's, a sound that ran like a motive over all its discreet and crowded life. Some queer remarks had been punctuated by the crash of an open break at Groley's. Some queer customers had met in

genial rivalry while the rattle of ivories made Groley's a poor place in which to eavesdrop.

Not that there was anything desperate or dangerous about it—on the surface. It offered a neat little bar in front and a well-kept pool parlor at the rear, with only one or two very private rooms. It harbored no disorder and tolerated no violations of the law that anybody could ever see. It carefully maintained a technical bill of health with the powers, and the police let it alone, having learned that there was nothing to be gained by molesting it.

Still, in the obscure and recondite way that such things come to be, Groley's had earned a certain reputation as a hang-out; a rendezvous of ill-defined redoubtability; a center for the district's questionable population. No man went there who was wanted for anything at the moment; but a good many men went there who might have been wanted, or who possibly knew something of others who were wanted, or who probably could have thrown light on matters for which persons unknown are always wanted. In a word—a "joint."

To Groley's had come Ex-Policeman Slade. He sat alone in a far corner of the long rear room.

He sat on the end of his spine, with his hat tilted over his eyes; and in front of him, on the arm-rest, stood foaming a shameless schooner.

Now and again someone spotted him—someone who took him in with sharp and furtive glance, and who afterward had a comment to pass to a companion behind the bright cones of the table lights. Perhaps there were half a dozen in the place who made it their personal business to know to a drop just how much this singular visitor drank. The glass before him was his fifth.

After a while one spoke to him—a harmless nondescript, keeper of a small cigar store in the precinct. He seemed to screw his courage to the task with the chalk he twisted on his cue. He leaned over in what was meant to be casual friendliness:

"H'ar'ya, Slade? Nasty night out—rotten cold. You must be glad to keep off the street a while." Slade grunted. "So long as the Sergeant don't look in when he comes by——"

Slade looked up with outthrust jaw and dull eyes.

"Huh?" he rumbled. "Sergeant?"

The nondescript had a spasm of courage.

"I guess you know." He leaned nearer. "You know, don't y', there's some guys would be tickled to tip him off? Oh, it ain't very likely—of course. But if he caught you drinking here, what——"

He giggled nervously, and Slade drew himself together and blasted him.

"To *hell* with the Sergeant!" said Slade with extraordinary vehemence. "And the Cap'n—and the Commish—and the whole *damn'* force. Wha's 'at to me—huh? I'm a civilian. And to *hell* with you too!"

The nondescript shrank, but hung with frantic effort on one heel long enough to gasp:

"Sure! Tha's right—of course. But, do you mean—— Civilian? Naw! What——"

In face of the big visitor's flushed anger he made a really remarkable show of bravery.

"Civilian?" he said. "Naw!"

Slade struck aside the left lapels of coat and overcoat with a sweep of his thumb.

"Stand Away From 'm! Stand Away From 'm!"

"No? Well, do you see any medals? Not even Chicken Inspector. Find me a Sergeant and maybe I'll tell him what I think of his measly job——" He checked himself. "Beat it!" he snarled

Slade took up his glass and blew the froth from it over the shoes of the startled nondescript, who beat it very promptly back to his game

*IV*

IT COULD not have been more than five minutes later that Stringer Burke, lounging into Groley's, paused by the cigar counter in the outer bar. Mr. Burke had not before been visible at Groley's that night. Nor could anyone have traced a message or any line of communication by which he might have been informed. Yet the news was already old with him.

"What's this gag about a young bull chucking his badge?" he asked with the drawl of leisure.

Groley, impeccable in oiled hair and newly manicured nails, nodded from behind the counter. He was a man shaped like a pyramid from the top of his head to his waist, and he had a face like an oleaginous sphinx.

"It's the goods."

"For suckers!" opined Burke, lazily scornful. "He's the bright little boy. Somebody will be having a poke at him, pulling that stuff. Is he wearing blue goggles and a wig?"

Groley rubbed his rosy nails.

"It's the goods," he repeated. "Old Sam Dool is tellin' everybody already. You can see him in there. He's through, all right—and half drunk."

"Why?"

"He's the young guy—Slade—that was put on the car-barn cases."

Burke allowed one eye to widen.

"Him?"

"'At's the boy! He got a stiff call for showin' no results, I hear. Lost his nerve, it seems, and passed up the job. Ain't it too bad?"

The two gazed at each other without a flicker of expression, until Stringer indulged a small smile.

"He's in there now?"

"Yep."

Like most of us, good and bad, Mr. Stringer Burke was a curious mixture. In all his affairs he commonly exercised a high degree of caution, even excessive caution. The result was patent in his success and his freedom from annoyance by the authorities. But he owned a weakness. It is a human weakness, a male weakness, peculiarly a criminal weakness—mere vanity.

Mr. Burke had not often the pleasure of mocking a drunken policeman, even a drunken ex-policeman. It was seldom he had the opportunity of triumphing in public over the failures of the force. It was even more rarely he could disport himself with a helpless boob whose defeat and disgrace were direct tributes to his own skill and daring.

"It's a Dog's Life—the Police. And a Bonehead Crew Go In for It"

So it came about that Mr. Burke presently started a game of pool with two particular friends at the table by Slade's corner. He was a plausible gentleman, neatly garbed and, when he pleased, of really smooth address. His friends were remarkably silent persons and he whiled away the time between his shots by engaging Slade in casual conversation—if it could be called so, being chiefly monologue. The fact that Slade was unresponsive, almost inanimate, seemed to discourage him not at all. He pursued his advances—and other amusements palled while Groley's watched and listened with bated breath.

"They tell me you quit the cops," said Stringer cheerfully. "It's a rough job. Is it right you're out?"

Slade glanced at him stupidly. He had gone his sixth glass and resentment was clogged. He did not know Burke, would not have recognized him at any time; but he was aware of a disarming grin.

"Tha's right," he grunted.

"A bum deal they hand a guy," went on Stringer sympathetically. "It's a sucker game—the cops."

Groley's blinked in awe, but Slade made no reply. He had sunk in the chair until his heels braced the back of his head. Stringer missed a perfectly simple shot and came back, twirling his cue.

"Yes; a guy that goes on the cops is a sucker. With a lad who's got a drag—all right. They shove him out on a farm somewhere—soft. But if he don't belong they put him where he gets the worst of it."

This was doing well, Groley's thought—extremely well. But Stringer had only started. He nourished larger ambitions. He left his two friends fumbling with the ball rack and sat down beside the victim.

"And for a distric'—well, is there any worse than this? A man can't tell whether he's sleuthing a lot of real bad actors or only a tribe of pipe dreams. Can he now?"

Slade tilted his head to one side the better to stare at this brassy questioner. "How t' hell do you know?" he asked in misted amazement.

"Why, ain't it a fac'?" inquired Stringer archly. "Aw, we're wise up here—we're wise! The bulls can't do nothing in this distric'. They never have; they never will. What's the use? Let 'em all lay down—let 'em all get cold feet—let 'em all resign. That's the best thing they can do. This here car-barn push everybody talks about is too smart. You give yourself the right steer when you ducked it—take it from me!"

The clicking of spheres was hushed for once at Groley's. A kind of sigh ran through the room. This was a notable moment. Probably not half a dozen men there knew or guessed its real significance or could extract the full measure of appreciation; but nearly everyone could approve the slapstick effect of such cop baiting and marvel at it. This was Stringer's war dance on the trophies of victory.

He sat smiling until the point got over with his general audience, and then rose and deftly broke the pool formation. As he leaned across the table his left hand was conspicuous against the green cloth. His two opponents seemed to start. Both spoke to him swiftly, inaudibly. He shook his head, took the shot.

When he stood erect again—still smiling—there flashed under the lights from his middle finger a sudden bulb of moonshine, a superb sparkler; such a diamond as might be found twice or thrice

(Continued on Page 37)

# THE CELLINI SALTCELLAR

## By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

". . . the saltcellar was the first to be finished. . . . As I have said before, it was of oval form, about two-thirds of a cubit high, and was all of gold. . . . It represented the Sea and the Land. . . . Both figures were seated, with their legs interlaced, just as the arms of the sea run into the land. . . . In the Sea's right hand I had placed a trident, and in his left a ship, very finely worked, to hold the salt. Under the figures were his four sea horses, . . . and all around him were different kinds of fishes and other marine creatures. The water was represented by waves exquisitely enameled in its own color. For the Land, I had made a lovely lady with a cornucopia in her hand, naked like the male figure. In her left hand I had placed a little Ionic temple, and this was for the pepper. Under her I had fashioned the most beautiful animals which the earth produces, . . . with all the exquisiteness you can imagine.

"When I set this piece before him, the King cried aloud in astonishment, and could not look at it long enough."

*An extract from the Life of Benvenuto Cellini.*

I FEAR this will prove a great shock to your daughter," said Miss Virginia Cremorne when the usual formalities consequent upon an acceptance of marriage had been observed.

Mr. Albert Hoate brushed the remark aside.

"You have made me very happy, Virginia," he said. "The thought of dying a widower has always oppressed me. It is a sad thing for a man of companionable habit to spend his declining years alone."

"You speak as one already senile," murmured Virginia; "whereas, to my eyes, you are but approaching the heyday of life."

"Love blinds the vision," replied Mr. Hoate, somewhat sententiously.

Miss Virginia Cremorne gave him an arch look.

"I see the clearer for love," she cooed; and Mr. Hoate pressed her hand with profound emotion.

"Then may I beg you," he asked, "to name the day?"

"I had rather take my commands from you," came the dutiful response.

Mr. Hoate expanded with pride.

"My sixtieth birthday takes place on the first day of next year, which, oddly enough, is 1860. Let us celebrate the dual anniversary by our wedding."

The suggestion meeting with Miss Cremorne's entire approval, Mr. Hoate rose to his feet.

"And now," he said, "we will find Emily and bring her the glad tidings."

And he held open the door for her to pass. Virginia hesitated.

"The tidings will hardly be glad ones to her, I am afraid."

Mr. Hoate frowned and Virginia continued:

"It must be evident to you how much Emily dislikes me."

"Then," replied Mr. Hoate, "she must readjust her views to accord with mine. I could not endure a discordant note in the harmony of my future household."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Virginia. "Do you know she believes that my affections are ordered by a desire to become mistress of your house and the beautiful objects it contains?"

"You don't say so!" he ejaculated.

"Indeed," she answered. "Only yesterday she addressed me in a most unbridled fashion when I was examining the famous Benvenuto Cellini Saltcellar in the drawing-room."

"Impossible!"

"I had barely taken it in my hands when she flared up with the utmost violence."

Mr. Hoate shook his head.

"I sometimes fear her mental balance is disordered," he said—"especially where the Cellini Saltcellar is concerned. I fancy the immense value of the piece hypnotizes her. As a child she was wont to spend hour after hour gazing at it."

"But, even so," persisted Virginia, "she is hardly justified in accusing me of wishing to marry an old man for what I could get out of him."

"She said that?" demanded Mr. Hoate.

"Her very words!"

"Then my mind is made up. On the day of our marriage Emily leaves this house for good and all." Now this was the precise result Virginia had been aiming at. Nevertheless, she exclaimed with an admirable suggestion of concern:

"Oh, I trust no words of mine are responsible for your decision."

"No, no!" said Mr. Hoate. "I should have acted similarly in any case. Please wait here and I will advise her of my resolve at once." And with a courteous bow he left the room.

The door had no sooner closed than a violent movement of the curtains took place and Emily stepped out into the room.

"You pig!" she said. "You hateful, greedy pig!"

Virginia spun round at the words.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You were listening, were you?"

Emily's usually white face was scarlet with indignation and the veins in her high forehead throbbed visibly.

"Marry him, if you like," she gasped; "but you won't get what you are after. I'll smash or hide or sink every valuable in the place. I will! I will! Yes, if I have to burn down the house to do it!"

And to lend color to her words she swept the Sèvres Clock and two Dresden figures which were on the mantelpiece into the grate.

The noise of their fall brought Mr. Hoate hurrying to the spot, and there followed a scene in which recriminations of so essentially a domestic character were employed that it would be a breach of good taste to chronicle them here.

The decision arrived at was that Emily should leave the house in four days' time; and Mr. Hoate also seconded a resolution, proposed by Virginia, that the objects of the greatest value, including the Cellini Saltcellar, should be placed in the iron safe until the danger had departed.

During the two days following nothing of importance appeared to happen. Emily was sullen and morose, but showed no disposition to display her violent moods. A careful observer might have noticed, however, that her hands were not of their usual whiteness, but showed characteristics more generally noted in persons employed in labors of an agricultural kind. Also, a very young maidservant, who did the upstairs rooms, noticed that Emily's bed had not been slept in on either night; but, being an unimaginative person, she kept the knowledge to herself and apparently forgot all about it.

Mr. Hoate himself slept the sounder for knowing he would soon be relieved of the disquieting presence of his daughter. He slept so soundly, in fact, that he never even stirred when, in the early hours of the second night, Emily stole into his room and, slipping her hand beneath his pillow, took therefrom his watch and chain, to which the key of the safe was attached. Having acquired this possession, she retired as noiselessly as she came and was absent for perhaps half an hour. She then returned, replaced the watch, chain and key exactly as she found them, and left the room.

At breakfast on the following morning Emily spoke for the first time. "I am going out in a boat," she said.

"Why?" asked her father.

"Because I want to," came the uncompromising answer.

The next time Mr. Hoate saw her she was getting into a cab with a large parcel.

"What's in that?" he asked.

"Lunch," she replied.

He heard her instruct the driver to proceed to one of the quays and heaved a sigh of relief at the prospect of a peaceful day with the fair Virginia.

When Emily returned she found the house in a state of turmoil. Mr. Hoate had been to the safe and discovered it empty. Emily's arrival was the cue for a chorus of threats and inquiries.

Emily laughed shrilly, and there was a suggestion of insanity in the sound.

"Look for them at the bottom of the river!" she cried. "You saw the parcel I was carrying—I haven't got it now."

"The Cellini Saltcellar?" shouted Mr. Hoate, gripping her by the shoulders.

"Look at the bottom of the river!" was the answer she made; and when the doctor called, on the following morning, he certified that Miss Emily Hoate's mental equilibrium had entirely failed and she would thereafter become a hopeless imbecile.

Mr. Hoate looked at the bottom of the river. Indeed, he spent nearly two thousand pounds in having the many wharves and channels dragged; but his search was unrewarded even by the discovery of the mysterious package that Emily had been carrying. This fact was scarcely surprising, as Emily, unseen by the cabman, had pitched it into a dust cart as her vehicle passed slowly by it.

All efforts to find out anything by questioning her failed and received nothing but inconsequent babblings by way of a reply.

Shortly afterward she was admitted into Chidhurst Asylum, and so is lost to our view.

Mr. Hoate's marriage to Virginia never eventuated; for, by some mental process of his own, he attributed the misfortunes that had befallen him to her agency.

In the course of time he died, leaving everything to charity, all his relatives being deceased.

The house and garden, which latter occupied half an acre and was much overgrown with shrubs, were sold to a building society, which pulled down the house and covered the entire area with cheap little dwellings and shops.

In the year 1896 the property was purchased by Mr. Simon Caleb, dealer in antiques and porcelain, for the price of two thousand five hundred pounds.

Mr. Palliser, late of the firm of Palliser & Tonge—a partnership that ended in bankruptcy—had fallen on bad days. Somehow no one seemed to appreciate him; which, bearing in mind the fact that his knowledge on the subject of curios and early Oriental ware was of rare quality, brought about in his mind a condition bordering on melancholia.

His unfortunate association with Simon Caleb, wherein he and the latter-named gentleman had sought to defraud Lord Louis Lewis in the matter of an eggshell plate, and, their plans failing, had attacked each other with such violence that they underwent a term of imprisonment for fourteen days, had done little to stimulate his prestige.

Mr. Palliser never forgave the noble lord for having got the better of him, and always cherished the ambition of

"You Think That She Did Throw Those Things Into the River?"

turning the tables to his own advantage and Lord Louis' discomfiture.

During this period, when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, he was constantly visited by dreams, in which he held Lord Louis at his mercy at the top of an abyss; but ever at the critical moment when about to project him into the yawning depths below, by some accident of luck the positions were reversed and he himself went hurtling through the air, to wake with a start and find himself on the floor by his own bedside.

His financial embarrassment being very acute, Mr. Palliser had sublet one of the back rooms in his small house to an old man who, earlier in life, had been an attendant at Chidhurst Asylum. Now there was nothing very extraordinary about that; but incident to this fact are the various occurrences which it is the narrator's purpose to set forth.

One morning, when scanning the columns of the Bristol Observer, Mr. Palliser's attention was attracted to a paragraph reprinted from an issue of many years before. The Bristol Observer was rather given to réchauffé. It felt, doubtless, that these reprinted articles from the dead seasons lent color to its claim to be the oldest established newspaper in the city.

The particular paragraph that attracted Mr. Palliser's notice bore upon the loss Mr. Hoate had sustained. It cordially sympathized with the unhappy gentleman for his daughter's unprecedented act of wantonness. It deplored the irreplaceable loss of the Cellini Saltcellar—"an object of such beauty"—to quote from Benvenuto's own biography—"'that the King cried aloud in astonishment and could not look at it long enough.'" Mr. Hoate's systematic dragging of the river was dwelt upon at considerable length. "Certain theorists," continued the writer, "would not believe that Miss Emily Hoate ever threw it into the water. Basing their hypotheses on the fact that from infancy upward the saltcellar had exercised an extraordinary fascination upon her, they could not believe that, even though insane, she would ever have thrown it away. It is far more likely, they urged, she buried it in some remote place, known only to herself." Mr. Palliser scratched his head. "One could understand," pursued the writer, "she might have thrown away the pieces of old Georgian silver, taken from the safe at the same time, though the small branch candelabrum"—mentioned earlier in the article—"was supposed to have been one of the finest in the land; but to deprive the world of such a priceless treasure as the Benvenuto Cellini Saltcellar is well-nigh impossible to credit." The writer concluded with the words: "The matter will always remain a mystery—a mystery locked behind the iron gates of insanity, for which there is no key."

Bracketed at the bottom of the article, and under the heading of Deaths, was printed: "At Chidhurst Asylum, on the twenty-first of January, 1876, Miss Emily Hoate, daughter of the late Albert Hoate, Esquire, of the City of Bristol, in her forty-seventh year."

Mr. Palliser laid the paper on his knee and fixed his eyes on the flyspecked gas globe.

"That bit of land where Hoate's house stood belongs to Caleb now," he mused. "Funny!"

His eyes reverted to the paper.

"Chidhurst Asylum! What do I know about Chidhurst Asylum? Nothing. Wait a bit, though!"

He rose to his feet and stuck his head through the door.

"Fenning!" he shouted. "Mr. Fenning!"

"'Ello!" came the gruff response.

"Come down here for a minute," invited Palliser.

"Whaffor?"

"'Ave a glass of beer."

There followed a shuffle of feet, a clatter on the staircase, and Mr. Fenning, a seedy-looking individual of indeterminate old age, projected himself into the room.

"Where is it?" he said with a circular glance round.

"Want to ask you something first," said Palliser.

"Then 'urry up!" replied the senior man, anxious to get to business.

"Didn't you tell me you was at Chidhurst Asylum?"

"Yes attendant there."

"Ever remember one of the inmates called Emily Hoate?"

"Don't think so. Where's that ——"

Mr. Palliser cut in before the sentence was finished:

"She was the one that chucked all those valuables in the river. Don't you remember?"

Mr. Fenning concentrated for a moment.

"Wait a bit," he said. "Yes, I do. Emily Hoate. That's right! Used to grub about in the garden. Died about six years after I come to the place."

"Could you picture what she looked like?" asked Palliser.

"Might, if I tried."

"Good!" said Palliser, rubbing his hands.

"Now where's that beer?" demanded Mr. Fenning.

"Isn't any beer," replied Palliser.

"What!" exclaimed the other, much outraged.

"But there might be," continued Palliser. "There might be quite a lot of it. All right; I don't want anything else."

"I reckon you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Fenning, and withdrew, muttering.

But Mr. Palliser's mind was too absorbed with other matters to notice it. He picked up the paper from the floor and glanced at a certain passage: ". . . far more likely she buried it in some remote place known only to herself."

"And why not?" he murmured. "Why not? What remote place? The garden? Of course the garden! Old Fenning was there when she died. He could bear out the story. Confessed to him she had put 'em in the garden—in a deep hole."

Simon Caleb owned that garden now and five small houses stood upon it, with little gardens of their own. If that piece of ground actually did contain the Cellini Saltcellar it would be worth an enormous sum of money. Obviously it contained nothing of the kind; but that was no reason to prevent one from saying it did.

Mr. Palliser rose and put on his hat. He would call on Caleb—extend the hand of friendship and enter into a second association with him to their mutual advantage.

As he approached Simon Caleb's abode Mr. Palliser was oppressed with doubts as to the reception he would be accorded. Consequently he decided to cast his eye over the late Hoate property before calling on its present owner. This property was about three or four streets away from where Caleb dwelt.

On arriving there Palliser was much astonished to find that all the houses which stood upon its triangular area were untenanted. The lower windows had been boarded up, while the upper ones had in every case been smashed, as a neighborly attention from the small boys of the district.

Mr. Palliser stepped into a small grocery store facing this scene of desolation and, on the pretext of buying a pennyworth of People's Mixed, inquired the reason for this wholesale evacuation.

"Condemned by the sanitary inspector," replied the grocer. "They was always a rotten lot of houses. Be a good job if they made the landlord pull 'em down," he continued:

"Is the plot for sale?" Palliser asked.

"B'lieve so. But it won't fetch much. Lucky if they touch fifteen 'undred for it. Property round here 'as gorn down terruble."

"I suppose so," said Palliser. "Well, good afternoon." And he retreated from the shop.

Once outside, he said to himself:

"Fifteen hundred pounds! If I had the money I'm dashed if I wouldn't risk it. But I haven't the money; so we'll see what old Caleb has to say."

Mr. Palliser presented himself boldly to his former colleague, who was fussing about behind the counter of his dusty little shop. Realizing the value of making a good impression, he spoke at once.

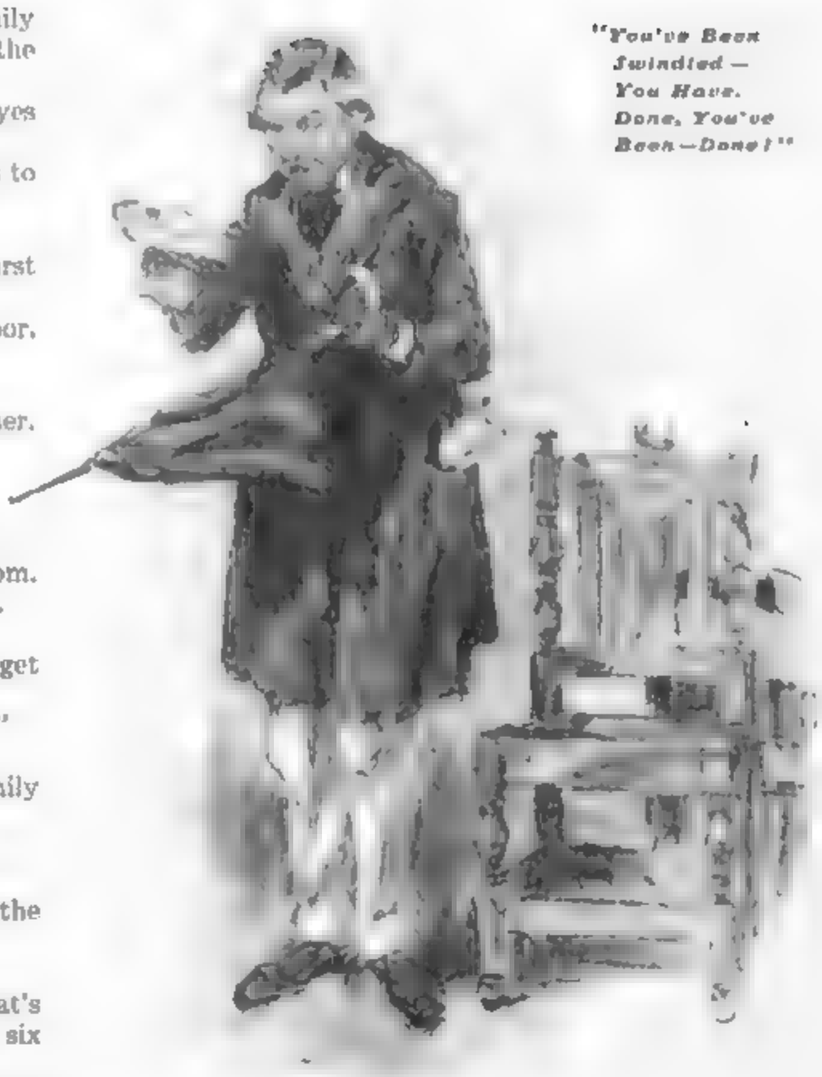
"Caleb," he said, "I come as a friend."

"Then all I can say," replied Caleb, amazed that the other should have ventured to enter his castle, "is, I don't want friends of your sort."

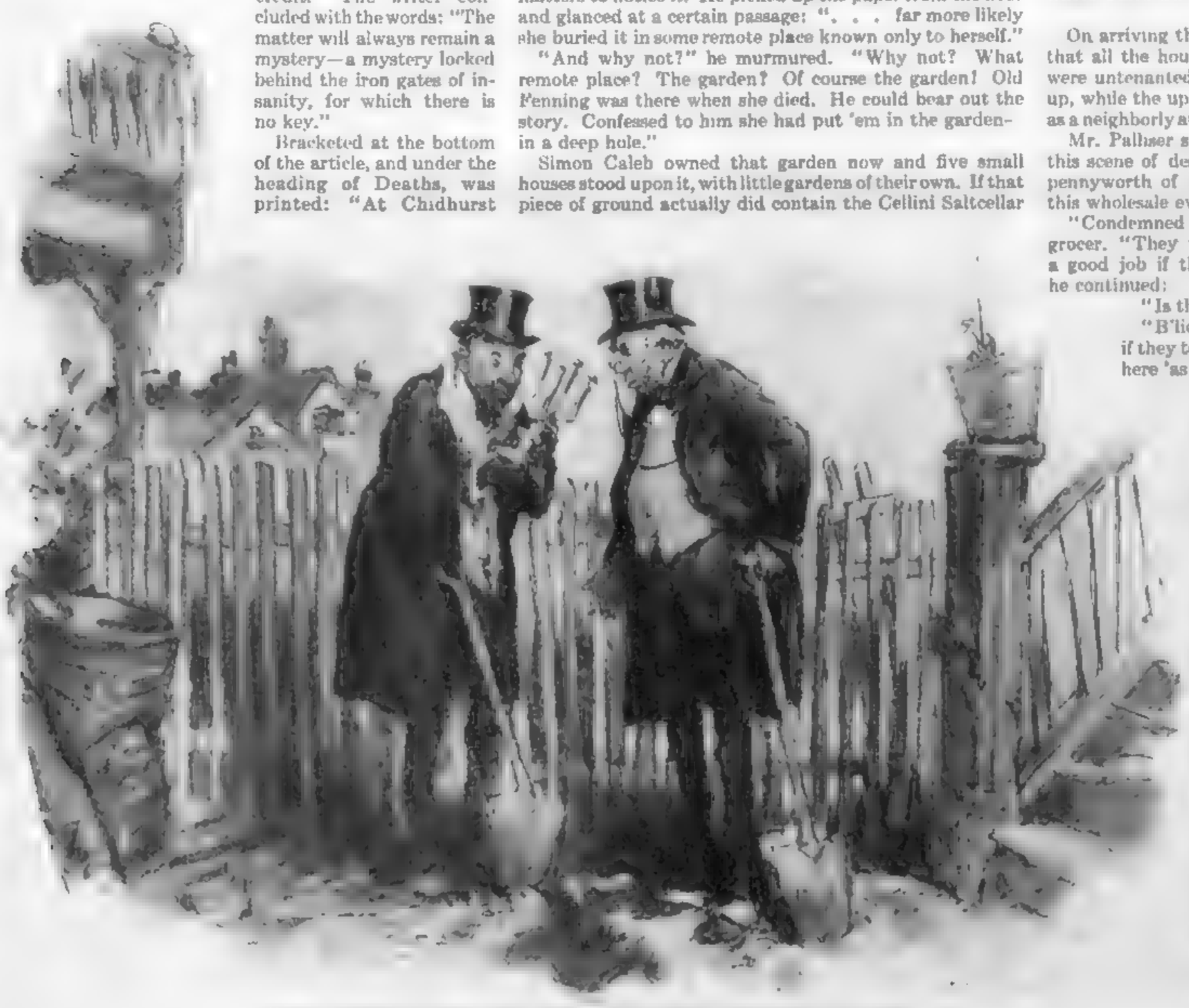
"Look here," said Palliser: "I know how you feel. I've felt the same way myself; but what I suggest is this—that for half an hour we talk together as one business man to another, and if, after that time, we haven't come to no understanding we can go back to the old footing, and no harm done."

"What have you got to say?" demanded Simon grudgingly.

"Can we go into the parlor?" asked Palliser.



"You've Been Swindled—You Have. Done, You've Been—Done!"



"We're Finding the Stuff. This Bit is the One They Spoke of in the Paper"

Simon did not answer, but led the way to that chamber and left Palliser to follow. When they were seated Palliser spoke:

"You know that bit of land you got, up Hardwick Street way?"

"I ought to know it," assented the other.

"You want to sell it?"

"What I want to do and what I can do are different things."

"They tell me, down there, you'd be lucky to touch fifteen hundred for it."

"Put it this way," said Caleb: "I'll let you have it for fifteen 'undred."

Palliser leant back in his chair.

"Suppose I could show you a way to get fifteen thousand for it, how much would it be worth to me?"

"The age o' miracles is past," grunted Simon, "and I, for one, never did believe in 'em."

"I'm talkin' of possibilities," said Palliser. "How much would it be worth to me?"

Simon scrutinized him narrowly. In spite of his dislike for Palliser he held a kind of respect for the ingenuity of his schemes. Palliser was a man of ideas, even though his ideas did not always mature successfully.

"Depends!" he answered guardedly. "I always reckon that piece of ground is worth fifteen thousand; especially if they put up that factory they were talking about."

This last remark was inspired by the belief that Palliser had heard some information he himself had been denied. However, the shaft was an empty one. Palliser smiled.

"It was worth trying," he said; "but there is nothing doing in that direction, and you know it. Give me an answer to my question."

Simon considered.

"Well," he said, "after deducting the four thousand I paid for the property, I might give you ten per cent."

"You might," replied Palliser; "but you won't. To begin with, you paid two thousand five hundred for it."

"So I did, now I come to think of it," said Simon.

"Allowing you an extra two-fifty over and above that, I propose that we shall share any profits arising."

"Share!" exclaimed Simon.

"Share!" returned Palliser. "And if you think of going into the deal we'll have it down on paper right away."

As Mr. Caleb could not see any possibility of recovering more than a thousand pounds on his original investment, he accepted the terms with far more alacrity than Palliser had conceived to be likely. Therewith a deed was drafted, signed, and a copy retained by both parties. Then Palliser set forth the principles of his plan.

"We both have a score to settle with Lord Louis," he said, "and this is the way to do it."

"How d'you mean?" said Simon.

"Don't you see? If he got wind that the Benvenuto Cellini Saltcellar was buried where the garden used to be, he'd pay anything to get the property."

"But it ain't there," said Simon meditatively. "It's at the bottom of the sea."

"I know that," replied Palliser; "but no one saw her throw it into the water. Besides, that's where old Fenning comes in."

"How's he come in?" queried Simon, not easily convinced.

"This way," said Palliser, expanding his theme: "Fenning was at the asylum when Emily Hoate died. She took a fancy to Fenning; and, just before she died, she comes to her senses and confesses she buried the things in the 'eart of a shrubbery in the middle of the back garden—dug a terrible big hole and dropped the goods inside."

Simon Caleb interrupted:

"Why a big hole?"

"Less likely to have been disturbed when the builders put up the houses afterward."

Caleb nodded, and Palliser continued: "Then all we've got to do is to let Lord Louis hear the story from Fenning and put up the property at auction."

"Yes; but 'ow are you goin' to explain the fact that Fenning never told the story before?"

"That's easy," replied Palliser. "He was a simple man—knew nothing about the story and thought she was still balmy. Forgot all about it until he read the paragraph in to-day's paper."

"Then, why's he to tell Lord Louis?" persisted Simon.

"You leave that to me. I'll manage it all right."

Simon rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"It's a good idea, Palliser," he said; "a beautiful idea—if it comes off."

"It will come off," replied Palliser with great assurance. "But somehow," he added, "we shall have to keep your name out of it. If he knew that you had anything to do with the property he'd smell a rat at once."

"That's all right," said Caleb. "I bought the property in my own name—Lewis Heughes. Caleb is only a name I took when I went into the antique business."

"That's a bit of luck!" said Palliser. "Then you leave it to me to set the ball rolling." And he extended a hand with great cordiality.

Caleb ignored the hand.

"I don't see any particular call to shake hands," he said. "I'm doin' this to make a bit o' money—not a friend."

"Just as you like," replied Palliser. "I'll let you know how things are going on." And, with a wave of the hand, he departed. And Mr. Caleb turned back into his shop and wondered how they would.

On his homeward way Palliser matured the scheme in his brain. He realized that he must devise some natural means of getting the story of the buried saltcellar to the ears of Lord Louis. If Fenning called at his lordship's house and started forthwith to relate the imaginary confession of Miss Emily Hoate suspicion and doubts would be raised. Clearly this was an important point.

Then, of course, Fenning must be carefully primed and rehearsed in the part he would have to play. He was quite a shrewd old fellow and would address himself to the task with enthusiasm, so long as he saw prospects of easily earned money. Palliser decided that three pounds—from Caleb's pocket—would suffice for telling the tale; after which, if the scheme developed satisfactorily, he should receive one per cent on the profits.

Later in the evening he offered these terms to the old man, who, after the requisite degree of protest, accepted them with secret satisfaction.

As luck would have it, on the very next morning Fate played a card into the conspirators' hand; but it required the keen intelligence of a Palliser to grasp the fact.

The Bristol Observer published a letter from Mr. Augustus Yorke touching on the Hoate mystery. In this letter Mr. Yorke advanced certain theories of his own as to the probable actions of Miss Emily Hoate.

There is no value in repeating these theories, as they have no bearing on our narrative. Mr. Yorke was that kind of individual who, for want of more vital employment, lavished much energy in composing letters to the Press.

Now Palliser knew that Mr. Yorke was a particular crony of Lord Louis! Their interests were both centered on objects of artistic merit. Lord Louis rarely made a purchase, however small, without discussing it with Mr. Yorke, and vice versa. The main difference between the two gentlemen was that, whereas Lord Louis' income was very large, Mr. Yorke's was correspondingly small.

Palliser argued that if the tidings of the possible whereabouts of the Cellini Saltcellar were brought to Mr. Yorke's ears he would at once convey them to his richer friend.

And what more natural circumstance could anyone conceive than for Fenning, who had read Mr. Yorke's letter and the article of the previous day, and, as a result, had recalled the conversation he had with Emily Hoate, to call upon Mr. Yorke and tell the tale to him?

Two days later Mr. Augustus Yorke burst in on Lord Louis Lewis at a moment when the latter was inspecting a very delicate specimen of Peach Bloom. Abandoning all formality, he spluttered out:

"The Cellini Saltcellar is found!"

"One moment," said Lord Louis, replacing the beautiful vase in its appointed position. Then he turned and exclaimed: "Good heavens! You don't say so!"

"Perhaps it is premature to use the word 'found,'" admitted Mr. Yorke; "but I have excellent reason to believe it will be."

Lord Louis smiled indulgently.

"I read your theories in the paper the day before yesterday, and I am bound to confess ——"

But Mr. Yorke interrupted.

"No, no!" he said. "It has nothing to do with them; but a man called on me to-day ——" And thereupon he related the interview he had just had with Fenning.

When he had finished, Lord Louis rose and paced the room. "This is indeed interesting," he said. "Would this man have any advantage in telling the story if there was nothing in it?"

"That is what I thought," agreed Mr. Yorke.

"What kind of a person is he?"

"Of the upper lower class."

"Then I suppose he was looking to make something for himself?" queried Lord Louis.

"No," replied the other. "He said that he was a poor man and naturally would be glad of a reward if his information proved correct."

Lord Louis nodded.

"That seems reasonable," said he. "Let us run over the points. Fenning claims to have been an attendant at Chidhurst Asylum. One day he comes on Emily Hoate digging in the grounds—asks what she is doing. She replies with a tale about burying a famous Cellini Saltcellar at a great depth in her father's garden. She describes the garden with more clearness than Fenning believed her capable of. Nevertheless, he pays little heed, believing her to be suffering from hallucinations. A day or two later she dies; and the subject only recurs to his mind when he chances to read the article, followed by your letter, in the Bristol Observer."

Mr. Yorke nodded and Lord Louis continued.

"I will telephone to Chidhurst Asylum," he said. "We could then verify some of the details. I used to know one of the doctors there, who told me they kept a register of all the

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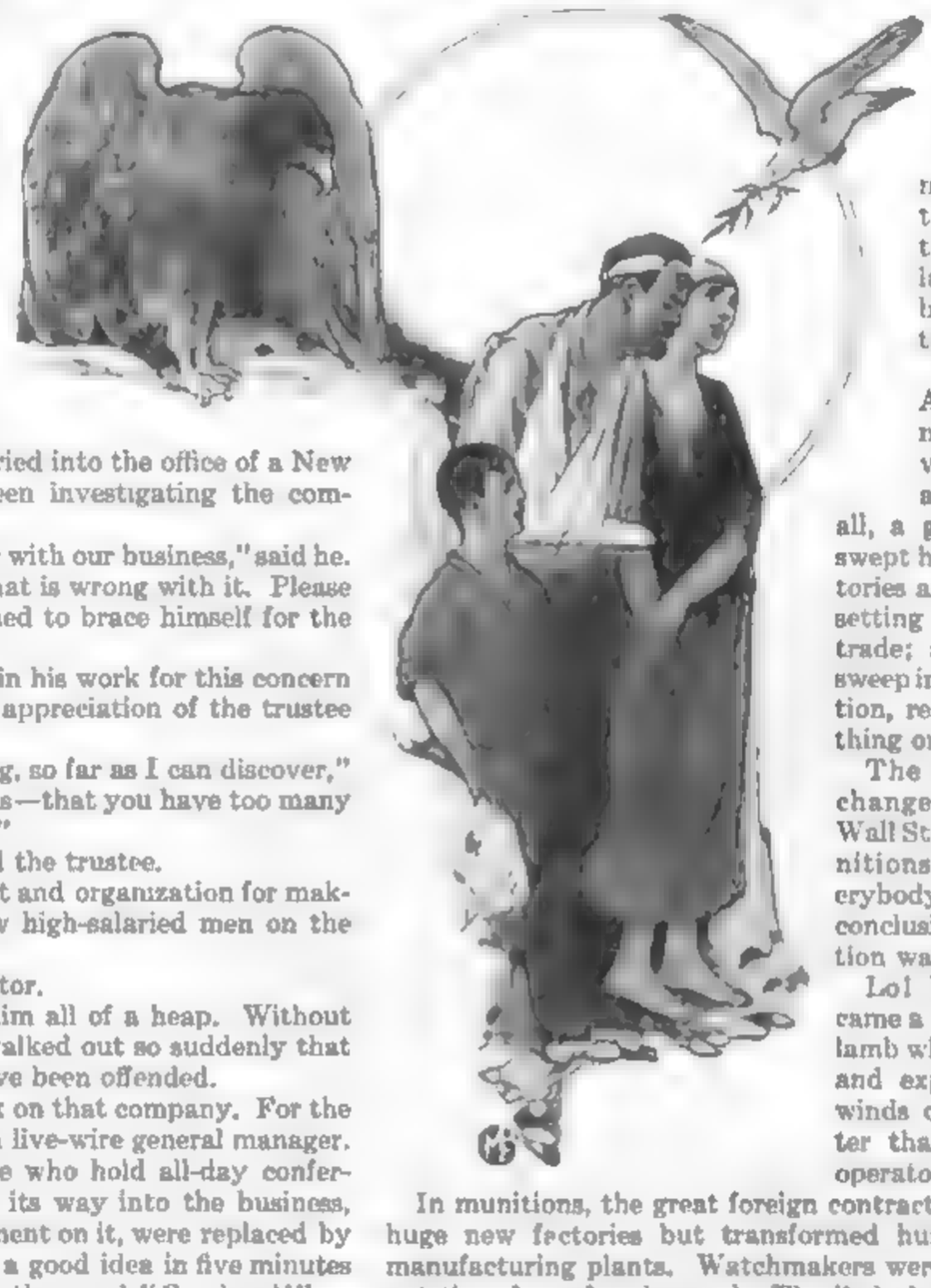
*Mr. Hoate Slept So Soundly That He Never Stirred When Emily Stole Into His Room*

# RAISING OUR WAR BABIES

## What Will Happen When the World Turns Back to Peace?

By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



WAY Down East, in a quiet factory village, there is a snug little manufacturing concern which has been owned outright by the same family for so many years that all the aggressive members of the family are dead. The company belongs to the widows and orphans. It is run for them in a trusteeship by an attorney. This attorney is a well-to-do young man, honest and earnest, but something of a theorist in business. Mild-mannered and full of good works, he wears a black string tie, carries a cotton umbrella, and looks like a stage missionary.

One morning, about a year before the Great War turned the world upside down, he hurried into the office of a New York accountant who had been investigating the company's affairs.

"Mr. Smith, you are familiar with our business," said he. "I want you to tell me just what is wrong with it. Please be quite frank." And he seemed to brace himself for the worst.

Smith grinned with joy, for in his work for this concern he had developed the keenest appreciation of the trustee as a character.

"Why, there's nothing wrong, so far as I can discover," he replied. "Except maybe this—that you have too many clerks in responsible positions."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the trustee.

"Yes; you've got a fine plant and organization for making goods, but you need a few high-salaried men on the executive jobs."

"Dear me!" gasped the visitor.

The idea seemed to strike him all of a heap. Without another word he turned and walked out so suddenly that Mr. Smith feared he might have been offended.

But the trustee went to work on that company. For the first time in fifty years it got a live-wire general manager. Department heads of the type who hold all-day conferences when a new idea forces its way into the business, and then finally suspend judgment on it, were replaced by newcomers who could pass on a good idea in five minutes and back up subordinates when they said "Go ahead!"

When the war came this company was in a thorough state of preparedness for business changes. It held its organization through the months of depression before the war orders developed; and when the latter loomed up it was able to secure contracts on most favorable terms. Its business has been developed along new lines that make it one of the most interesting of the war babies.

### *Lusty Babes That Will Survive the War*

TO-DAY the United States is full of war babies. New concerns have come into existence as a result of changes in demand brought by the European conflict, and old concerns have branched out in new lines. Everybody seems to be busy making money, with production and trade breaking records in many directions, and prices for almost everything above past levels. Yet everybody is also more or less nervous.

"How long will this prosperity last?" is the dominant question. "What is going to happen when peace comes?"

There are all sorts of estimates, predictions, guesses, assurances, warnings. Each man's idea about the future seems to be as good as any other man's. The situation involves factors that have never before been reckoned with. Opinion ranges from the cheeriest optimism to the gloomiest forebodings.

One thing appears to be definite—that war upset the world's business machinery, bringing the unexpected. And another thing fairly certain is that peace will have a transforming effect and bring its surprises too.

But the element of the unexpected in peace cannot be so large as that brought by war, for the latter could not be foreseen, whereas peace can be anticipated and discounted to a certain extent.

War transformed the world's demand from peace goods to war goods. It came almost in a night, causing paralysis of business. A period of stagnation followed until the new demand began to emerge. At the end of the conflict there will be a transformation from war goods back to peace goods, and there may be a period of uncertainty and dislocation until the new demand emerges. But it ought to develop more quickly than did the demand for munitions and military supplies, and be a more settled thing; and the business concerns that prepare for the change intelligently will fare better than those that do not.

War turned American business into an adventure. It was as though, first of all, a great genie had swept his hand over factories and markets, upsetting production and trade; and then, with a sweep in the other direction, rearranged everything on a new scheme.

The most striking changes appeared in Wall Street and the munitions industry. Everybody had come to the conclusion that speculation was dead.

Lo! Wall Street became a place where the lamb who threw caution and experience to the winds often fared better than the seasoned operator.

In munitions, the great foreign contracts not only built huge new factories but transformed hundreds of little manufacturing plants. Watchmakers were set at turning out time fuses for shrapnel. The little jewelry establishment in New England stopped its production of cheap trinkets and centered on some tiny part for the primers of artillery cartridges. A small metal-working shop in Pennsylvania, with three or four mechanics, had earned a fair salary for the boss by making odds and ends of metal trim for buildings; it suddenly grew to a factory, with a hundred men, making nothing but metal receptacles for a powder company.

This sort of business naturally has attracted the most attention and led people to assume that there is not much real benefit in the war boom.

In Connecticut a small factory belonging to a widow had been earning a few thousand dollars of profit each year. The munitions men set it at work on some small parts needed in their product and now the widow's profits have increased tenfold; but she is thoroughly skeptical about this strange prosperity, and as fast as money comes in salts it away in safe bonds. It looks too good to last, and she would not be astonished if the gilt coach turned back into a pumpkin tomorrow and she should find herself the same old Cinderella. So she thinks she will just have some securities while she can get them.

And maybe she is right, in her particular case; but in the thousands of war industries scattered over the country can be found much solid business growth.

There were the toymakers, for example. German competition had always hung heavy over their heads. When war came it created for them what a trade-journal editor has called "An imaginary tariff." Toy trade was speeding up for the holidays and it looked as though there would be no shipments from Germany for the Christmas of 1914. American toy concerns began to expand confidently. They went after customers as though there was not a German left in the world, and set their wits to work to produce popular playthings that had always come from abroad.

The outcome was a better business that year than they had ever done before—and by various routes and ships foreign toys found their way into this country, so that importations were not greatly reduced. Our toy industry has been going ahead ever since under its imaginary tariff. Full composition dolls, hard to break, with sleeping eyes, limber joints, real hair and durable complexions, have always come from other countries; but we are making them now, as well as porcelain doll heads and parts, and new dolls of our own invention.

Glass ornaments for Christmas trees were regarded as almost a German monopoly until the war set our makers at work, but now there are American Christmas-tree ornaments in the market. Typical American toys, such as structural-steel building outfits, sidewalk scooters, electrical playthings, and the like, have been pushed; and the toy manufacturers are going into export trade.

### *Hindu Turbans Made in America*

THERE was a little shaving-brush factory in an Eastern state. With slender capital and poor equipment it had never made anything better than bargain-counter goods at starvation prices. War brought a large order from the allied armies at a price that enabled the concern to send the soldiers a better shaving brush than it had ever made for home trade. More than that, the profits on this order furnished capital to improve the plant and put it into its industry on a sound footing. The same experience has come to other factories. Peace will not leave them where war found them.

In England a textile manufacturer's factory was taken over by the government for war purposes. He came to the United States and bought a factory to continue filling his contracts for goods. Conditions here are so good all round that he means to stay; and he predicts that other manufacturers from England and the Continent will be attracted by the same advantages—larger output due to automatic machinery and better-paid workers, freedom from heavy war taxes, convenience of raw materials, and so on. Best of all, he says, is the feeling of exhilaration he finds in American business—he likes our "pep." His line is peculiar—turbans for the Hindu! The Hindu brother's turban is now made in America, at twenty per cent less cost than in England, by mill hands who get three times the English wage.

During the past few years you have noticed that baggage, express and mail are handled at all our large railroad stations on little electric trucks run by a storage battery. These have also come into wide use for hauling things round factories, because they cut costs sixty per cent. When the war broke out the New York sales agent for one make of these trucks found business pretty dull; but so soon as foreign purchasing agents arrived to place war orders trade picked up, for they saw these trucks in our factories, and were so struck by their economy that they bought some to send home.

To-day, the export business is extensive and growing, and this is representative of permanent growth in many lines of American labor-saving machinery. Heretofore, human muscle has been about the cheapest manufacturing material in Europe. Manufacturers there have been disposed to make as many jobs as possible, to keep people employed; but war caused a labor shortage and made it necessary to get skilled work done by women and children and untrained men. As labor has always been our most costly material, and we have developed machines of every sort to save it and utilize the untrained man or woman, we have a world of equipment that must be drawn on in reorganizing European industries.

War has broadened the basis of manufacturing in some of our industries. Munitions concerns, for instance, are preparing to divert their new facilities to shipbuilding when

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# Efficiency Edgar and the Home Circle

## By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

DURING our wedding trip I spent many interesting and profitable hours explaining to my wife the Science of Efficiency as practiced in modern business. I may say I was qualified to make these explanations, for I have specialized in the science to the extent that the men in our office call me Efficiency Edgar. I understand perfectly that they have given me this name in derision, but if they studied my progress in the business I imagine their derision would be minimized. It is with no more than just pride that I look back on my rapid promotion.

I recall perfectly one moonlight night—it was on Lake St. Clair when we were returning from Mackinac. Mary and I sat alone on the hurricane deck of the vessel and we talked of the future.

"Mary," said I tenderly, "some people have the idea that efficiency applies only to business. But they are wrong. It applies to every human activity—to business, to society, to dancing, to going on a picnic——"

"To going on a honeymoon!"

"Yes, indeed," said I. "Has this not been a wonderful honeymoon?"

"Yes," said she.

"Efficiency," said I. "I planned it, saw to every detail. Ours," said I, "is probably the first wedding trip ever taken with true efficiency."

"Um!" said Mary.

*"You Ought to be Ashamed of Yourself. The Idea of Trying to Keep House the Way You'd Run a Jail!"*

"As I was saying, efficiency applies to everything, even to keeping house." This was the point I had been leading up to.

"I'm a good cook," said Mary a trifle resentfully. Then she paused. "Well, anyhow, I'm a pretty good cook. I can make the best shrimp wiggle and lobster Newburg and rarebit and fudge. And I made coffee once. The girls at school all said I was the best cook in our dormitory ——"

"To be sure," said I kindly. "I know that as cooks and housekeepers go you're right at the top of the list. But with me to help you and apply efficiency to our household you'll be a wonder."

She patted my hand. "Wasn't I lucky to get you before some other girl discovered ——" she began.

"Housework is drudgery now," I said. "I'm going to take hold of things and see to it there's no drudgery in our house. With half the work and half the time other girls take I'll arrange things so you can do twice as much. That," said I, "is the true aim of efficiency."

"It sounds," said she, "as if I were going to like it."

"First," said I, "we'll have to study things. For instance, we'll have to find out if it's more efficient to bake beans or buy them in tin cans. We'll test out soups—those made from soup bone, canned soups to which you just add hot water, and the kind that comes in pills."

"Oh," said Mary, and then looked up at the moon with an expression I did not quite understand.

"Then," said I, "we shall go over the day's routine together. We shall find out just what has to be done, and study each movement. With that data at hand I shall draw up a schedule for you to follow. Of course I know you are inexperienced, but with my schedule for you to follow experience will be unnecessary. You'll have only to get up in the morning and do just as the schedule says till night. Our housekeeping will be pretty nearly automatic."

At that point I changed the subject, for it seemed best for me to bring Mary gradually to the new and better way of doing things. The feminine mind has not yet been brought to a full understanding of efficiency and its uses, and I feared lest perhaps I might frighten her with the sound of it. I believe that when we returned to our new home, a small house designed by myself, Mary was at least in a receptive mood.

"To-morrow," said I, "we shall begin. I won't have to go to work till Monday. That will give us three days to analyze, classify and make a working schedule of your daily work. After that you will have plain sailing."

"It's just lovely of you, Edgar, to take such an interest in our home."

"Every man should do the same," said I.

"But," said she, "some wives might not like to—to have their husbands messing round. I am quite sure mamma wouldn't allow papa to make schedules for her."

"The Science of Efficiency," said I, "had not been invented when they were married. Even to-day I do not believe your father believes in it whole-heartedly."

"My mother's a splendid housekeeper."

"Of course—in her way."

"Edgar," said Mary slowly, "if I were you, dear, I think I would—let mamma go on keeping house the way she's used to. If you—what do you call it?—apply efficiency methods to our house, that'll be enough, won't it?"

"Surely," said I; "but, on the other hand, your mother mustn't throw you off your schedule. She may feel you need advice ——"

"She will," said Mary decidedly.

"Then," said I, "you must explain to her what we are doing and tell her that her methods, while they undoubtedly suit her and your father, would not fit in with our routine. That ought to satisfy her."

"Um!" said Mary in a tone that seemed to express doubt.

All day Friday I followed Mary about, pencil and paper in hand, and noted down everything she did as well as the length of time she took to do it. This one day convinced me her housekeeping methods—undoubtedly learned from her mother—were highly inefficient. She wasted steps, made hundreds of unnecessary movements, and generally arranged her work in a clumsy, hodge-podge, chaotic manner. There was no system. She simply did one thing, and then did the next thing she could think of, whether it came next in order properly or not.

That night and Saturday I worked over the schedule, and also read the cookbook I had purchased. By Sunday night both schedule and cookbook were finished.

"Mary," said I, "do you know what I have been reading?"

She shook her head.

"A cookbook," said I; "and I think I may say without fear of contradiction that I am the first man who ever read a cookbook from cover to cover and digested its contents."

"That's a good thing to do to the contents of a cookbook," said Mary.

"What?" said I.

"Digest it," said Mary with an expression of childlike innocence. "That's what cookbooks are for, isn't it? A sort of guidebook to digestion?"

Personally I never make jokes, and will admit that many are probably made in my presence without my noticing it, but I had already discovered that Mary made them frequently. I suspected this might be one, though I was not quite certain. I laughed briefly on the chance it was, thinking so to please her, for I have observed that people who make jokes like to have them laughed at.

"Did you mean it?" said she.

"What?" said I.

"That laugh," said she.

"I'm not sure," said I, "but I think I did. It was a joke, wasn't it?"

"Efficiency doesn't include joking, does it?"

"I have never heard it mentioned in that connection, though I am not prepared to say it might not be in certain conditions."

"Then," said Mary, "this wasn't a joke. I'm all for efficiency. Methodic Mary—that's what folks'll be calling me after a while, just as they call you Efficiency Edgar."

"Splendid," said I. It delighted me that she was adapting herself so readily to my desires. There had been moments during our honeymoon when I had doubted her ability to subordinate herself to system.

"You're a duck!" said Mary, and she came over and sat on the arm of my chair and kissed me, a thing which I cannot deny she does with perfect efficiency. I may say I could see no way of improving on her way of doing it.

"The schedule is done," said I.

"How lovely," said Mary. She used that word a great many times and always emphasized it.

"Now then," said I, "let us consider it. A schedule is merely a plan of action. It is like the plan of a house. To be of any use both must be followed without deviation. If you deviate from the plan of a house you might end up with the kitchen in the parlor and the dining room in the coal bin. If you do not keep exactly to a schedule you get similar results with your day's work. Keep to your schedule and everything will go along with perfect efficiency, but step aside from it and you get in a deplorable tangle. Am I clear?"

"As clear," said Mary, "as percolator coffee."

"Good," said I. "Here is the schedule and here is your day in diagram. You will see I have blocked out your time in squares. Each square represents fifteen minutes. You should make some valuable use of every minute in your day, and this diagram will help you to do so. For every minute of time you spend you should get some return in accomplishment, in recreation, in rest."

"Why," said she, "I always did that."

"Mary," said I impressively, "at the end of the first week after I had blocked off my time in this manner, I discovered I had been frittering away uselessly more than an hour a day!"

"Heavens!" she exclaimed.

"You will see," said I, referring to the schedule, "that I have listed every item of your day's work, and have estimated the time it will take to do it. Probably many things will take less time; but even so, do not begin the next task until the minute set down here. Otherwise confusion will result. But suppose, for instance, you find it does not take two fifteen-minute squares to get breakfast, but only one and two-thirds squares. Here is a gain of five minutes. Make a careful note of it. But do not call breakfast until the exact time scheduled. You can utilize the minutes saved in reading the cookbook. Saturday night we will go over the schedule and revise it for next week. Gradually we will thus cut down your working hours, ease your work, and leave more time for recreation. That is what I am trying to do, Mary—make things easy for you."

"It's just lovely of you, Edgar," she said, and there was the dearest twinkle in her eye. I admit I could see no special reason for a twinkle, but there were many things

*She Paused and Stretched Out Her Poor Lame Ankle and Wiggled It*

about Mary that I did not perfectly comprehend. "But," she said presently, "suppose somebody interrupts me? What if some of the girls drop in right square in the middle of the schedule?"

"You mustn't allow it," I said. "At our office we allow no calling. You should make your friends understand that efficiency is the rule in your house, and that your hours for entertaining them are between two and five in the afternoon. You should allow no more interference with your work than we do at the office."

"You'd better get me a savage dog and a shotgun then," said Mary.

I had been at the office again less than a week when a slight attack of bronchitis confined me to my home for several days. It was during these days that certain events occurred which have given me food for reflection ever since.

I must confess I do not quite understand how these events came about, nor why, but come about they did.

Mrs. Pierce, Mary's mother, dropped in about nine o'clock on the first morning of my illness. I lay on the lounge in the library.

"'Morning, mother," Mary said. "Sit right down and talk to Edgar. At nine-thirty," she said, referring to her schedule, which she carried constantly in her pocket, "I shall have four minutes to talk to you. Then at ten-thirty I shall have a full fifteen minutes." Mary said this very earnestly and soberly, I was glad to see.

Mrs. Pierce eyed her with an odd expression.

"What was that?" she said a trifle acidly.

Mary repeated, referring again to her schedule.

"What is that paper?" Mrs. Pierce asked.

"My schedule," said Mary.

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Pierce, and Mary handed it over. She then proceeded with her dusting, which occupied the half hour from nine to nine-thirty.

Mrs. Pierce read the schedule and sniffed. She looked at me with a stare that was not cordial, and sniffed again.

"I suppose," said she, "you are the author of this?"

"I am," said I.

She sniffed again. I do not think I have ever met a woman who sniffed so frequently. She arose abruptly and went into the kitchen, where I heard her moving about. Presently I heard the loudest sniff she had uttered since coming. It was followed by a call to Mary.

"What is this absurd thing?" she asked.

"That," said Mary, "is my list of rules for washing dishes. Edgar made it for me and had it typewritten. He put it right there over the sink where it would be in front of me while I washed. It's perfectly lovely," Mary said enthusiastically. "You haven't any idea how much easier it makes dishwashing."

Again Mrs. Pierce sniffed.

"Does he make dishwashing easier by grabbing a towel and helping himself?"

"Indeed not," said Mary. "That would be inefficient. The trend of modern efficiency," said she, quoting me, "is away from multiplicity of employees. Two persons should never work on a task that can be as well completed by one."

"Am I to understand, Mary Pierce," said her mother, forgetting that Mary's name was no longer Pierce, "that you are going to submit to this? Am I to understand you are going to permit your husband to tyrannize over you in this manner, and meddle in your housekeeping, and put up rules in your kitchen?" She was positively breathless.

"I can't discuss it till nine-thirty," said Mary. "It would interfere with my schedule and throw my whole day out of kilter. Go talk to Edgar till the clock strikes."

"But are you going to submit to this—this outrage?"

"It is perfectly lovely of Edgar. He has worked so hard on it, and just to make things easier for me."

"It makes a regular slave of you," said Mrs. Pierce.

"At nine-thirty, mother," said Mary, and with that Mrs. Pierce had to be satisfied. She put in the remaining quarter of an hour sniffing. I estimate she sniffed at least three times a minute during that time.

"Young man," said Mrs. Pierce presently, "what do you know about housekeeping?"

"Nothing," said I; "but I do understand the Science of Efficiency, and its rules apply as well to housekeeping as to manufacturing suspenders. They apply to everything—to taking a bath, to milking a cow, to trimming a hat."

"I suppose you'll be trimming Mary's hats next," she said, and sniffed again. She turned to Mary. "I shan't wait till your schedule gives you a minute to talk to your mother. I never heard of such a thing, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. The idea of trying to keep house the way you'd run a jail!"

When nine-thirty came Mary sat down beside me.

"I'm sorry your mother doesn't approve," said I; "but it wasn't to be expected."

"No," said Mary, "it wasn't."

"You won't let her influence you, Mary?"

"Edgar," said she, "I'm going to stick to Efficiency until—well, until you tell me to stop."

"Which," said I, "will be never."

She smiled and patted my hand, which was very pleasant.

"Who knows?" said she.

About eleven o'clock my chest became painful and it occurred to me a mustard plaster might be beneficial. I called Mary and asked her to make one for me. She looked at her schedule and her wrist watch, another bit of efficiency which I had given her to prevent loss of time by running to look at a clock. "Poor dear," she said. "I'll fix one just as soon as I can. But I'm afraid it won't be possible before two o'clock. The schedule ——"

"But, Mary, I'm sick."

"I'm sorry, dear. But you said nothing was to interfere with my schedule. Nothing. And surely you—you—wouldn't have me disregard it for you. Why, it would throw out my whole day. Every minute from now until two is provided for. But the second I can get at it I'll make the loveliest plaster for you."

What was I to say? At any rate I was glad I had fixed so firmly in her mind the importance of adhering to rule. That I suffered from it somewhat was a thing I must not consider.

I had not made the mistake of thinking Mrs. Pierce would rest content with the one expression of her mind regarding the introduction of efficiency into our home, but I had not foreseen the energy with which she would attack it, nor the measures she would take to defeat it. No later than that evening she came to the house again, this time accompanied by Mr. Pierce, and long before they were gone I knew that there was a thing which must be decided emphatically—whether Mrs. Pierce should dominate our house, or whether it should be conducted efficiently by my wife, under my supervision.

"Edgar," said Mrs. Pierce, "the idea of my daughter's running round this house consulting a wrist watch and a piece of paper every time she makes a bed or boils an egg is more than I can bear."

"Mrs. Pierce," said I, "do you not know that every step civilization has made in advance has been fought by people who thought the old way was best? You speak of eggs. I venture to say that the first man who induced his wife to boil an egg, instead of cracking the end and sucking it raw, had just such a visit from her mother as I am having now."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Pierce. "No man has any business meddling in household affairs. Do you suppose I would allow Mr. Pierce to come into my kitchen and dictate what nail I should hang my dishpan on?"

Mr. Pierce shook his head decidedly.

"No, Edgar, she would not," he said.

"I believe you, sir," said I.

"It is a mother's place to teach her daughter how to keep house," said Mrs. Pierce. "And," she went on with a jerk of her head, "I am not going to allow it to be said I failed in my dut, "

"You and Edgar settle it between you, mother," said Mary sweetly. "I am really not interested. You see I'm only the person who's going to do the housekeeping."

"There is nothing to settle," said I.

"We shall see," said Mrs. Pierce.

She seemed on the point of losing her temper, so I deemed it best to change the subject. This is a difficult thing to do with Mrs. Pierce in the conversation, but I succeeded by applying a bit of efficiency to the situation.

"Let us have some music," said I. "I have learned a new piece on my saxophone. It is the Miserere."

"Any piece played on the saxophone," said Mr. Pierce sadly, "is a miserere."

Mary went to the piano, and I took my instrument from its case. Notwithstanding my illness I played. Efficiency demanded it. But I cannot but observe that playing the saxophone while one suffers from bronchitis is not an exercise to be recommended. If one suffers from that ailment frequently, I should advise him to choose some other instrument—a zither for instance, or even a snare drum.

Before I finished the third selection Mr. Pierce announced his intention of going home.

Next day I was feeling somewhat better, and my appetite began to assert itself. Usually I like the more substantial foods, but during the day my thoughts began to run on layer cake with chocolate frosting. I do not remember ever to have felt so strong a desire for a particular article of food.

"Mary," said I, "would it be possible for us to have a chocolate layer cake for dinner to-night?"

"Of course, dear," she said.

It is remarkable how I looked forward to eating a large piece of that cake at the end of my meal. I even fancied I might eat two pieces. I was impatient for Mary to begin it.

"When do you start your cake?" I asked her about the middle of the afternoon.

She glanced at her schedule and then at her wrist watch.

"Five o'clock, according to schedule," she said. "You know you have impressed it on me I must start no work ahead of schedule time."

"Yes," said I; "that is just as bad as starting late."

Promptly at five Mary started her cake. The rule was that dinner should be served at six sharp. I was hungry. Each moment I seemed to grow hungrier, until at a quarter to six it seemed to me it would be impossible for me to go longer without a bite to eat. But I waited.

*Continued on Page 73)*

*"Mary, I Think I May Say That I am the First Man Who Ever Read a Cookbook From Cover to Cover"*

# THE THRUSH IN THE HEDGE

## By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"I Want to Sing! That's All—to Sing"

HARRY BAGGS came walking slowly over the hills in the blue May dusk. He could now see below him the clustered roofs and tall, slim stack of a town. His instinct was to avoid it, but he had tramped all day, his blurred energies were hardly capable of a detour, and he decided to settle for the night near by. About him the country rose and fell, clothed in emerald wheat and pale young corn, while trees filled the hollows with the shadowy purple of their darkening boughs. A robin piped a belated, drowsy note; the air had the impalpable sweetness of beginning buds.

A vague, pleasant melancholy enveloped him; the countryside swam indistinctly in his vision—he surrendered himself to inward sensations, drifting memories, unformulated regrets. He was twenty and had a short, powerful body; a broad, dusty, patient face. His eyes were steady, light blue, and his jaw heavy but shapely. His clothes—the forlorn trousers, the odd coat uncomfortably drawn across thick shoulders, and incongruous hat—held patently the stamp of his worldly position: he was a tramp.

He stopped, looking about. The road, white and hard, dipped suddenly down; on the right, windows glimmered, withdrawn behind shrubbery and orderly trees; on the left, a dark, plowed field rose to a stiff company of pines and the sky. Harry Baggs stood turned in the latter direction, for he caught the faint odor of wood smoke; behind the field, a newly acquired instinct told him, a fire was burning in the open. This, now, probably meant that other wanderers—tramps—had found a place of temporary rest.

Without hesitation he climbed a low rail fence, found a narrow path trod in the soft loam and followed it over the brow into the hollow beyond. His surmise had been correct—a fire smoldered in a red blur on the ground, a few relaxed forms gathered about the wavering smoke, and at their back were grouped four or five small huts.

Harry Baggs walked up to the fire, where, with a conventional sentence, he extended his legs to the low blaze. A man beside him regarded him with a peering, suspicious gaze; but any doubts were apparently laid, for the other silently resumed a somnolent indifference. His clothes were an amazing and unnecessary tangle of rags; his stubble of beard and broken black hat had an air of unreality, as if they were the stage properties of a stupid and conventional parody of a tramp.

Another, sitting with clasped knees beyond the fire, interrupted a monotonous, whining recital to question Harry Baggs. "Where'd you come from?"

"Somewhere by Lancaster."

"Ever been here before?" And, when Baggs had said no: "Thought I hadn't seen you. Most of us here come back in the spring. It's a comfortable dump when it don't rain cold." He was uncommonly communicative. "The Nursery's here for them that want work; and if not nobody's to ask you reasons."

A third, in a grimy, light overcoat, with a short, bristling red mustache and morose countenance, said harshly:

"Got any money?"

"Maybe two bits."

"Let's send him in for beer," the other proposed; and a new animation stirred the dilapidated one and the talker.

"You can go to hell!" Baggs responded without heat.

"That ain't no nice way to talk," the second proclaimed. "Peebles, here, meant that them who has divides with all that hasn't."

Peebles directed a hard animosity at Harry Baggs. His gaze flickered over the latter's heavy-set body and unmoved face. "Want your jaw slapped crooked?" he asked with a degree of reservation.

"No," the boy placidly replied.

A silence enveloped them, accentuated by the minute crackling of the disintegrating wood. The dark increased and the stars came out; the clip-clip of a horse's hoofs passed in the distance and night. Harry Baggs became flooded with sleep.

"I s'pose I can stay in one of these brownstones?" he queried, indicating the huts.

No one answered and he stumbled toward a small shelter. He was forced to bend, edge himself into the close, damp interior, where he collapsed into instant unconsciousness on a heap of bagging. In the night he cried out, in a strangely young, distressed voice; and later a drift of rain fell on the roof and ran in thin, cold streams over his still body.

II

HE WOKE late the following morning and sluggishly emerged into a sparkling rush of sunlight. The huts looked doubly mean in the pellucid day. They were built of discarded doors and variously painted fragments of lumber, with blistered and unpinned roofs of tin, in which rusted smokepipes had been crazily wired; strips of moldy matting hung over an entrance or so, but the others gaped unprotected. The clay before them was worn smooth and hard; a replenished fire smoked within blackened bricks; a wire, stretched from a dead stump to a loosely fixed post, supported some stained and meager red undergarb.

Harry Baggs recognized Peebles and the loquacious tramp at the edge of the clearing. The latter, clad in a grotesquely large and sorry suit of ministerial black, was emaciated and had a pinched, bluish countenance. When he saw Baggs he moved forward with a quick, uneven stop.

"Say," he proceeded, "can you let me have something to get a soda-caffeine at a drug store? This ain't a stall; I got a fierce headache. Come out with a dime, will you? My bean always hurts, but to-day I'm near crazy"

Harry Baggs surveyed him for a moment, and then, without comment, produced the sum in question. The other immediately turned and rapidly disappeared toward the road.

"He's crazy, all right, to fill himself with that dope," Peebles observed; "it's turning him black. You look pretty healthy," he added. "You can work, and they're taking all the men they can get at the Nursery."

The boy was sharply conscious of a crawling emptiness—hunger. He had only fifteen cents; when that was gone he would be without resources.

"I don't mind," he replied; "but I've got to eat first."

"Can't you stick till night?" his companion urged. "There's only half a day left now. If you go later there'll be nothing doing till to-morrow."

"All right," Harry Baggs assented.

The conviction seized him that this dull misery of hunger and dirt had settled upon him perpetually—there was no use in combating it; and, with an animal-like stoicism, he followed the other away from the road, out of the hollow, to where row upon row of young ornamental trees reached in mathematical perspective to broad sheds, glittering expanses of glass and a huddle of toolhouses, and office.

His conductor halted at a shed entrance and indicated a weather-bronzed individual.

"Him," he said. "And mind you come back when you're through; we all dish in together and live pretty good."

Harry Baggs spent the long, brilliant afternoon burning bunches of condemned peach shoots. The smoke rolled up in a thick, ceaseless cloud; he bore countless loads and fed them to the flames. The hungry crawling increased, then changed to a leaden nausea; but, accepting it as inevitable, he toiled dully on until the end of day, when he was given a dollar and promise of work to-morrow.

He saw, across a dingy street, a small grocery store, and purchased there coffee, bacon and a pound of dates. Then he returned across the Nursery to the hollow and huts. More men had arrived through the day, other fires were burning, and an acrid odor of scorched fat and boiling coffee rose in the delicate evening. A small group was passing about a flasklike bottle; a figure lay in a stupor on the clay; a mutter of voices, at once cautious and assertive, joined argument to complaint.

"Over this way," Peebles called as Harry Baggs approached. The former inspected the purchased articles, then cursed. "Ain't you got a bottle on you?"

But when the bacon had been crisped, the coffee turned into a steaming thick liquid, he was amply appreciative of the sustenance offered. They were shortly joined by Runnel, the individual with the bluish poisoned countenance, and the elaborately ragged tramp.

"Did you frighten any cooks out of their witses?" Peebles asked the last contemptuously. The other retorted unintelligibly in his appropriately hoarse voice. "Dake knocks on back doors," Peebles explained to Harry Baggs, "and then fixes to scare a nickel or grub from the women who open."

Quiet settled over the camp; the blue smoke of pipes and cigarettes merged imperceptibly into the dusk of evening. A momentary contentment enveloped Harry Baggs, born of the satisfaction of food, relaxation after toil; and, leaning his head back on clasped hands, he sang:

*"I changed my name when I got free*
*To Mister, like the res'.*
*But now . . . Ol' Master's voice I hears*
*Across de river: 'Rome,*
*You damn ol' nigger, come and bring*
*Dat boat an' row me home!'"*

His voice rolled out without effort, continuous as a flowing stream, grave and round as the deep tone of a temple bell. It increased in volume until the hollow vibrated; the sound, rather than coming from a single throat, seemed to dwell in the air, to be the harmony of evening made audible. The simple melody rose and fell; the simple words became portentous, burdened with the tragedy of vain longing, lost felicity. The dead past rose again like a colored mist over the sordid reality of the present; it drifted desirable and near across the hill; it soothed and mocked the heart—and dissolved.

The silence that followed the song was sharply broken by a thin, querulous question; a tenuous, bent figure stumbled across the open.

"Who's singing?" he demanded.

"That's French Janin," Peebles told Harry Baggs; "he's blind."

"I am," the latter responded—"Harry Baggs."

The man came closer, and Baggs saw that he was old and incredibly worn; his skin clung in dry yellow patches to his skull, the temples were bony caverns, and the pits of his eyes blank shadows. He felt forward with a siccated hand, on which veins were twisted like blue worsted over fleshless tendons, gripped Harry Baggs' shoulder, and lowered himself to the ground.

"Another song," he demanded; "like the last. Don't try any cheap show."

The boy responded immediately; his serious voice rolled out again in a spontaneous tide.

"'Hard times,'" Harry Baggs sang; "'hard times come again no more.'"

The old man said:

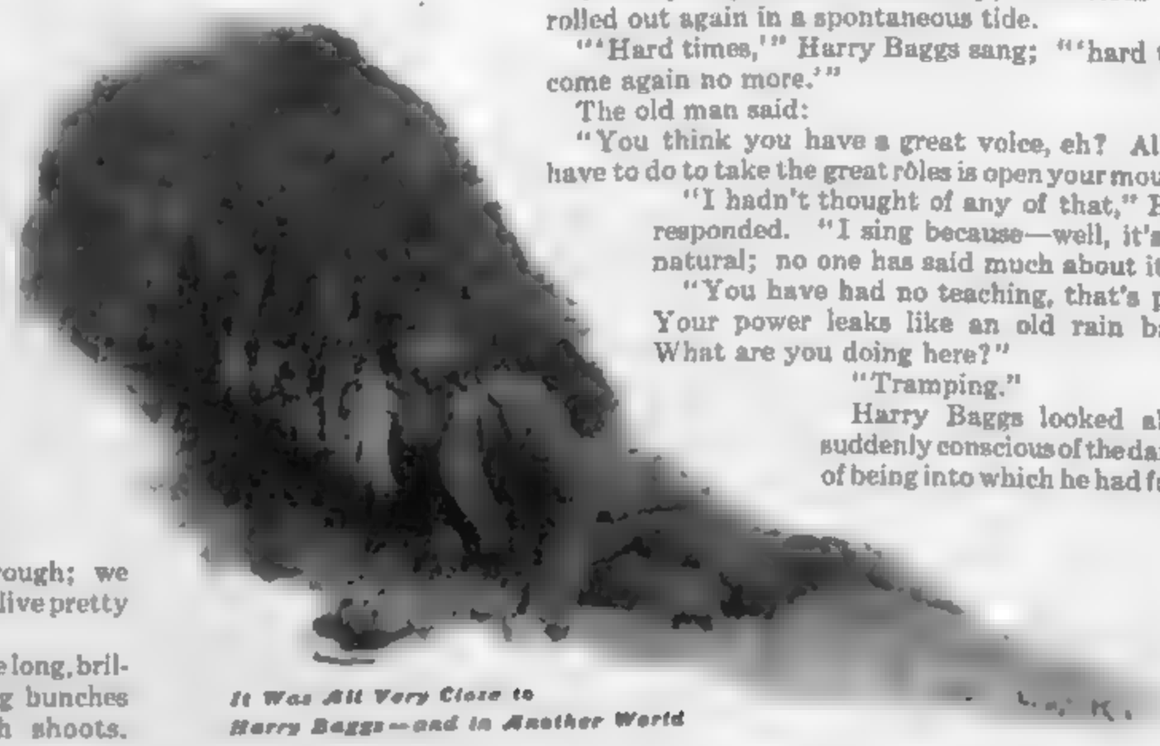
"You think you have a great voice, eh? All you have to do to take the great rôles is open your mouth!"

"I hadn't thought of any of that," Baggs responded. "I sing because—well, it's just natural; no one has said much about it."

"You have had no teaching, that's plain. Your power leaks like an old rain barrel. What are you doing here?"

"Tramping."

Harry Baggs looked about, suddenly conscious of the dark pit of being into which he had fallen.



It Was All Very Close to Harry Baggs—and to Another World

The fires died sullenly, deserted except for an occasional recumbent figure. Peebles had disappeared; Dake lay in his rags on the ground; Runnel rocked slowly, like a pendulum, in his ceaseless pain

"Tramping to the devil!" he added.

"What started you?" French Janin asked.

"Jail," Harry Baggs answered.

"Of course you didn't take it," the blind man commented satirically; "or else you went in to cover someone else."

"I took it, all right—eighteen dollars." He was silent for a moment; then: "There was something I had to have and I didn't see any other way of getting it. I had to have it. My stepfather had money that he put away—didn't need. I wanted an accordion; I thought about it till I got queer; I lifted the money, and he put me in jail for a year.

"I had the accordion hid. I didn't tell them where, and when I got out I went right to it. I played some sounds, and—after all I'd done—they weren't any good. I broke it up—and left."

"You were right," Janin told him; "the accordion is an impossible instrument, a thing entirely vulgar. I know, for I am a musician, and played a violin at the Opéra Comique. You think I am lying; but you are young, life is strange. I can tell you this: I, Janin, once led the finale of Hamlet. I saw that the director was pale; I leaned forward and he gave me the baton. I knew music. There were five staves to conduct at the Opéra Comique."

He turned his sightless face toward Harry Baggs.

"That means little to you," he said sharply; "you know nothing. You have never seen a gala audience on its feet; the roses——"

He broke off. His wasted palms rested on knees that resembled bones draped with maculate clothing; his sere head fell forward. Runnel paced away from the embers and returned. Harry Baggs looked, with doubt and wonderment, at the ruined old man.

The mere word musician called up in him an inchoate longing, a desire for something far and undefined. He thought of great audiences, roses, the accompaniment of violins. Unconsciously he commenced singing in a whisper that yet reached beyond the huts. He forgot his surroundings, the past without light, the future seemingly shorn of all prospect.

French Janin moved; he fumbled in precarious pockets and at last produced a small bottle; he removed the cork and tapped out on his palm a measure of white crystalline powder, which he gulped down. Then he struggled to his feet and wavered away through the night toward a shelter.

Harry Baggs imagined himself singing heroic measures; he finished, there was a tense pause, and then a thunderous acclamation. His spirit mounted up and up in a transport of emotional splendor; broken visions thronged his mind of sacrifice, renouncement, death. The fire expired and the night grew cold. His ecstasy sank; he became once more aware of the human wreckage about him, the detritus of which he was now a part.

### III

HE SPENT the next day moving crated plants to delivery trucks, where his broad shoulders were most serviceable, and in the evening returned to the camp, streaked with fine rich loam. French Janin was waiting for him and consumed part of Harry Baggs' unskillfully cooked supper. The old man was silent, though he seemed continually at the point of bursting into eager speech. However, he remained uncommunicative and followed the boy's movements with a blank, speculative countenance. Finally he said abruptly:

"Sing that song over—about the 'damn ol' nigger.'"

Harry Baggs responded; and, at the end, Janin nodded.

"What I should have expected," he pronounced. "When I first heard you I thought: Here, perhaps, is a great voice, a voice for Paris; but I was mistaken. You have some bigness—yes, good enough for street ballads, sentimental popularities; that is all."

An overwhelming depression settled upon Harry Baggs, a sense of irremediable loss. He had thought of his voice as a lever that might one day raise him out of his misfortunes; he instinctively valued it to an extraordinary degree; it had resembled a precious bud, the possible opening of which would flood his being with its fragrant flowering. He gazed with a new dread at the temporary shelters and men about him, the huts and men that resembled each other so closely in their patched decay.

*"Ah!" Harry Baggs Vociferated to the Inattentive Frogs, Busy With Their Own Chorus*

Until now, except in brief moments of depression, he had thought of himself as only a temporary part of this broken existence. But it was probable that he, too, was done—like Runnel, and Dake, who lived on the fear of women. He recalled with an oath his reception in the village of his birth on his return from jail: the veiled or open distrust of the adults; the sneering of the young; his barren search for employment. He had suffered inordinately in his narrow cell—fully paid, he had thought, the price of his fault. But apparently he was wrong; the thing was to follow him through life—and he would live a long while—condemn him, an outcast, to the company of his fellows.

His shoulders drooped, his face took on the relaxed sullenness of those about him; curiously, in an instant he seemed more bedraggled, more disreputable, hopeless.

French Janin continued:

"Your voice is good enough for the people who know nothing. Perhaps it will bring you money, singing at fairs in the street. I have a violin, a cheap thing without soul: but I can get a thin jingle out of it. Suppose we go out together, try our chance where there is a little crowd; it will be better than piggin' in the earth."

It would, Baggs thought, be easier than carrying heavy crates; subtly the idea of lessened labor appealed to him. He signified his assent and rolled over on his side, staring into nothingness.

French Janin went into the town the following day—he walked with a surprising facility and speed to discover where they might find a gathering for their purpose. Harry Baggs loafed about the camp until the other returned with the failing of light.

"The sales about the country are all that get the people together now," he reported; "the parks are empty till July. There's to be one to-morrow about eight miles away; we'll try it."

He went to the shelter, where he secured a scarred violin, lacking a string and pegged with roughly-shaped pegs. He motioned Harry Baggs to follow him and proceeded to the brow of the field, where he settled down against a fence, picking disconsolately at the burring strings and attempting to tighten an ancient bow. Baggs dropped to his side. Below them night flooded over the winding road and deepened under the hedges; a window showed palely alight; the stillness was intense.

"Now!" French Janin said.

The violin went home beneath his chin and he improvised a thin but adequate opening for Harry Baggs' song. The boy, for the first time in his existence, sang indifferently; his voice, merely big, lacked resonance; the song was robbed of all power to move or suggest.

Janin muttered unintelligibly; he was, Harry Baggs surmised, speaking his native language, obscurely complaining, accusing. They tried a second song: "Hard times, hard times, come again no more." There was not an accent of longing or regret.

"That'll do," French Janin told him; "good enough for cows and chickens."

He rose and descended to the camp, a bowed, unsubstantial figure in the gloom.

### IV

THEY started early to the sale. Janin, as always, walked swiftly, his violin wrapped in a cloth beneath his arm. Harry Baggs lounged indifferently at his side. The day was filled with a warm, silvery mist, through which the sun mounted rayless, crisp and round. Along the road plum trees were in vivid pink bloom; the apple buds were opening, distilling palpable clouds of fragrance.

Baggs met the morning with a sullen, lowered countenance, his gaze on the monotonous road. He made no reply to the blind man's infrequent remarks, and the latter, except for an occasional murmur, fell silent. At last Harry Baggs saw a group of men about the fence that divided a small lawn and neatly painted frame house from the public road. A porch was filled with a confusion of furniture, china was stacked on the grass, and a bed displayed at the side.

The sale had not yet commenced. A youth, with a pencil and paper, was moving distractedly about, noting items; a prosperous-appearing individual, with a derby resting on the back of his neck, was arranging an open space about a small table. Beyond, a number of horses attached to dusty vehicles were hitched to the fence and constantly augmented by fresh arrivals.

"Here we are!" Baggs told his companion.

He directed Janin to the gate, where the latter unwrapped his violin. A visible curiosity held the prospective buyers; they turned and faced the two dilapidated men on the road. A joke ran from laughing mouth to mouth. Janin drew his bow across the frayed strings; Harry Baggs cleared the mist from his throat. As he sang, conscious of an audience, a degree of feeling returned to his tones; the song swept with a throb to its climax:

*"'You damn ol' nigger, come and bring*
*Dat boat an' row me home!'"*

There was a scattered applause.

"Take your hat round," Janin whispered; and the boy opened the gate and moved, with his battered hat extended, from man to man.

Few gave; a careless quarter was added to a small number of pennies and nickels. Janin counted the sum with an unfamiliar oath.

"That other," he directed, and drew a second preliminary bar from his uncertain instrument.

"Here, you!" a strident voice called. "Shut your noise; the sale's going to commence."

French Janin lowered the violin.

"We must wait," he observed philosophically. "These things go on and on; people come and go."

He found a bank, where he sat, after stumbling through a gutter of stagnant water. Harry Baggs followed and filled a cheap, ornate pipe. The voice of the auctioneer rose, tiresome and persistent, punctuated by bids, haggling over minute sums for the absurd flotsam of a small housekeeping square of worn oilcloth, a miscellany of empty jars. An argument arose between bidders, surprisingly passionate; personalities and threats emerged. Janin said:

"Listen! That is the world into which musicians are born; it is against such uproar we must oppose our delicate chords—on such hearts." His speech rambled into French and a melancholy silence.

"It's stopped for a little," Baggs reminded him.

Janin rose stiffly and the other guided him to their former place. The voice and violin rose, dominated a brief period, and the boy went among the throng, seeking newcomers. The mist thickened, drops of water shone on his ragged sleeves, and then a fine rain descended. The crowd filled the porch and lower floor, bulged apparently from door and windows. Harry Baggs made a motion to follow with his companion, but no one moved; there was not a visible footing under cover. They stayed out stolidly in the wet, by an inadequate tree; and whenever chance offered Harry Baggs repeated his limited songs. A string of the violin broke; the others grew soggy, limp; the pegs would tighten no more and Janin was forced to give up his accompanying.

The activities shifted to a shed and barn, where a horse and three sorry cows and farming implements were sold. Janin and Harry Baggs followed, but there was no opportunity for further melody; larger sums were here involved; the concentration of the buyers grew painful. The boy's throat commenced to burn; it was strained, and his voice grew hoarse. Finally he declared shortly that he was going back to the shelter by the Nursery.

As they tramped over the rutted and muddy road, through a steadily increasing downpour, Harry Baggs counted the sum they had collected. It was two dollars and some odd pennies. Janin was closely attentive as the money passed through the other's fingers. He took it from Baggs' hand, recounted it with an unfailing touch, and gave back a half.

The return, even to the younger's tireless being, seemed interminable. Harry Baggs tramped doggedly, making no effort to avoid the deepening pools. French Janin struggled at his heels, shifting the violin from place to place and muttering incoherently.

It was dark when they arrived at the huts; the fires were sodden mats of black ash; no one was visible. They stumbled from shelter to shelter, but found all full. One at last was discovered unoccupied; but they had no sooner entered than the reason was sharply borne upon them—the roof leaked to such an extent that the floor was an uneasy sheet of mud. However, there was literally nowhere else for them to go. Janin found a broken chair on which he balanced his bowed and shrunken form; Harry Baggs sat against the wall.

He dozed uneasily, and, wakened by the old man's babbling, cursed him bitterly. At last he fell asleep; but, brought suddenly back to consciousness by a hand gripping his shoulder, he started up in a blaze of wrath.

He shook off the hand and heard French Janin slip and fall against an insecure wall. The interior was absolutely black; Harry Baggs could see no more than his blind companion. The latter fumbled, at last regained a footing, and his voice fluctuated out of an apparent nothingness.

"There is something important for you to know," Janin proceeded.

"I lied to you about your voice—I, a musician—once of the orchestra at the Opéra Comique. I meant to be cunning and take you round to the fairs, where we would make money; have you sing truck for people who know nothing. I let you sing to-day, in the rain, for a dollar—while I, Janin, fiddled.

"I am a *voyou*; there is nothing in English low enough. The thought of it has been eating at me like a rat." The disembodied words stopped, the old man strangled and coughed; then continued, gasping: "Attention! You have a supreme barytone, a miracle! I heard all the great voices for twenty years; I know.

"Sometimes there comes a voice with perfect pitch, a true art and range; not many—they are cold. Sometimes comes a singer with great heart, sympathy, mostly too sweet.

"But once, maybe, in fifty, sixty years, both are together. You are that—I make you amends."

The rain pounded fantastically on the roof a few inches above Harry Baggs' head and the water seeped coldly through his battered shoes; but, in the violent rebirth of the vague glow he had lost a short while before, he gave no heed to his bodily discomfort. "A supreme barytone!" The walls of the hut, the hollow, dissolved before the sudden light of hope that enveloped him; all the dim dreams, the unformulated aspirations on which unconsciously his spirit had subsisted, returned.

"Can you be sure?" he demanded uncertainly.

"Absolutely! You are an artist, and life has wrung you out like a cloth—jail, hungry, outcast; yes, and nights with stars, and water shining; men like old Janin, dead men, begging on the roads—they are all in your voice, jumbled—serious barytone ——" The high, thin recital stopped, exhausted.

Harry Baggs was warm to the ends of his fingers. He wiped his wet brow with a wetter hand.

"That's fine," he said impotently; "fine!"

He could hear French Janin breathing stertorously; and, suddenly conscious of the other's age, the misery of their situation, he asked:

"Don't you feel good?"

"I've been worse and better," the other replied. "This is bad for your throat, after singing all day in the rain. *Voyou!*" he said again of himself.

Silence enveloped them, broken by the creaking of the blind man's chair and the decreasing patter of the rain. Soon it stopped and Harry Baggs went outside; stars glimmered at the edges of shifting clouds, a sweet odor rose from the earth, a trailing scent of blossoming trees expanded.

He sang in a vibrant undertone a stave without words. An uneasy form joined him; it was Runnel.

"I b'lieve my head'll burst!" he complained.

"Leave that soda-caffeine be," Baggs replied.

He would never forget Runnel with his everlasting pain; or Dake, who lived by scaring women. . . . Great audiences and roses, and the roar of applause. He heard it now.

V

HARRY BAGGS returned to the Nursery, where, with his visions, his sense of justification, he was happy among the fields of plants. There he was given work of a more permanent kind; he was put under a watchful eye in a group transplanting berry bushes, definitely reassigned to that labor to-morrow. He returned to the camp with a roll of tar paper and, after supper, covered the leaking roof of the shelter. French Janin sat with his blank face following the other's movements. Janin's countenance, he thought, resembled a walnut, brown and worn in innumerable furrows; his neck was like a dry, inadequate stem. As he glanced at him the old man produced a familiar bottle and shook out what little powder, like finely ground glass, it contained. He greedily absorbed what there was and, petulantly exploring the empty container, flung it into the bushes. A nodding drowsiness overtook him, his head rolled forward, he sank slowly into a bowed, amorphous heap. Harry Baggs roused him with difficulty.

"You don't want to sit like this," he said; "come up by the field, where it's fresher."

He lifted Janin to his feet, half carried him to the place under the fence. Harry Baggs was consumed by a desire to talk about the future—the future of his voice; he wanted to hear of the triumphs of other voices, of the great stages that finally they dominated. He wanted to know the most direct path there; he was willing that it should not be easy. "I'm as strong as an ox," he thought.

But he was unable to rouse French Janin from his stupor; in reply to his questions the blind man only muttered, begged to be let alone. Life was at such a low ebb in him that his breathing was imperceptible. Harry Baggs was afraid that he would die without a sound—leave him. He gave up his questioning and sang. He was swept to his feet by a great wave of feeling; with his head back, he sent the resonant volume of his tones toward the stars. Baggs stopped suddenly; stillness once more flooded the plowed hill and he raised imploring arms to the sky in a gust of longing.

"I want to sing!" he cried. "That's all—to sing."

Janin was brighter in the morning

"You must have some exercises," he told the boy. "I'll get new strings for the violin; it'll do to give you the pitch."

At the day's end they went again to the hilltop. French Janin tightened and tuned his instrument.

"Now!" he said, with poised bow. "Ah!" Both his voice and violin were tremulous, shrill; but they indicated the value of the desired note. "Ah!" the old man quavered, higher.

"Ah!" Harry Baggs repeated in his tremendous round tone.

They repeated the exercises until a slip of a new moon, like a wistful girl, sank and darkness hid the countryside. A palpitating chorus of frogs rose from the invisible streams. Somnolence again overtook Janin; the violin slipped into the fragrant grass by the fence, but his fingers still clutched the bow.

Pity for the other stirred Baggs' heart. He wondered what had ruined him, brought him—a man who had played in an opera house—here. A bony elbow showed bare through a torn sleeve—the blind man had no shirt; the soles of his shoes gaped, smiling evilly. Yet once he had played in an orchestra; he was undoubtedly a musician. Life suddenly appeared grim, a sleepless menace awaiting the first opportune weakness by which to enter and destroy.

It occurred to Harry Baggs for the first time that against such a hidden, unsuspected blight his sheer strength would avail him little. He had stolen money;

(Continued on Page 29)

The Return, Even to the Younger's Tireless Being, Seemed Interminable

# LOOT

## By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

X

AT PRECISELY ten on Thursday morning, as he had done every business day—annual vacations, trips in the interest of the concern, and rare illnesses causing the only exceptions—James F. Arabin, president and practically sole owner of one of the greatest jewelry houses in the world, passed through the front entrance of his establishment. He exchanged a pleasant good morning with the ebony attendant at the door, nodded in friendly fashion to the clerks who caught his eye, and strode, majestic in well-cut frock coat and silk hat, and bland and serene with his mutton-chop whiskers, along aisles bordered by show cases that held the wealth of a pirate's dream, to the private offices that occupied one corner the corner most remote from the side street at whose confluence with the Avenue Arabin's was situated—of the first floor.

A pretty stenographer in the outer room of the double suite blushed as he stopped short and stared at her with mock amazement.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Another day gone and no bold man has run off with you? My, my! Miss Leonard, what's happened to the youth of this generation? Why, if I were thirty years younger—if I were twenty years younger By George! If old Father Time would set the clock back only ten years —— Well, well, well!"

He shook his head solemnly, as though greatly puzzled, and walked into the inner office. The pretty Miss Leonard dimpled, colored some more, and wondered how soon a certain young man would screw his courage to the proposing point. She would wager something that Mr. Arabin would do the handsome thing by way of a wedding gift! It would be odd if he did not; for, despite the fact that captious critics poked fun at his whiskers, at his pomposity, at his love of publicity, there was no one among his employees who did not know that old Arabin's heart was as golden as the choicest of his wares.

"Good morning, Williams," said Arabin to his private secretary.

Williams looked up from his desk in a corner of the room and returned his employer's greeting.

"No word from Carlow yet?" asked Arabin.

"Nothing, sir."

"And it is now nearly two weeks since we cabled him," said Arabin. He sat down at his desk and pursed his lips. "Oh, well; he's probably written by now and we'll hear shortly. Anything of especial importance in the mail?"

He always asked this question and always Williams made the same reply.

"I've marked those I thought needed your attention, sir," said the secretary.

Arabin picked up the letters on his desk, each marked with a blue cross, and stared at them a moment. Then, as though he had just thought of it, he rose and walked swiftly to the safe against one wall. He bent over it and worked at the combination, which he alone knew and which was not committed to paper. If Arabin were ill or should die the safe could be opened only by mechanics—had the jeweler failed to tell the combination.

Thus far Arabin had acted on schedule; so had Williams. Habit is a mighty thing and the jeweler was its creature. Always he made some jocose remark to the stenographer in the outer room; always he picked up his letters as though intending to read them at once, and always he put them down hastily and walked over to his private safe. It was the container of his private papers, but it also held cash; and to-day it held the Carlow necklace.

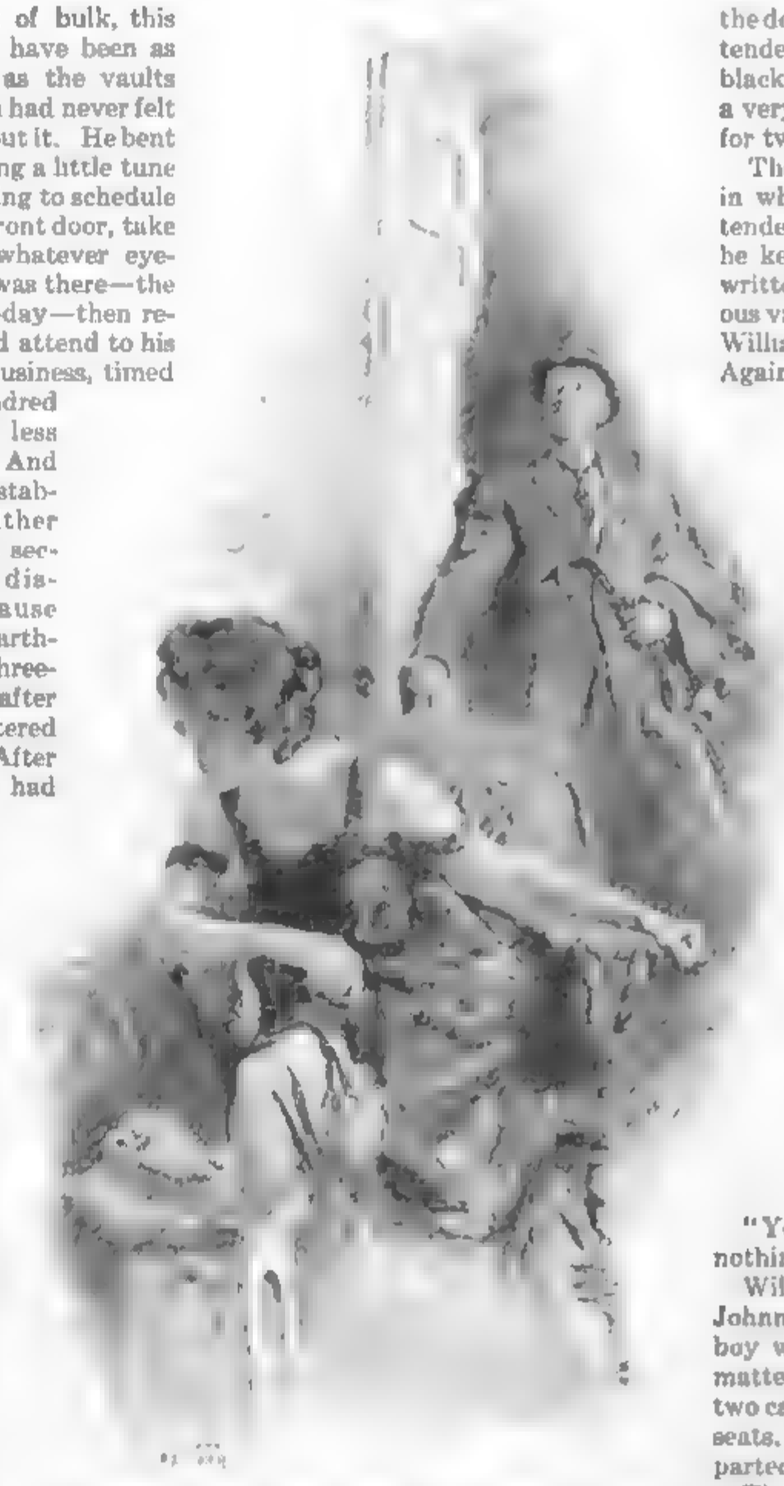
This was another of Arabin's habits. If his firm had designed anything of great beauty he wanted it near him as long as possible. Usually the safe held one or more trinkets that he loved to fondle and from which he parted with regret. The Carlow necklace should have been in the vaults downstairs, but Arabin always poohpoohed the idea that his establishment could be robbed.

"If they can get in at all," he was wont to say, "I'd just as soon have all my stuff right in the show cases, handy for them to cart away; because no burglar can ever get in! And if he does get in—well, I guess the automatic alarms will attend to him—or them."

So, since the last member of the design had been made and the last matched and graduated jewel set in it, the Carlow necklace had reposed days and nights in the safe in the private office, where Arabin could look at it, play with it, admire it. Of course Arabin's vaults downstairs were the finest in the world, possibly. They were flooded with light at night; they were electrically connected with a private detective agency. And in those vaults reposed at night—and during the daytime too—the bulk of the Arabin valuables. But the safe in the private office would have resisted dynamite. The best burglar on earth, with the best appliances, and with a gallon or several gallons of nitroglycerin, could not have broken it open inside of several hours. Moreover it, too, was electrically connected with the detective agency.

Save for its lack of bulk, this private safe would have been as good a depository as the vaults downstairs. Arabin had never felt any nervousness about it. He bent over it now, humming a little tune to himself. According to schedule he would open the front door, take a swift glance at whatever eye-entrancing trinket was there—the Carlow necklace to-day—then return to his desk and attend to his mail. The whole business, timed by Williams a hundred times, never took less than forty minutes. And it was a rule of the establishment that neither Mr. Arabin nor his secretary was to be disturbed, for any cause short of fire or an earthquake, for at least three-quarters of an hour after the jeweler had entered his private office. After that, when his mail had been attended to, he would receive the heads of departments, salesmen, buyers.

As the small but heavy door of the safe swung open, things ceased to happen according to time-honored schedule. Something wet and odorous fell between the face of Mr. Arabin and the open safe. A knee was pressed into the small of his back; an arm went beneath his chin, bending it upward; a hand pressed the chloroform-soaked cloth tightly against his nostrils. The jeweler did not struggle long; he was fleshy and soft of muscle. Williams let him gently to the floor, with the cloth still lying across his face.



*"If There's a Weak Spot Anywhere It Will be Found in Some Action of His Before the Crime"*

From inside his own desk the secretary brought a small silken bag. Into it he swiftly put the Carlow necklace and what money he found in the safe. He worked calmly, methodically, with no indication of haste. A swift glance assured him that the figure of Arabin was not visible, would not be visible, from the door. Leisurely, carrying a sealed and addressed envelope that he took from his desk, he passed into the outer office.

"An errand for Mr. Arabin, Miss Leonard," he said, smiling pleasantly at the girl. "Rather important, and he didn't care to trust an ordinary messenger. Mr. Arabin thinks highly of you, Miss Leonard."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Williams!" replied the girl.

She took the letter, noted that it bore a Pine Street address, put on her hat and coat, and left the office. Williams smiled. It would take Miss Leonard at least half an hour to reach Pine Street and discover that there was no such firm or address as those indicated on the envelope. If she telephoned for instructions then —— Williams' smile broadened.

He pressed a button on the wall and a uniformed boy at once responded. Williams received him in the outer office.

"Tell Mr. MacDonald that Mr. Arabin wishes to see him at once. Mind, at once!"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, and sped away.

Three minutes later the superintendent of the vaults, a rawboned Scotchman, entered the outer office. Williams carefully closed the door.

"Mr. Arabin wants me?" demanded MacDonald.

Williams nodded carelessly.

"Inside," he said.

He preceded the superintendent to the inner door, then stepped aside. MacDonald opened the door; something swished through the air, struck heavily at the base of the Scotchman's brain, and MacDonald pitched forward into the inner office. Williams stepped after him and closed the door. He bent over the fallen superintendent. It was not necessary to use the blackjack again. MacDonald would be a very lucky man if he spoke or moved for twenty-four hours.

The secretary seemed to know exactly in which pocket the prostrate superintendent kept a bunch of keys and where he kept certain papers on which were written figures, combinations of the various vaults downstairs. Swiftly, silently, Williams possessed himself of these. Again he stepped into the outer office, this time taking with him the stuffed silken bag, which he placed on Miss Leonard's desk, dropping an open newspaper over it.

He had hardly done so when a knock sounded on the door. He opened it, to face the boy who had summoned MacDonald.

"Two gentlemen to see Mr. Arabin, sir," said the boy. "I told them it was impossible for at least half an hour, but they showed me their cards, sir; and I thought maybe ——"

He handed Williams two cards, which bore the imprint of the detective agency that protected Arabin's from burglarious assault.

"You did well, Johnny," said Williams approvingly. "But be very careful not to mention where these gentlemen came from. Let it be a secret between you and myself. I'll explain it later. Show them in."

"Yes, sir; and a-course I won't say nothin'," said the boy.

Williams smiled. He had measured Johnny very carefully and knew that the boy would say nothing; and it did not matter greatly if he did. He received the two callers blandly and motioned them to seats. Johnny closed the door and departed.

The secretary uttered not a single word, nor did his callers. Williams took out his watch. He held its face toward the two men and they produced their watches. All showed exactly the same time and Williams nodded. He lighted a cigar and smoked half an inch of it before he made a move. Then he looked at his watch again, nodded, and to one of the visitors he passed the keys he had taken from MacDonald, and to the other the slips of papers. There was perspiration on their faces, but not on his. He was calm—debonair even. He rang the bell and Johnny appeared again.

"Show these gentlemen to the vaults, Johnny," he said. "Tell Mulready and Johnson I sent them down and that they are to be admitted inside the outer gate. Mr. MacDonald will be down in a few minutes. And, Johnny, come right back, as there is something I wish you to do."

"Trust you don't find anything, gentlemen," said he then to the visitors. "Mr. Arabin and I shall await your examination with interest."

He nodded and they departed in the wake of Johnny. Two minutes later the boy returned, to find Williams still in the outer office.

"Johnny," said Williams, "I want you to round up all the store detectives on this floor and on the second floor. You know them all?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny breathlessly.

"Go upstairs first and speak to each man quietly. Tell each one that Mr. Arabin wants him at once. Then go about this floor. Do it quietly, but do it quickly. Understand?"

"Gee, yes!" breathed Johnny. "Is there sumpin on, Mr. Williams? Sumpin big?"

"No questions, Johnny," said Williams sternly. "I rely on you, you know. Later you and I'll have a little talk."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said the ecstatic Johnny.

There was some mystery in the air and the boss' private secretary knew enough to trust Johnny McEntoe to help him out. It was a proud boy that obeyed Williams' orders.

Within a minute the store detectives, wondering, began starting for the private office. Within five minutes, so

quickly had Johnny rounded them up and so imperative had he made his quiet message, all those employed to guard the first and second floors, twenty in all, were in the private office, the outer one, shuffling their feet, coughing deprecatingly behind their hands, using handkerchiefs, each one nervous, wondering whether he had been called here for some unexpected censure. The secretary stared from one to another sternly, accusingly. The most innocent men become nervous under such scrutiny. Blushes and perspiration ruled. Williams cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he said sternly, "I believe there is a plan on foot to rob this store to-day."

"What!" Half a dozen ejaculated the word; the others started, but stared in silence.

"I have very good reason to believe so," said Williams, "and so has Mr. Arabin. He wishes to question each man of you alone, for he has reason to believe that one among you, at least, is implicated in the plan."

Dumb confusion and amazement reigned among them. Williams continued:

"Naturally I am not taking any chances with Mr. Arabin's life. If he should elicit proof from one of you that he is concerned in the plot, that one might think it possible to escape; might shoot Mr. Arabin in the attempt to do so. I prefer that you go unarmed into his presence. If there is any man among you who is unwilling to surrender his revolver to me, let him say so. And let the rest of you disarm him at once, for he is the guilty man. You will kindly place your revolvers on this desk. You, Phinny, unless ——"

Phinny, the man nearest the desk, gasped, started, and immediately placed his revolver on the desk. Williams swiftly ejected the shells and placed them in his pocket.

"You, Deering!" he said sharply.

One by one, crowding each other lest laggardness be taken as a sign of guilt, they placed their weapons on the desk; and Williams ejected the shells.

"I'm taking no chances that the guilty man may get hold of his gun again," he said; "so I'm making them useless. But I have my own weapon." He took an automatic pistol from his pocket. "It looks as though none of you is guilty, and yet I am certain there is a plot, though all of you have surrendered your guns. Yes, I am certain of it."

He opened the outer door and peered through it. He turned back.

"Yes," he said; "so absolutely certain that you might call it exact knowledge. So certain that I've rounded you all up where you can't interfere!"

From beneath the newspaper he snatched the silken bag. He leaped to the door, covering the amazed and disarmed detectives with his pistol.

"If one of you moves ——"

Then he was through the doorway and they heard the lock click. There came an amazed bellow from their throats; then they hurled themselves on the door. But it was of stoutest oak, and it held. And there were no windows in the private offices. An overhead skylight—the building was but one story high in this corner—afforded light and ventilation, and that was fourteen feet high. The partitions that separated the rooms from the main floor were solid and strong. It would take a long time to break them down. And the other walls were those that adjoined the next buildings, and they were almost cannon-proof, built to resist any sly burglarious tunneling.

Outside, on the main floor, the other employees of Arabin's were in no better case. There were twenty counters, topped with show cases, on the floor. Behind each of these were at least two clerks, in some instances three. And at each of these counters had stood a well-dressed customer who, at the moment Williams had looked through the doorway, had flashed an automatic pistol and cried the ancient command: "Hands up!"

A clerk at the watch counter hurled the timepiece his customer had been looking at directly at the muzzle of the threatening weapon. The bandit dodged; the clerk went down, with a bullet through his chest. The example, the cry of the clerk and the wicked spat of the automatic were enough. The frightened employees noted that the detectives were gone from the floor. They cowered before the muzzles of the automatics. Then Williams ran down the aisle, a gun in his hand. And an outside aisle clerk, running toward him for help, was shot as he came!

Williams gained the center aisle, and those who had known him as the soft-spoken private secretary to the jeweler could hardly recognize him now, for his mouth was contorted.

He mounted a chair. In the presence of his weapon, which somehow seemed much more menacing than the score of other automatics that threatened, the clerks were silent and the customers stilled their cries of alarm.

"Employees will line up against the rear wall!" cried Williams. "Customers will line up against the right-hand wall. Those who do not start instantly will be shot!"

A woman shrieked and collapsed in a faint. The negro guardian of the main entrance, who had stood stock-still in amazement from the moment of the first shot, loosed a mighty yell and sprang through the doorway. He gained the top step, staggered, spun round and pitched back into the room. He had been shot from outside.

There was not a semblance of protest now. The clerks fairly ran to line up against the back wall and the shoppers fought to be the first to reach the side wall. Two men at once stood, guns in hands, before the clerks. Another pair stood before the dazed patrons of the store. Sixteen other men produced sacks—silken sacks that, though stout, had been easily hidden beneath their coats—and the work of ransacking the show cases began.

Two men, those who had posed as detectives, appeared at the head of the stairs that led to the vaults, and each staggered beneath a bulky silken sack. Straight down the main aisle these two men from the vaults passed.

"Everything all right?" asked Williams as they passed.

"Just where you said they'd be," said one of them.

The other, more surly, grunted:

"Wish we'd been able to get more "

"You have enough," grinned Williams.

They passed by him, and went out through the main entrance. A man entered as they left. His face worked with excitement and the sweat rolled from it.

"Crowd running for help!" he said to Williams. "Haven't we got enough?"

Williams glanced at the nearest workers. The show cases were practically denuded.

"Never mind that silver!" he cried, and a man instantly dropped the massive silver dish he carried. "Never mind any more!" cried Williams. "This way."

Like trained soldiers the men ceased work. One of the two men who had been guarding the employees rasped an oath up the stairs leading to the second floor. His circling automatic had kept the unarmed clerks upstairs from making a rush, but one of them ventured too near now. A bullet drove him back.

The men with the sacks debouched from side aisles into the main aisles. Above the racket that came now from upstairs, from the private office where the tricked store detectives had improvised a battering ram out of a desk, and from the street, Williams' orders sounded clear.

The men with the sacks rushed through the entrance. The last of them passed through as a perfect cataract of shouts sounded from outside. Williams barked another order. The four men who guarded clerks and customers backed down the aisles toward the entrance. Dazed by their ruthlessness, their apparent willingness to fire, by the absence of the store detectives, by the bewildering defection of Williams, the employees, even though only four armed men instead of more than a score faced them now, made no rush.

As for the customers—it was not their loss. They considered themselves lucky not to have suffered the fate of the rash clerk behind a counter, the clerk who had run to Williams for aid, and the negro attendant at the door. The four men gained the door. Williams motioned them through. They went. Like a good general he was last in retreat as first in advance. No, not like a general; like a field officer. Generals nowadays remain far behind the firing line, directing operations. Williams was but the field commander. The real general who had planned this action was some miles from its scene.

"Get him! Get him!" cried a clerk, now that Williams was alone.

He made a step forward, then dodged hastily as Williams' gun lifted. He shrank back among his fellows. Williams laughed loudly. He turned and disappeared through the doorway. A moment later and the mob of clerks fought to be first through it, but the iron gate beyond the door had clanged to and was securely locked. They could only rave impotently at the automobiles dashing up and down the Avenue and disappearing round corners.

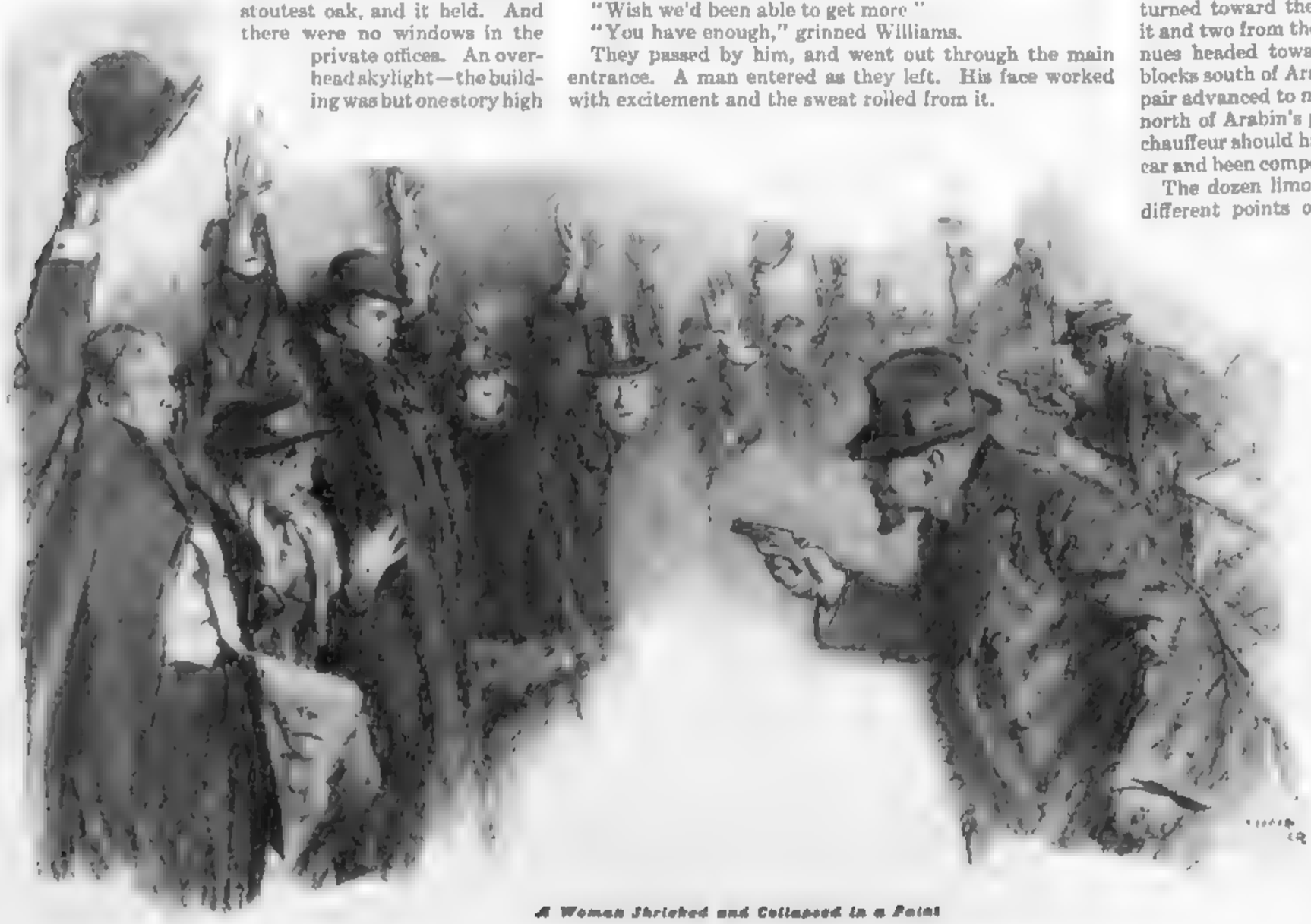
### XI

AS JAMES F. ARABIN had entered his establishment the clock on the Metropolitan Tower, some blocks south, had struck ten. Also, the watches of a dozen men who rode in limousines and touring cars were put hastily into waistcoat pockets, and the drivers of the cars were given orders. At the same moment four huge motor trucks turned toward the Avenue—two from the avenue east of it and two from the one west. One from each of those avenues headed toward each other along a cross street five blocks south of Arabin's jewelry establishment. The other pair advanced to meet each other along a street five blocks north of Arabin's place. It was a peculiar thing that each chauffeur should have found something the matter with his car and been compelled to halt only a door from the Avenue.

The dozen limousines and touring cars, from as many different points of the compass, began to converge on Arabin's. Six of them reached the jewelry concern and halted before it. It was not an unusual sight. Often scores of cars were drawn up before Arabin's. It was rather odd, however, that all of them should fail to shut off their engines. However, it was not odd enough to excite attention then.

In fact, the gathering of the cars caused no remark until four of the six passengers, leaping to the ground, drew weapons and halted the passers-by in both directions. The other two men left their machines by the street door. Weapons in hand they halted the streams of automobiles and carriages and turned them back. It was not hard to do. The drivers and occupants of the carriages and cars might have been brave enough, but a man needs to know for what he is fighting. And when the two men, one advancing north and one south, each fired his automatic above the heads of the people he threatened there was evidenced a marked haste to get out of the way. In panic-stricken droves they fled, north, south, and to east and west along the cross streets, screaming loudly for the police.

Faster than they, however, fled the carriages and automobiles. In almost



*A Woman Shrieked and Collapsed in a Faint*

no time there was a cleared space—cleared of vehicles, that is—for half a dozen blocks in each direction from Arabin's along the Avenue. It was precisely then that the four dray chauffeurs started across the Avenue, each dray pausing when it had gone halfway. Their drivers descended, monkeyed a moment with the engines, and quietly sauntered off. Approach to Arabin's by car was effectually cut off along the Avenue, for the huge drays completely blocked the street.

Three blocks above Arabin's, Policeman Grogan was attracted by the cries of excited foot passengers, the yells of the held-up and turned-round vehicles, and the spat of a shot; but as he started to run toward the place of commotion an auto pulled up alongside the curb.

"Jump in, officer," called the man in the tonneau, swinging wide the door. "You'll save time."

Officer Grogan jumped in and the subsequent events ceased to be of immediate interest to him. He was neatly blackjacked as he stood swaying in the car calling for more speed. He got more speed, though he did not know it—only it was along a side street, away from Arabin's.

At about the same time, four blocks south of Arabin's, Officer Bacigalupo was also attracted by the noise. Unfortunately for him he started running without looking where he stepped. He stumbled over an outstretched foot, and when he went down he did not get up. Another blackjack had effectually taken care of him and its wielder had climbed into a car that careered madly down a cross street.

Nor did those who on foot, on the two nearest parallel avenues, sought the assistance of the police find a wearer of the blue uniform for many blocks; for it happened that Officer Schmidt, whose beat at this time took him almost directly across from Arabin's on the corresponding block on the next avenue to the west, was drawn into a hallway by screams that issued therefrom. He woke up an hour or so later to discover that it was a vacant house and that his head ached severely. And Officer Jennings, on the corresponding block to the east, was accidentally run over by an automobile just as, in the middle of the street, he stood gazing toward the Avenue, wondering whether the screaming people hurrying his way meant him. The automobile did not wait to ascertain the extent of the officer's injuries.

Across the street from Arabin's the porter of the Avenue Bank heard the shots fired, took cognizance of the screams issuing from the upper windows of the jewelry establishment and the panic in the street, and rushed out, revolver in hand. One of the men guarding the sidewalk in front of Arabin's turned carelessly. He must have been an expert marksman, for he shot from the hip and the bank porter rolled over three times before he finally came to a sprawled repose.

Calmly, matter-of-factly, the six men who held the street awaited the coming of their colleagues inside the jewelry store. And the chauffeurs of the six cars, though nervously alert, seemed indifferent to their peril. No car made a false start. The chauffeurs held the levers in readiness but showed no overanxiety.

A hundred telephones at least were at work; but, strangely enough, Central returned to one and all the amazing answer that Police Headquarters could not be reached. The police did not answer. Nor did the Central's frantic attempts to call up the nearest police stations result any better. The calls were unanswered there too.

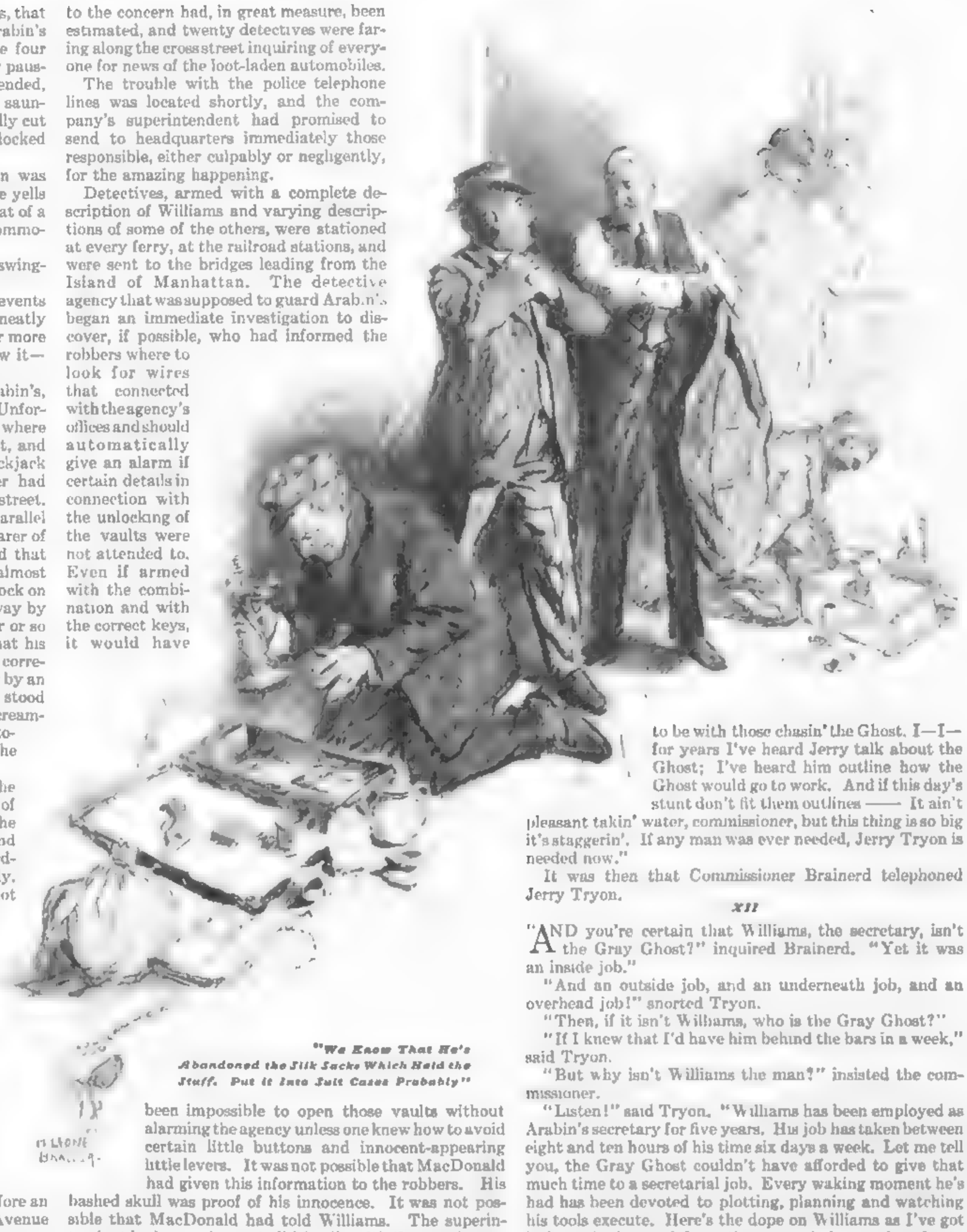
It was at least five minutes after the first alarm before an automobile stopped before an officer far down the Avenue and told him what was going on. It was ten minutes more before he had managed to summon, by beating his stick on the pavement, three other officers. With a lesser force the occupants of the car who had brought the warning insisted that it would be insane for him to attempt an attack on the unthinkably audacious marauders. It was five minutes more before they descended from the automobile at the barricade of abandoned drays. They ran gallantly up the street, but it was empty of waiting automobiles now. At windows and doors panic-stricken observers of the robbery shouted encouragement to them. From behind the locked gates of Arabin's, employees shouted incoherently to them. It was a couple of minutes more before the officers understood that the automobiles containing the looters and their booty had shot down cross streets, some going east, some going west.

It took one of the officers a good five minutes, in a commandeered machine that he obtained after running to the next avenue east, to explain to the lieutenant at the nearest police station what had happened. It was ten minutes more before plain-clothes men and reserves from this station reached Arabin's. It was twenty minutes before an officer from this station—the lieutenant finding it impossible to get headquarters on the telephone—reached the commissioner's office by means of a taxi. And it was half an hour after that before the first of the headquarters men reached the scene of the crime and took command over the precinct men.

At the end of another half hour Arabin had been revived sufficiently to gasp out his story. By that time, also, the loss to the concern had, in great measure, been estimated, and twenty detectives were faring along the cross street inquiring of everyone for news of the loot-laden automobiles.

The trouble with the police telephone lines was located shortly, and the company's superintendent had promised to send to headquarters immediately those responsible, either culpably or negligently, for the amazing happening.

Detectives, armed with a complete description of Williams and varying descriptions of some of the others, were stationed at every ferry, at the railroad stations, and were sent to the bridges leading from the Island of Manhattan. The detective agency that was supposed to guard Arabin's began an immediate investigation to discover, if possible, who had informed the robbers where to look for wires that connected with the agency's offices and should automatically give an alarm if certain details in connection with the unlocking of the vaults were not attended to. Even if armed with the combination and with the correct keys, it would have been impossible to open those vaults without alarming the agency unless one knew how to avoid certain little buttons and innocent-appearing little levers. It was not possible that MacDonald had given this information to the robbers. His bashed skull was proof of his innocence. It was not possible that MacDonald had told Williams. The superintendent had never been at all friendly with the treacherous private secretary. Who, then, employed by the agency, could have told?



*"We Know That He's Abandoned the Silk Sacks Which Held the Stuff. Put It Into Suit Cases Probably"*

All told, besides the uniformed police, some five hundred men were engaged on the case by noon; yet a certain hopelessness seemed to pervade headquarters.

It was Captain Kenney who first openly voiced it to the commissioner.

"I'm thinkin', commissioner," he said as the two sat in the superior's office receiving reports and giving orders, "that maybe Jerry Tryon ain't the nut we was thinkin' him."

"You mean that the Gray Ghost has done this?"

"I mean, if he didn't, it's the sort of work Jerry would say the Gray Ghost has had his hand in. I wish Jerry were back with us. Sure, he's the best detective the force ever knew, sir; and ——"

An officer entered with the word that a score of newspaper men wished to interview the commissioner. Brainerd wiped the sweat from his forehead. He scoured his spectacles painstakingly with a cigarette paper.

"The Gray Ghost!" he murmured. "Captain Kenney, what'll I say to the reporters?"

"Why, if you ask me, commissioner," answered Kenney, "I'd say that you believe the Gray Ghost is behind this and that Jeremiah Tryon, the man who left the force to devote his life to the Gray Ghost's capture, is back on the job. Good Lord, commissioner, there ain't nothin' else to be done! I couldn't catch this bird, I'm frank enough to say—not unless I'm awful lucky; and luck don't ever seem to be with those chasin' the Ghost. I—I—for years I've heard Jerry talk about the Ghost; I've heard him outline how the Ghost would go to work. And if this day's stunt don't fit them outlines —— It ain't pleasant takin' water, commissioner, but this thing is so big it's staggerin'. If any man was ever needed, Jerry Tryon is needed now."

It was then that Commissioner Brainerd telephoned Jerry Tryon.

*XII*

"AND you're certain that Williams, the secretary, isn't the Gray Ghost?" inquired Brainerd. "Yet it was an inside job."

"And an outside job, and an underneath job, and an overhead job!" snorted Tryon.

"Then, if it isn't Williams, who is the Gray Ghost?"

"If I knew that I'd have him behind the bars in a week," said Tryon.

"But why isn't Williams the man?" insisted the commissioner.

"Listen!" said Tryon. "Williams has been employed as Arabin's secretary for five years. His job has taken between eight and ten hours of his time six days a week. Let me tell you, the Gray Ghost couldn't have afforded to give that much time to a secretarial job. Every waking moment he's had has been devoted to plotting, planning and watching his tools execute. Here's the dope on Williams as I've got it from Arabin and from the men who've made a hasty investigation of him. He came of a decent Ohio family. At seventeen he got a job with Arabin as office boy. He's never worked anywhere else and five years ago was made Arabin's secretary. Five years ago he rented an apartment on Riverside Drive. We learn that though he's kept a servant there he's not slept there, hardly eaten a meal there, in six months. Explained to the servant that he'd been married secretly, didn't want anyone to know; so was living elsewhere. She's a faithful old woman and believed him. I guess he paid her well. She kept up the bluff that he lived there. Why shouldn't she? Very soft for her. Still, Williams continued to work for Arabin. His daytime was just as open as ever."

"But his nights—during those six months?"

"Man dear, he couldn't have arranged this crime in six months. It took nearer six years."

"But other crimes, in other cities, which you say the Gray Ghost must have engineered, have taken place within months."

"The Gray Ghost had several irons in the fire at the same time," replied Tryon. "While one matter was progressing, another was being finished, and another was being started. If I'm right about him—and I'm satisfied I am—he sets a thing in motion, goes off to start something else, returns and shoves the first thing along a little faster, looks after the details, goes off and starts a third, takes a look at the second, winds up the first, starts a fourth—and Williams couldn't have done that. Up to six months ago

*Continued on Page 65.*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## Buncombe in Platforms

GOVERNMENT attempts things that are beyond its powers—for example, maintaining an obsolete system of unlimited competition in business. It thinks almost any situation can be adequately dealt with by printing some words about it in the statute book. There is scarcity of shipping, due to the war; but shipyards are turning out vessels to the limit of their capacity and are engaged for a long time ahead. Government cannot possibly add a single bottom to the world's merchant fleet, but thinks it is dealing with the scarcity of shipping when it passes a law about it. The effect of Government action in other respects is problematic, incalculable. For instance, it passes a low-tariff act, and other factors almost immediately cause the sharpest rise ever known in commodity prices.

But some very simple things are entirely within the power of Government. It can stop wasting tens of millions yearly in pork-barrel appropriations. It can adopt a broad, intelligent, nonpartisan scheme of waterway improvement, as the Frear Bill suggests. It can frame a passable national budget scheme. It can uproot the spoils system, which costs heavily in inefficiency and in political degradation. It can overhaul and reorganize the Executive Departments. By easily achieved reforms, wholly within itself, it can save millions, or hundreds of millions, of public money. There is nothing uncertain or problematic about the result of Government action along these lines. The result is sure; the national gain unquestionable.

No need to tell you the political platforms, which you will be reading about now, contain much buncombe. But notice how they deal with these simple, tangible, indubitable reforms. By noticing that you probably will be able to judge, in a rough sort of way, how much buncombe they contain.

## Land Titles

ALL together, fourteen states have adopted, in some shape, the Torrens System of registering land titles. This includes New York, where the law is very faulty; and in five other states the system has been set up within three years—so results are meager so far.

Some states made the mistake of permitting a title once registered under the Torrens System to be withdrawn at any time at the option of the owner—thereby giving the interests which oppose this system an effectual weapon against it. All of them, we believe, made the use of the system optional in the first instance—that is, the owner of land could register the title under the Torrens System or not, as he pleased. Thus, the state maintained two land-title systems—the old one, with its abstracts, guaranty policies and defeasible titles, and the new one, with registration and indefeasible titles.

We do not see the use of that. If a state decides that the Torrens System is superior to the old one, why not adopt it once for all, universally, and simply abolish the old system?

There would no doubt be a question of compensation to private owners of abstract plants; but the real motive for leaving the matter optional arises from that conservatism which regards ownership of land as something peculiarly sacred. The state modifies an individual's ownership of personalty quite cheerfully; but any coercion that touches his ownership of land seems a kind of sacrilege. If he wants abstracts and title guaranties he must have them.

## Opinion as to War

CONGRESSIONAL proceedings on the Army Bill indicated a marked difference of opinion between the West and the South, on one side, and the North Atlantic States, on the other, as to the probability of war. Both sections have just the same set of facts before them. Both have the same stake in drawing correct deductions from the facts. But they draw different deductions, one section regarding war as a nearer contingency than the other does.

Of course it is wholly a matter of opinion. Nobody can pretend to say absolutely how near or remote the contingency of war is—now or at any other time, except when war has come so near as to be indubitably visible. Accounting for Eastern opinion by the machinations of munitions makers, or for West-South opinion on the ground of lack of patriotism, is perfectly absurd.

With the same set of facts before them, they simply judge differently; and all anybody can reasonably say about the relative merits of the two judgments is that the East, being more excited about war, is less likely to form its opinion in that cool detachment which always contributes to sound judgment of any question. It may be right—for this is finally a matter of guessing—but its liability to err is in direct proportion to its passion.

## A Costly Selling System

ONE of the biggest life-insurance companies observes, in its annual report: "It is not necessary to urge the benefits—indeed, the necessity—of life insurance. These are universally conceded; yet practically every man defers applying for insurance until persuaded to act by the importunities of the insurance agent. Experience of a hundred and fifty years has demonstrated that the business of insuring lives cannot be conducted successfully without life-insurance agents."

As the company points out, concerns that have attempted to insure lives without employing agents have done a comparatively restricted business. That is because the public has become habituated to the custom of selling life insurance through agents.

The American public will spend pretty nearly as much for automobiles this year as for life insurance. Yet comparatively few automobiles are sold because of the personal importunities of agents. About nine times out of ten the buyer approaches the agent, instead of waiting for the agent to approach him. That is because a different and, on the whole, a superior selling custom has been established.

Except for the small number who possess fortunes, there is quite as much reason for buying life insurance as for buying fire insurance. But very little fire insurance is sold through the personal importunity of agents. Almost always the buyer seeks the agent. Experience of a hundred and fifty years shows that the custom of selling life insurance through personal solicitation has become thoroughly established. It does not show that the custom is inevitable.

## Bad Borrowing

THIS same life-insurance report shows that loans by the company to policyholders, secured by liens on their policies, amounted to more than ninety million dollars. The report says:

"These policy loans are supposed to be especially desirable assets, since loss of principal is virtually impossible. On the other hand, inasmuch as such loans are rarely repaid, except by surrender of the policy, or by deducting the loan from the amount of the policy at the insured's death, thereby sacrificing much or all of the protection originally designed for the beneficiary, the rapid increase in this item of assets is looked upon with unmixed regret by all insurance officials."

Experience powerfully suggests that about nine times out of ten borrowing on your life insurance is the sign of a moral raveling. It is like going to the loan shark for money to buy something you could get along without if you had the sand. Avoidable borrowing is a habit, like tobacco and drink—as easy to form as either and as hard to break. If you are tempted to borrow on your insurance, go bury the policy in the cellar and forget that it exists as a source of credit.

The fact is that, on the whole, credit is too easy. There ought to be fewer facilities for getting into debt, instead of more.

## The Vulnerable Members

WE MENTIONED recently that various lines of British business were highly prosperous. Railroads are an exception, because at the beginning of war the government took over all the rail lines, agreeing to pay as rental a sum equal to net earnings in 1913—the companies, however, to pay interest on whatever additional capital might be invested in permanent extensions and improvements.

Presently the railroad employees were awarded a very substantial increase in wages, and one-eighth of this increase was charged to the companies. The net result is that, with greatly increased traffic, involving probability of increased capital investment, available income of the companies is smaller than in 1913. So, though the shares of many companies—especially of those that are working directly for the government, such as munitions and shipbuilding concerns—have risen, railroad shares have fallen. Almost alone among privately owned enterprises that are doing government war work the railroads are not prospering.

Railroads are the most vulnerable members of the whole industrial family. Our own experience shows that.

## War Comparisons

BELLIGERENT Europe has not yet gone so far in the destructive way as this country went in 1861–1865. Wealth of the nation in 1860 was estimated by the Census at sixteen billion dollars. Direct money cost of the war to the North was about three and a quarter billions, and to the South quite certainly well above a billion, though exact computation here is difficult. All together, the direct cost was equal to about a quarter of the total wealth at the beginning of the conflict.

Highest estimates of the direct cost of the European war fall decidedly short of that proportion of the total wealth of the belligerents. The number of men under arms in the Civil War apparently reached about eight per cent of the total population, while the highest estimate we have seen of the number of men under arms in Europe amounts to something like four per cent of the population of the warring nations.

The longer the war runs, the less likely seems a smashing military victory—an Austerlitz or a Waterloo. And if it is to be ended by a process of complete exhaustion it seems to have a long way to go. As Adam Smith once remarked, there is a great deal of ruin in a nation.

In the matter of recovery from the ravages of war, one big difference between Europe's present situation and ours fifty years ago is obvious. We then had an immense area of free, fertile, easily cultivable land, and there was a steady inpour of intelligent and energetic immigrants. So five years after the war closed the country was much richer and more populous than at the beginning of the war.

But if Europe fights, relatively to its total resources, as the Confederacy fought in 1861–1865, the war apparently may continue at its present pitch for two or three years.

## Taxing Great Fortunes

IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY Europe nobody seems to have had any money except the Fuggers. When an emperor, an elector, a duke or a bishop wanted to put through a deal that required cash, he trotted over to the descendants of the thrifty Augsburg weaver and hocked something for the coin. It is amazing how the threads of war, diplomacy, and even religion, ran to that glorified pawnshop.

It would be interesting to know how they became the Standard Oil Crowd of their time; but no account that we have ever been able to find throws clear light on that subject. Once there was a poor Fugger. Presently there was a brood of enormously rich Fuggers. How they got still richer—by lending money to impecunious royalties at thirty per cent, and so on—is plain enough; but no one discloses exactly how they made the original pile.

That was the first of the modern great fortunes. We suppose it was a useful institution. One may even imagine that civilization in Germany was advanced because there was somewhere a great store of cash which could be drawn on—cash being then the rarest of commodities; for when Charles V and Philip II overshadowed Europe they were chronically broke.

We started with the intention of inquiring whether this European war might deeply and permanently affect the institution of great private fortunes. Rome had them, and so had every subsequent civilization. One can say very confidently that, so long as a capitalistic system endures—which we assume will be a long time—they will arise.

It would be possible to frame an income tax that would strongly discourage the accumulation of money beyond a certain point—that is, when a man reached the point where he had to hand over half his gains to the state he would probably care little about gaining. So far as that discouraged ability and leadership, it would not be a good thing. Inheritance taxes might cut every great fortune down to moderate size at the death of its possessor, or force him to cut it up.

So far as one can judge from current expression, the drift in England, France and Germany is all toward heavy taxes on the rich—the richer, the heavier the tax. Congress talks now of doubling the yield of the income tax without lowering the three-thousand-dollar exemption, and of an inheritance tax. All hands have an ax for the great fortune.

# We, the People, or We, the Judges?

## By R. M. Wanamaker, Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio

FOR ten years a spirited campaign had been on before the state legislature to bring about the passage of a law regulating child labor. Each General Assembly, however, had been in the control of the "special interests" or "invisible government" which had long fed and fattened on the health and lives of thousands of children in mines, factories, mills and workshops.

Finally public opinion, as expressed through the daily press and weekly journals of the state, aided by numerous civic bodies and welfare workers, had succeeded in getting the majority of the members of both branches of the state legislature to pledge themselves to the support of the Anti-Child-Labor Bill.

Again the bill was introduced, was passed by both houses, and approved by the governor. Finally, to the amazement of the public, it turned out that the bill was stolen or destroyed, and every part of the official record had been so mutilated that the bill could not be reproduced.

The special interests and invisible government had again won. All the labors, sacrifices and contributions of the friends of the bill had come to naught. There was no child-labor law.

The outraged public demanded an immediate and thorough investigation and the prosecution of every man responsible for this political infamy.

You say such things are unusual. They are, in the foregoing manner; but in the name of the law, in the name of courts of justice, these things are going on constantly in practically every state through its state courts, and in the nation at large through its Federal courts.

Humanitarian laws that required years of education and effort to pass are continually being assailed and assassinated, destroyed and nullified, found and declared to be "null and void" and "contrary to the Constitution," in defiance of the public will.

The mere fact that the first method is by stealth and malice, and altogether "without the law" as fixed by precedent, and that the second method is open, upon public hearing and "within the law" as fixed by precedent, makes little practical difference to the public, and particularly to the children that were to be protected by the law. In either event and by either method the public effectually loses the law and its benefits. The first method destroys the law only temporarily; but the second method generally destroys it permanently and eternally, or until a new constitutional amendment is secured.

### *The Right of Courts to Kill Laws*

THE right of a court to kill a law regularly enacted by a legislature, on the ground that it is contrary to the Constitution, has been vigorously and ably argued upon both sides, especially during the past five or ten years. The respective champions have been most diligent and painstaking in endeavoring to find substantial reason and authority for their respective positions.

Boiled down, the contentions have resolved themselves substantially into the following propositions:

FIRST. At the time of the adoption of our Federal Constitution no court of any leading civilized nation of the world was then exercising such power.

SECOND. Under the common law, as adopted by us from England, Parliament, or the lawmaking body, was supreme; and for two hundred years no English court or king has ever ventured to nullify any act regularly passed by the English lawmaking body.

THIRD. Our Federal Constitution expressly declares that it is a document of delegated powers, and that the powers not delegated are reserved to the people and the states, whether those powers be legislative, executive or judicial.

FOURTH. There is no express delegation of such power to courts anywhere in our Federal Constitution, and no one has so contended; even the learned Marshall, in his celebrated decision of Marbury versus Madison, is significant in the fact that he points out no article, section or provision of the Constitution which delegates any such power to the Supreme Court of the United States.

FIFTH. The question of a supervisory board or council of revision to pass on the constitutionality of acts of our National Congress was four times before the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Said council was to be composed of the President and a number of the judges of the Supreme Court. Each time the suggestion was made to create such a supervisory body the same was overwhelmingly voted down.

Those who favor the exercise of this power by the courts, however, urge that the proposition to confer this power upon the Supreme Court alone was not voted down, because it was never squarely before the convention.

What the Constitutional Convention clearly did, however, when the question of a supervisory body was before it, was to refuse to create any censors or to grant to any supervising body the right to veto or kill an act of Congress, save the President only; and he could be overruled by a two-thirds vote of Congress. Therefore, to say that they did not vote down a proposition leaving this matter to our courts is too much like a tweedledee and tweedledum distinction.

England, under the common law, with an unwritten constitution, makes Parliament supreme and final. France, under the civil law, with a written constitution, provides that her legislative body shall be supreme and final. Even imperial Germany allows no judge or court to overrule her lawmaking body. But here in America, under a supposed democracy, the supreme and final word rests in the hands of one or two men who control the balance of power of the Supreme Court of the United States, whose members are not selected by the people, or directly responsible to the people, or removable by the people, and who are so circumscribed and isolated, in the belief of many, that they do not know the pulse of the people and are out of tune with the times. In the first and last analysis, therefore, the origin of and authority for the exercise of this power to nullify statutes by our courts lie solely in the fiat and dictum of some judge. Chief Justice Marshall said it, and ever since his day every big and little Marshall has been saying the same thing.

Political power in America, whether legislative, executive or judicial, is not derived from the fiat or dictum of a court, but from the four corners of our Constitutions.

During the first century of our national life it was rather rare for the Supreme Court of the United States to nullify state and Federal statutes on the ground that they were in conflict with some provision of the Federal Constitution.

The Reporter of the United States Supreme Court has collected these cases in an appendix to the One Hundred and Thirty-first United States Report, from which table it appears that the total number of Federal statutes held in conflict with some provision of the Federal Constitution was twenty, and the total number of state statutes held to be in conflict with some provision of the Federal Constitution was one hundred and eighty—a general average for both of two cases a year.

It is further quite apparent, upon an examination of the cases there collected, that the statutes so nullified were not, as a rule, of public or great general interest so as to affect the general welfare widely and vitally. They chiefly related to acts impairing the obligations of contracts, conflicts of state power and Federal power, state interference with Federal power by means of taxation, interference with powers of court and judicial procedure, acts in conflict with treaties, ex post facto laws, and the like.

It is mighty significant, also, to note that there was only one legislative act so nullified upon the ground that it was taking property "without due process of law"; though this phrase, "without due process of law," had been in the Fifth Amendment of the Federal Constitution for a century in substantially the same language as it now appears in the Fourteenth Amendment, which was adopted in 1868.

It is a matter of common knowledge that there has been a remarkable increase in the number of cases involving constitutional questions before the Supreme Court of the United States during the last twenty-five years; and that that court and the state courts, following the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, have nullified a very much larger number of both state and Federal statutes—particularly the former—passed under the police power of the several states.

Courts are not inclined voluntarily to surrender or diminish their power. On the contrary, history abundantly records the universal tendency to increase it and enlarge it. It has been aptly likened to the screw in mechanics: "It holds all it gains and at every turn it gains a little more."

### *Five Hundred Slaughtered Statutes*

SOME years ago the New York City Library published an official statement as to the number of state and Federal statutes that had been nullified by the supreme courts of the states and nation, covering the period from 1902 to 1908 inclusive. That report showed four hundred statutes, passed mostly in exercise of the police power, which had been nullified by the courts on the ground that they were contrary to the provisions of some state or Federal Constitution.

Professor Collins, in his most excellent work on The Fourteenth Amendment and the States, by a carefully prepared chart shows that there have been fifty-five cases decided adversely to state statutes by the Supreme Court of the United States under the Fourteenth Amendment alone up to 1910; and that over eighty per cent of them were during the last fifteen years of that period. Assuming that each decision affected only ten of the forty-eight states, it would show a slaughtering of over five hundred statutes as being in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment alone—to say nothing about other statutes found in conflict with other provisions of the Federal Constitution.

In this same excellent work another chart shows that the Fourteenth Amendment has been invoked before the Supreme Court of the United States in over six hundred cases, in which the Supreme Court assumed jurisdiction and rendered opinions. In three hundred and twelve of these cases corporations were parties complaining of the statute; two hundred and sixty-four were individuals who were, in the main, only nominal parties, some corporation being the real party in interest; and there were only twenty-eight cases in which the negro race itself was affected, though the latter was the prime and paramount consideration for the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment. Surprising, isn't it?

What has caused this large increase in the slaughtering of statutes in our courts? The answer may be found in the surprising and expansive interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment by the Federal Supreme Court, as will speedily appear.

This amendment, as every student of history knows, was intended as the great Magna Charta for the negro race, which had been but five years previously emancipated by the immortal Lincoln.

The chief part of that amendment—Section 1—reads as follows:

No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

That the amendment failed as the great Magna Charta of the black race is a matter of common knowledge; that its surprising interpretation by the Supreme Court of the United States has enabled this amendment to destroy the great Magna Charta for both negro and white races, and substitute therefor a City of Refuge for the corporations of the several states, does not admit of doubt on an examination of the official record.

The first cases in the United States Supreme Court calling for a construction of this amendment were decided in 1873, and reported in 16 Wall., 36, known as the Slaughterhouse Cases.

Justice Miller, who delivered the opinion in these cases for the court, said, among other things:

FIRST. This court is thus called upon for the first time to give construction of these amendments.

SECOND. An examination of the history of the causes which led to the adoption of those amendments, and of the amendments themselves, demonstrates that the main purpose of all three last amendments was the freedom of the African race, the security and perpetuation of that freedom, and their protection from the oppressions of the white men who had formerly held them in slavery.

THIRD. In giving construction to any of those articles it is necessary to keep this main purpose steadily in view, though the letter and spirit of those articles must apply to all cases coming within their purview, whether the party concerned be of African descent or not.

FOURTH. We doubt very much whether any action of a state not direct by way of discrimination against the negroes as a class, or on account of their race, *will ever be held* to come within the purview of this provision. It is so clearly a provision for that race and that emergency that a strong case would be necessary for its application to any other.

The last language quoted from Justice Miller's opinion shows that, though he was a good interpreter of the Fourteenth Amendment, as to what its primary purpose was, yet, indeed, he was a bad prophet; for just thirteen years later this same Supreme Court, in Santa Clara versus the Southern Pacific Railroad, 118 U. S., 394, decided in 1886, held, by the syllabus of that case, as follows:

The provision of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which forbids a state to deny to any "person" within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the law, applies to corporations.

The only reference in the opinion of this radical reversal of the doctrine laid down by Justice Miller in the Slaughterhouse Cases appears in the following language, which is self-explanatory:

Announcement by Mr. Chief Justice Waite:

The court does not wish to hear argument on the question whether the provision of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which forbids a state to deny to any "person" within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws, applies to these corporations. We are all of the opinion that it does.

The corporations referred to in this announcement were the Southern Pacific Railroad and the Central Pacific Railroad.

### *Are Corporations Persons?*

BY WHAT legal legerdemain or judicial inspiration this Fourteenth Amendment was *amended* by the Supreme Court of the United States, the court *does not* tell us. It seems content with a Thus saith the court!

The Fourteenth Amendment is composed of five sections, and the word "person" appears in the first three. The language of the amendment itself, reënforced by the debates thereon, the paramount purpose of the amendment, unmistakably and without the shadow of a doubt demonstrates that in using the word person the framers and adopters intended it to mean a human being and nothing else. Judge-made law is bad enough, but judge-made constitutions are infinitely worse.

No wonder the Supreme Court of the United States denied to counsel all opportunity to argue the question as to whether or not the word person included a corporation! This interpretation was in defiance of the Congress that framed the amendment; in defiance of the negro race, to protect which the amendment was passed; in defiance of the general public understanding and interpretation of the amendment; in defiance of the Supreme Court's own construction of it in the Slaughterhouse Cases. And, had such an interpretation been anticipated by the states when they came to adopt it, I challenge a denial of the fact that not half a dozen states of the Union, North or South, would ever have ratified that amendment.

The natural and necessary effect of this interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment made the Supreme Court of the United States the supreme guardian and final supervisor not only of Federal statutes but of all state statutes, and even of municipal ordinances. The Supreme Court of the United States had passed from a court of law and equity, as those words are understood in the world's jurisprudence, and had now become a political court—I do not mean a partisan one—a court that spoke the last word as to municipal, state and national public policies.

During the first century of our Government the Supreme Court of the United States confined its doctrine of nullifying legislative acts chiefly and sparingly to questions pertaining to the organization of courts and judicial procedure; questions relating to the exercise of powers not delegated in the Constitution; interference with state powers; ex post facto laws; laws impairing obligations of contract, denial of trial by jury, and other fundamental individual rights, as recognized generally by the laws of all civilized lands. But, following the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, the nullified laws partook of quite a different character. It would be difficult to classify all of them, but the large majority of the laws were nullified on the claim that they were in conflict with some provision of the Fourteenth Amendment, either the "due process" clause or "equal protection of the laws" clause—or both.

A very large percentage of the statutes nullified by the Federal courts, or by the state courts following precedents of the former, may be classified as follows:

FIRST. Labor statutes: Those providing for safety appliances to protect the life and limb of the workingman; sanitary regulation in mines, workshops and factories; workmen's compensation laws; abolishing company stores; providing for hours of labor, pay days, and so on; and the right of laborers to organize and protect themselves in such organization by denying the employer the right to coerce them out of a labor union, or, if they had not yet joined such union, to prevent membership in such union.

*Judge R. M. Wanamaker*

The Bureau of Labor, in 1910, issued a bulletin alleging that one hundred and fifty statutes and ordinances relating to labor had been held unconstitutional, either entirely or in part, by the courts of the land.

SECOND. Rate laws: Those undertaking to fix and regulate public-utility rates; for the Governmental control of public-service corporations; and also for the inspection and taxation of the same.

THIRD. Trade and occupation statutes: Those undertaking to safeguard the public interest under the police power of the state, and providing for certain qualifications, inspection and regulation of certain lines of business closely allied with the public welfare.

Numerous other lesser classes might be named, but these will be sufficient to indicate the general class of statutes that have been challenged and, too often, declared unconstitutional on the ground that they were in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

Shall this growing political power under the name of the Supreme Court of the United States go on unchallenged and uncontrolled as the guardian of our American democracy, and as a substitute for "We, the people," not only in our Federal Government but even in our state and municipal governments?

Justice Hughes, of the Supreme Court of the United States, before the New York State Bar Association, on January fourteenth last, delivered an address in which he used the following language:

If there were centered in Washington a single source of authority from which proceeded all the Governmental forces of the country—created and subject to change at its will—upon whose permission all legislative and administrative action depended throughout the length and breadth of the land, I think we should swiftly demand and set up a different system. If we did not have states we should speedily have to create them.

This language is as simple as it is striking. However, there was little need for the learned justice to put the case hypothetically. The great mass of our people believe that there is to-day "a single source of authority from which proceed all the Governmental forces of the country—created and subject to change at its will—upon whose permission all legislative and administrative action depends."

### *The Views of Lincoln and Jefferson*

BUT they go farther than the learned justice and point their finger at the Supreme Court of the United States as that assumed "single source of authority."

It is but fair to Justice Hughes to say that, during his six years as a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, he has been a frequent dissenter from the prevailing policy of the Supreme Court.

No state statute can be passed to-day without asking the question: Will the Supreme Court let it stand?

No city ordinance can be passed to-day without asking the question: Will the Supreme Court of the United States let it stand? But why have states at all if the states shall be mere shapes and shadows; if the states shall not be sovereign in state affairs; if the states must all the while anticipate the viewpoint and judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States, and finally be forced to surrender to the court's view and veto on public policies?

A judicial body was what was intended to be created by the Constitution of the United States; but, instead, we have a political body passing on political questions—not partisan ones—great questions of public policy affecting not only national interests but state and even municipal interests, all the while exercising over them the right to veto, the right to supervise, the right to modify, the right to destroy. And when the people once thoroughly wake up, will they not consider the suggestion of the learned justice to "swiftly demand and set up a different system"?

Lincoln, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, in an immortal address closed with these words:

That we here highly resolve . . . that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Lincoln placed the paramount power of the Government in the hands of the people, and forty-six of the forty-eight state constitutions have reaffirmed this doctrine by declaring: "All political power is inherent in the people."

Having defined the paramount political power of government, he also defined the paramount political purposes of government in his first message to Congress, delivered July 4, 1861. Note his words:

This is essentially a people's contest. . . . It is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government "whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men—to lift artificial weights from the shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuits for all; to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life." Yielding to partisan and temporary departures from necessity, this is the leading object of the government for whose existence we contend.

He did not say at Gettysburg, "except the judges or the courts."

He did not say at Washington, "subject to the supervision and veto of the judges and the courts."

On the contrary, this same Lincoln, in his celebrated debates with Stephen A. Douglas, quoted with emphatic approval the language of Thomas Jefferson touching a book dealing with judges and courts as to constitutional questions. Mr. Jefferson said:

You seem—in pages 84 and 148—to consider the judges as the ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions—a very

(Continued on Page 77)

DENVER NEW YORK

*More Than Two-Thirds Across the Continent*

# 1819 Miles in 24 Hours
## by a Hudson Super-Six

### An Endurance Record Never Matched By Any Traveling Machine

No man today—if he knows the facts—doubts the Super-Six supremacy.

At first the truth seemed like a romance. Think of one new invention, applied to a light six, adding 80 per cent to its power.

Then official records began to pile up, certified by the A. A. A. The motoring world then had to concede this the greatest motor built.

But many men asked, "What about the endurance? Can a motor so flexible, so speedy, so powerful, stand up in years of road use?"

So we asked Ralph Mulford to take a stock Super-Six chassis and, under official supervision, show the world its endurance.

### All Records Broken

He took a Super-Six stock chassis—certified by A. A. A. officials. It had already been driven over 2000 miles at speed exceeding 80 miles per hour.

It had made a mile at Daytona at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

And he drove that car 1819 miles, equal to the distance from New York to Denver, in 24 hours of continuous driving—at an average speed of 75.8 miles per hour. At the end of that test—after nearly 4000 miles of record-breaking strain—the car, when officially examined, showed no appreciable wear.

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The best previous 24-hour record for an American stock car was 1196 miles. The Super-Six beat that by 52 per cent.

The best foreign-car record for 24 hours is 1581 miles. But that wasn't a stock car. The Super-Six beat that by 15 per cent.

### How Long Will It Last?

It will be many years from now before we can tell you how long a Hudson Super-Six will last.

But the records we cite cover the greatest strains a motor car ever met. Many a great engine has gone to pieces under far lesser strain. Years of ordinary driving would never tax a motor like those thousands of miles of speed tests.

Yet the wear was almost nothing. Certain it is that no man has ever built a traveling machine to compare with this car in endurance.

### Endurance Proved

That was the last question—this one of endurance. In all other ways it has long been evident that the Super-Six stands supreme.

Never has a motor of this size shown anywhere near such power. Never was an engine made to excel this in smoothness. Never has a stock car recorded equal performance. It has never been excelled in hill-climbing, quick acceleration or speed.

Handsomer cars have never been shown. Finer engineering is simply unthinkable, with Howard E. Coffin at the head of this department.

You are getting the car of the day when you get the Super-Six. Every man who knows the facts knows that. And, in view of our patents, rivalry is impossible.

### No Need to Wait

It is natural to say, "Let us wait and see," when we meet such radical advancements. We think that nothing can excel in so many ways without falling behind in one.

But not one fact about the Super-Six is left unproved today. Not in one respect has its performance been matched. Not in any way has a rival motor been made to compare with this.

There is no need to wait to get Time's verdict on the Super-Six. The records prove the Super-Six supreme. A half-hour's ride without those records would convince any man of the fact.

Thousands of these cars are now running. You will find them in every locality. And every owner will tell you that he never meets a car to compare with his, in looks or performance.

These are things to consider when you buy a car.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

### Unrivaled Records Made by the Super-Six

All made under A. A. A. supervision, by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

*100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec.*, averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger.

*75.69 miles in one hour* with driver and passenger in a 7 passenger touring car

Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 sec.

*One mile* at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

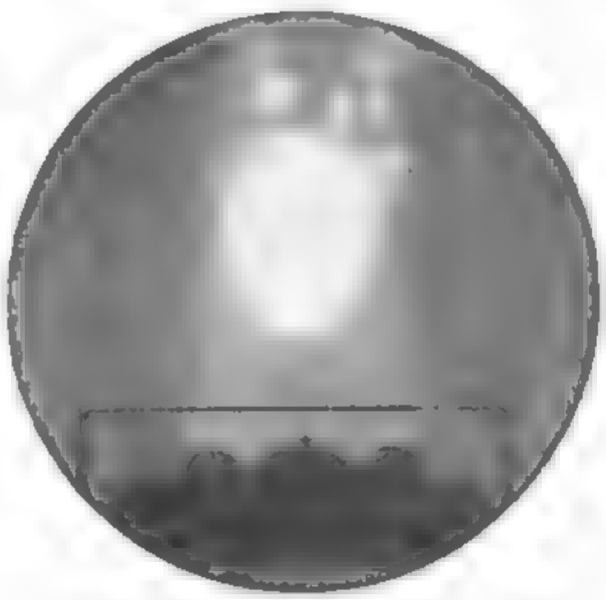
*1819 miles in 24 hours* at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

*Over 4000 miles* at speed exceeding 75 miles per hour without evident wear on any engine part.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Phaeton, 7-pass.** | **$1475** | **Cabriolet, 3-pass.** | **$1775** |
| **Roadster, 3-pass.** | **1475** | **Touring Sedan** | **2000** |
| **Companion Roadster, 4-pass.** | **1525** | **Limousine** | **2750** |

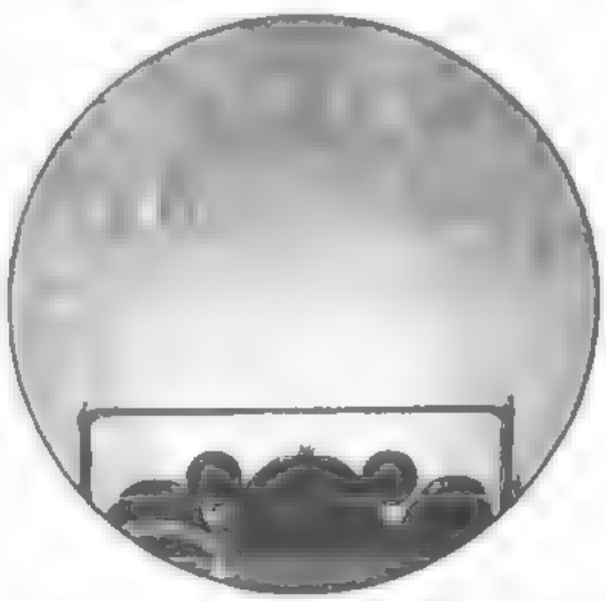
***All Prices f. o. b. Detroit***

# MOTORISTS—Which of these 3 lights is best?



The blinding streak which lights one spot and leaves the rest a blank

The dimmed light—weak enough to meet the law—too weak to see by



Diffused light of the *Warner-Lenz*—daylight for 300 to 500 feet in front—and *on both sides*

## Dangerous glare and dangerous dimming both are made obsolete by the revolutionary

# WARNER-LENZ

This fits any motor headlight and solves all the great problems of *motoring at night*—how to get all the light you want, *where* you want it, *without blinding other motorists and pedestrians*—how to drive everywhere with safety and pleasure, and without separate equipment for *city* and *country*.

### *Not a Lamp but a Lens*

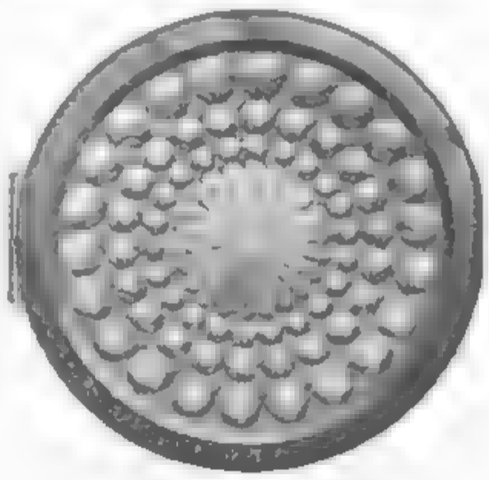
This is not a new kind of light—but a lens which is made in sizes to fit any motor lamp. It is necessary only to remove the plain glass fronts from your present lamps and put in the **Warner-Lenzes.** Anyone can do the work in a moment. The power of the reflector is retained, but the beam of light is broken up, clarified and distributed in a *spray* which covers almost 180 degrees, with a greater force in front, where it is needed, and a gradual reduction of intensity toward the sides. *Not a bit of light is lost.*

### *Daylight Ahead and on Both Sides*

With the **Warner-Lenz** you not only see where *you* are driving but where *other people* are going. The whole road is brilliant for *300 to 500 feet ahead* and when you approach a cross-road you see what's coming from *both ways.* There is no glare to blind you and others—just a mellow, soft, *penetrating* light, which *shines everywhere* and so has the effect of daylight.

### *No Dimmer Is Necessary*

***Every police department which has tested the Warner-Lenz has passed favorably upon it.***



**176 Lenses in 1**

This illustration of the *Warner-Lenz* shows the reason for its efficiency. Other sizes have more or less units than this, but in all of them the ray from the reflector is *distributed* through a great number of small but scientifically constructed lenses.

Laws and ordinances restricting the use of motor lights in cities all have been aimed at the dangerous glare of the spotlight. It was not that there was too much light—but that it was *all in one place.* So dimmers came into general use and the result has been, in many cases, an *obscurity* more dangerous than the old-time glare.

This produces a dilemma which can be solved only by the **Warner-Lenz**—enough light everywhere and nowhere too much.

So if you are equipped with **Warner-Lenzes** you can drive everywhere at night, from city to country and back again, without the nuisance of dimming and with the same pleasure, assurance and safety to yourself and others with which you drive in the daytime.

All the guesswork and nervous uncertainty are now removed from night driving.

### *Mr. Warner's Guarantee*

Mr. A. P. Warner knows how well the **Warner-Lenz** fills a great and growing need of motorists, so he backs it with his unqualified personal guarantee. If it does not do just what is stated in this advertisement—if for any reason it does not suit—remittance will be returned. See scale of prices and directions below.

**The Warner-Lenz Co.** 917 So. Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

Use this coupon or attach bill or check to your letterhead.

***To Dealers:*** On the instantaneous selling success of the *Warner-Lenz* I am staking my reputation as a specialist in high-grade motor accessories. When this advertisement was written there had been no public offering of *Warner-Lenz*, but the obvious need for the article and the completeness with which it fills that need, lead me to suggest that you prepare for an immediate demand. *Warner-Lenz* will not be consigned, but will be exchangeable for size. Write for discounts.

A. P. Warner

### Prices of *Warner-Lenzes* Per Pair

| Diameter in inches | East of Rockies | West of Rockies | Canada |
|---|---|---|---|
| 5 to 9, incl. | $3.50 | $3.75 | $5.25 |
| 9¼ to 10, " | 4.00 | 4.25 | 6.00 |
| 10¼ to 12, " | 5.00 | 5.25 | 7.50 |

To make sure of getting exact size take out the glass from one of your lamps, lay it on a piece of paper and mark round it with pencil. Then attach paper to this coupon.

### *Money-Back Coupon*

**The Warner-Lenz Company**
917 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Inclosed find (check, money order or cash), for which please send me prepaid one pair of Warner-Lenzes with a guarantee that if not satisfactory money will be refunded upon the return of the lenses within ten days. (S. E. P.)

*Name* _____

*City* *State*

*Name and model of car*

# THE THRUSH IN THE HEDGE

(Continued from Page 20

that in itself held danger to his future, his voice. He had paid for it; that score was clear, but he must guard against such stupidities in the years to come. He had now a conscious, single purpose to sing. A new sense of security, strength, took the place of his doubts. He stirred Janin from his collapsed sleep, directed him toward their hut.

He returned eagerly in the evening to the vocal exercises. French Janin struggled to perform his part, but mostly Harry Baggs boomed out his Ahs! undirected. The other had been without his white powder for three days; his shredlike muscles twitched continually and at times he was unable to hold the violin. Finally:

"Can you go in to the post office and ask for a package for me at general delivery?" he asked Harry Baggs. "I'm expecting medicine."

"That medicine of yours is bad as Runnel's dope. I've a mind to let it stay."

The other rose, stood swaying with pinching fingers, tremulous lips.

"I'm afraid I can't make it," he whimpered.

"Sit down," Harry Baggs told him abruptly; "I'll go. Too late now to try pulling you up. Whatever it is, it's got you."

It was warm, almost hot. He walked slowly down the road toward the town. On the left was a smooth lawn, with great, stately trees, a long, gray stone house beyond. A privet hedge, broken by a drive, closed in the withdrawn, orderly habitation. A young moon bathed the scene in a diffused silver light; low, cultivated voices sounded from a porch.

Harry Baggs stopped; he had never before seen such a concretely desirable place; it filled him with a longing, sharplike pain. Beyond the hedge lay a different world from his; he could not even guess its wide possession of ease, of knowledge, of facility for song. A voice laughed, gay and untroubled as a bird's note. He wanted to stay, seated obscurely on the bank, saturate himself with the still beauty; but the thought of French Janin waiting for the relief of his drug drove him on.

The maple trees that lined the quiet streets of the town were in full early leaf. Groups paced tranquilly over the brick ways; the houses stood in secure rows. A longing for safety, recognition, choked at Harry Baggs' throat. He wanted to stop at the corner, talk, move home to a shadowy, cool porch. He hurried in his ragged clothes past the pools of light at the street crossings into the kinder gloom. At that moment he would have surrendered his voice for a place in the communal peace about him.

He reached the post office and asked for a package addressed to Janin. The clerk delayed, regarded him with suspicion, but in the end surrendered a small, precisely wrapped box. As he returned his mood changed; all he asked, he muttered bitterly, was a fair trial for his voice. He recognized obscurely that a singer's existence must be different from the constricted life of a country town; here were no stage, no audience, for the great harmonies he had imagined himself producing. He had that in his heart which would make mere security, content, forever impossible.

In the dilapidated camp French Janin eagerly clutched the box. He almost filled his palm with the crystalline white powder and gulped it hastily. Its effect was produced slowly. . . . Janin waited rigidly for the release of the drug.

The evening following, under the fence on the hill, the blind man dozed while Harry Baggs exercised his voice.

"Good!" the former pronounced unexpectedly. "I know; heard all the great voices for twenty years; a violin in the Opéra Comique. Once I led the finale of Hamlet. I saw the Director stop. . . . He handed me the baton. He died soon after, and that was the beginning of my bad luck. I should have been Director; but I was ignored, and came to America—Buenos Aires; then Washington, and—and morphia."

There was a long silence and then he spoke again with a new energy:

"I'm done, but you haven't started. You're bigger than ever I was; you'll go on and on. I, Janin, will train you; when you sing the great rôles I'll sit in a box, wear diamond studs. Afterward, as we roll in a carriage down the Grands Boulevards, the people in front of the cafés will applaud; the voice is appreciated in Paris."

"I have a lot to learn first," Baggs put in practically.

The old man recovered his violin. "Ah!" He drew the note tenuous but correct from the uncertain strings. "Ah!" Harry Baggs vociferated to the inattentive frogs, busy with their own chorus.

VI

THE practice proceeded with renewed vigor through the evenings that followed; then French Janin sank back into a torpor, varied by acute depression.

"I haven't got the life in me to teach you," he admitted to Harry Baggs. "I'll be dead before you get your chance; besides, you ought to be practicing all day, and not digging round plants and singing a little in the evening. You've got the voice, but that's not enough; you've got to work at exercises all your life."

"I'm strong," Harry Baggs told him; "I can work more than most men."

"No, that won't do alone; you've got to go at it right, from the start; the method's got to be good. I'll be dead in some hospital or field when you'll be hardly starting. But remember it was Janin who found you, who dug you out of a set of tramps, gave you your first lessons." He changed. "Stay along with me, Harry," he begged; "take me with you. You're strong and'll never notice an old man. You will be making thousands some day. I will stop the morphia; perhaps I've got a good bit in me yet. Attention!" He raised the bow.

"No!" he cried, interrupting. "Breathe deep, below the chest. Control! Control! Hold the note steady, in the middle; don't force it into your head."

His determination soon expired. Tears crept from under his sunken lids. He reached furtively into his pocket, took morphia. The conviction seized Harry Baggs that nothing could be accomplished here. The other's dejection was communicated to him. Where could he find the money, the time for the necessary laborious years of preparation? He was without credentials, without clothes; there was no one to whom he could go but the old, spent man beside him. They were adrift together outside life, as the huts they inhabited were outside the orderly town beyond the hill.

He rose, left Janin, and walked slowly along the fence to the road. The moon had increased in size and brilliancy; the apple trees had bloomed and their fallen petals glimmered on the ground. He thought of the house on the smooth sward, with its hedge and old trees; a sudden longing seized him to linger at its edge, absorb again the profound, peaceful ease; and he quickened his pace until he was opposite the low, gray façade.

He sat on the soft, steep bank, turned on his elbow, gazing within. The same voices drifted from the porch, voices gay or placid, and contained laughter. A chair scraped. It was all very close to Harry Baggs—and in another world. There was a movement within the house; a window leaped into lighted existence and then went out against the wall. Immediately after, a faint, pure harmony of strings drifted out to the hedge. It was so unexpected, so lovely, that Harry Baggs sat with suspended breath. The strings made a pattern of simple harmony; and then, without warning, a man's voice, almost like his own, commenced singing. The tones rose fluid and perfect, and changed with feeling. He thought at first it was a man; and then, because of a diminuendo of the voice, a sense of distance not accounted for by his presence near the hedge, he knew that he heard a record of the actual singing.

The voice, except for its resemblance to his own, did not absorb his attention; it was the song itself that thrilled and held him. He had never before heard music at once so clear and capable of such depths. He realized instinctively, with a tightening of his heart, that he was listening to one of the great songs of which Janin had spoken. It hung for a minute or more in his hearing, thrilling every nerve, and then died away. It stopped actually, but its harmony rang in Harry Baggs' brain. Instantly it had become an essential, a permanent part of his being. It filled him with a violent sense of triumph, a richness of possession that gave birth to a new, unconquerable pride.

MEN OF GOOD TASTE CHOOSE PALM BEACH SUITS

Palm Beach is a cool—porous—durable texture that admits the breezes and makes friends with warm weather—A special weave—neither wool nor worsted—with just the body to yield shapeliness—a shapeliness that frequent trips to the tub will not discourage.

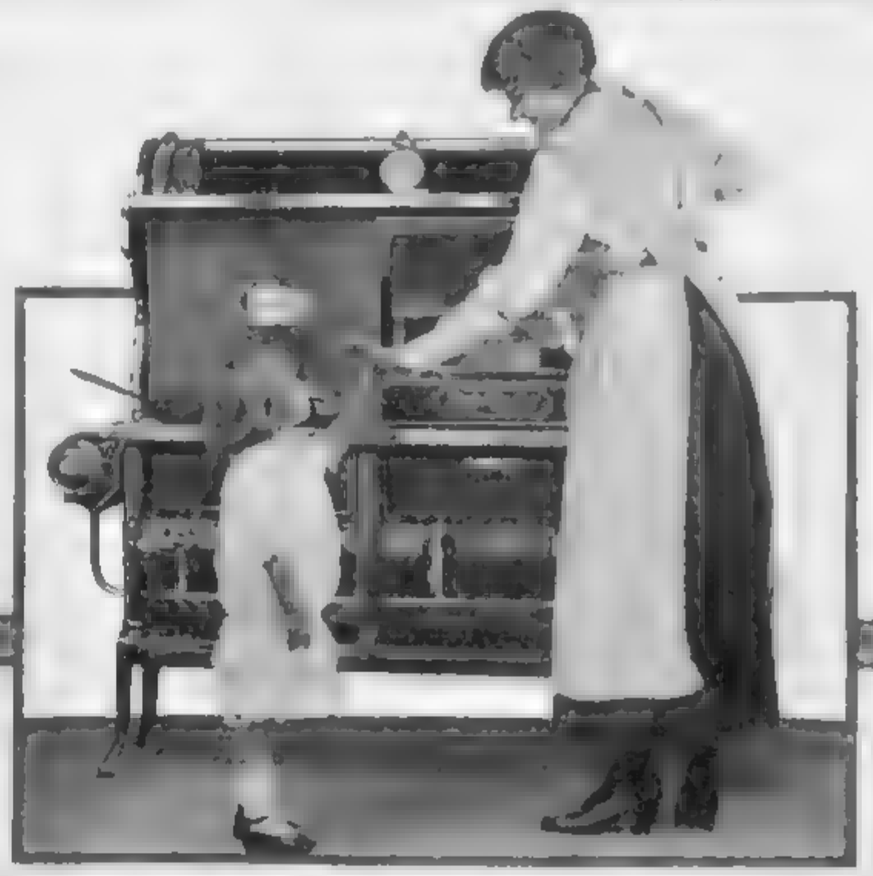
Ask for Palm Beach by name—there are many imitations—but only suits made of the Genuine cloth bear the trade-marked Palm Beach label.

Shown by all good dealers in a pleasing variety of shade and pattern.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED COMPANY
SANFORD . . MAINE

Palm Beach
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO

Ask your dealer or write us direct for our beautiful little Palm Beach folder



Wickless Valveless

FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES

Blue Flame Automatic

As soon as you have a "Florence Kitchen," cooking will be a real pleasure. The Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove is always ready when you want to cook. The heat is right under (and hence goes up into) the "cooking" and not out into the room. The heat is always under perfect control.

You can keep one or four burners at an intensely hot flame, or at a mere simmer. To regulate the heat you turn a lever according to a dial.

Florence Oil Stoves are clean, safe [illegible] reliable. No wicks to trim nor valves to leak. The oil supply is [illegible]

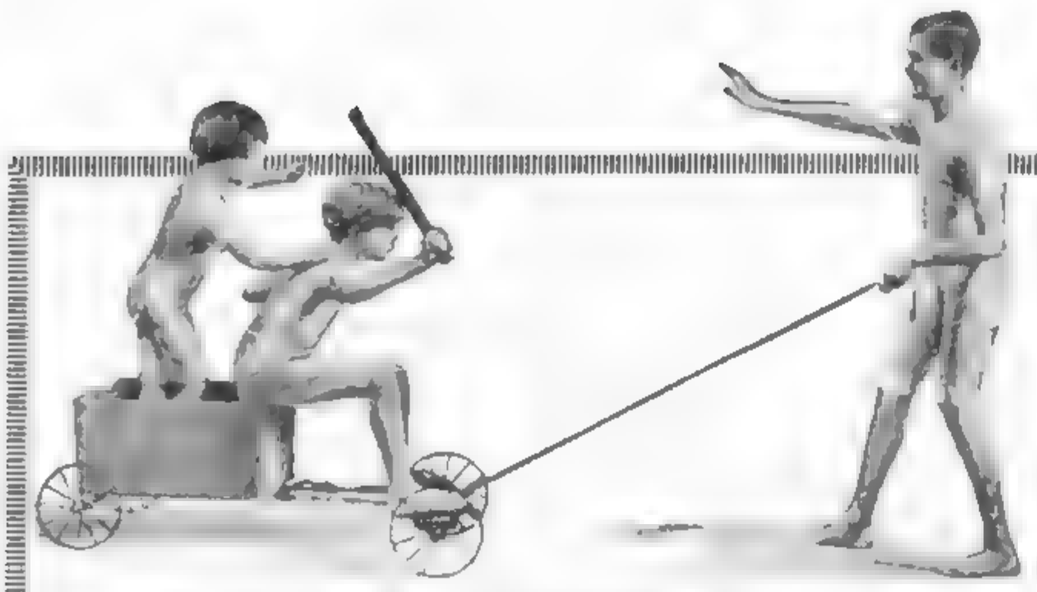
Florence Water Heaters give you plenty of hot [illegible]

Florence Glass Door Ovens are perfect bakers, insulated with air space and asbestos, retaining heat for the cooking.

All Florence stoves and ovens are fully guaranteed [illegible]

Send for "Household Helper," Free
An interesting book of unusual recipes and household suggestions

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO., 173 School St., Gardner, Mass.
Made and sold in Canada by McClary Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.



## Let ALL the "Kiddies" be Cool

Boys from six years old up (to "boys" aged 60) can be rightly fitted—and *suited*—with Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear. All you mothers and wives should buy it and give your boys and husbands a chance to be cool and comfortable in

# CHALMERS "Porosknit" UNDERWEAR

*"Lets the Body Breathe"*

this underwear an open that you can see right through it.

It is the ideal combination—of just the right number of "holes" surrounded by just the right [illegible] Porosknit garment.

[illegible] Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits can [illegible] no "short-waisted" feeling—the closed [illegible] elastic, therefore cannot cut in the crotch [illegible] garments give freely with every little movement. Demand the genuine with this label

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits can [illegible] no "short-waisted" feeling—the closed crotch [illegible] elastic, therefore cannot cut in the crotch [illegible] garments give freely with every little movement. Demand the genuine with this label

**Write for Handsome Book of All Styles**

| For Men | Any Style | For Boys |
|---|---|---|
| 50c | Shirts and Drawers per garment | 25c |
| $1.00 | UNION SUITS Any Style | 50c |

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**Ask Your Dealer**

*Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear for Fall and Winter*

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.

CHALMERS TRADE MARK "Porosknit" UNDERWEAR

FABRIC DEC. 2, 1905 PAT. DEC. 25, 1906 DESIGN

*This Label on Every Garment*

## Make Your Porch Cool

Shield your porch from the sun with VUDOR Porch Shades and use it as a summer home.

*1916 Model*

# Vudor *Reenforced* Porch Shades

keep out the sun, let in the breeze. Vudors retain their newness years after ordinary shades are worn out. Just the thing for sleeping porches. Vudor Cord Slides make cords last twice as long. Vudor Safety Wind Device prevents shade flapping in the wind.

$3.25 to $10.00 will equip the average porch with Vudor Shades.

**Write for Booklet**

Except in a few cities, we sell only *one single store*. Write us for booklet and name of *that store*, and get *genuine* "*last for years*" Vudor Porch Shades.

**Hough Shade Corporation**

**228 Mill Street** **Janesville, Wis.**

The only way to be sure that you get VUDOR Porch Shades is to see that the Vudor HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION Aluminum Trade Mark exactly as the above is attached to top and bottom moulding. It saves you from imitations and counterfeits.


He rose, waited for a short space; but nothing more followed. He was glad of that; he had no wish to blur the impressions of the first. Harry Baggs hurried up the road and crossed the field to where he had left French Janin. The latter was still sleeping, crumpled against the fence. Baggs grasped the thin shoulder, shook him into consciousness.

"I have just heard something," he said. "Listen! What is it?"

He sang without further preliminary, substituting a blank phrasing for uncomprehended words; but the melody swept without faltering to its conclusion. Janin answered irritably, disturbed by his rude awakening:

"The Serenade from Don Giovanni—Mozart. Well, what about it?"

"It's wonderful!" Harry Baggs declared. "Are there any more as great?"

"It is good," Janin agreed, his interest stirred; "but there are better—the Dio Possente, the Brindisi from Hamlet. Once I led the finale of Hamlet. I saw the Director ——"

"I'll get every one," the boy interrupted.

"There are others now, newer—finer still, I'm told; but I don't know." Janin rose and steadied himself against the fence. "Give me a start. I've been getting confused lately; I don't seem to keep a direction like I could. From Don Giovanni: '*Deh meni alla finestra*'—Come to the windows about it. I'm glad you're not a tenor; they're delicate and mean. But you are a fine boy, Harry; you'll take the old man up along with you!"

He talked in a rapid, faint voice, like his breathing. Harry Baggs grasped his arm and led him down to their shanty. French Janin entered first, and immediately the other heard a thin complaint from within:

"Somebody's got that nice bed you made me."

Harry Baggs went into the hut and, stooping, shook a recumbent shape.

"Get out of the old man's place!" he commanded.

A string of muffled oaths responded.

"There's no reserved rooms here."

"Get out!" Baggs insisted.

The other heaved up obscurely and the boy sent him reeling through the door. French Janin sank with weary relief on the straw and bagging. He caught the thick young arm above him.

"We won't be long in this," he declared; "diamond studs!"

He fell instantly asleep, with his fingers caught in Harry Baggs' sleeve. The latter, with the supreme egotism of youth, of a single ambition, loosened the hand and moved out of the narrow confinement of the shanty. He wanted space, the sky, into which to sing his imaginary triumphant songs.

VII

THE next day moved toward its end without arresting incident. Janin and Harry Baggs had walked to the public road, where they stood leaning against the rail fence. The smoke from Baggs' pipe uprose in unbroken spheres; the evening was definitely hot. French Janin said:

"In the town to-day I asked about that house here at the bend. It seems he's got money; comes for a couple of months in the spring—just like us—and then goes to Europe like as not. Perhaps he knows a voice."

The blind man fell silent, contemplative.

"Trouble is," he broke out fretfully, "we've got nothing to sing. That about the 'damn old nigger' won't do. You ought to know something like the Serenade.

"Well," he added after a moment, "why not? I could teach you the words—it's Italian; you've nearly got the air. It's all wrong and backward; but this isn't the Conservatoire. You can forget it when you have started; sing exercises again."

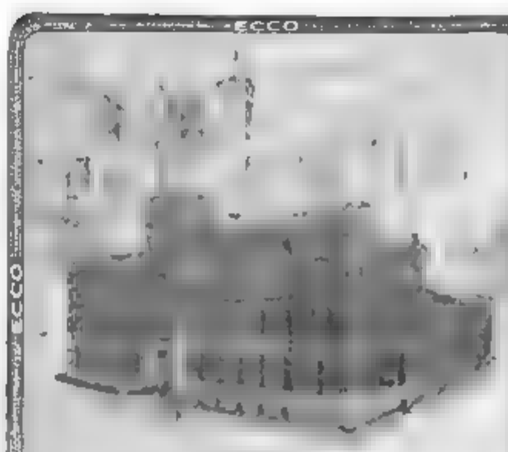
"When can we begin?" Harry Baggs demanded.

"We'll brush our clothes up best we can," Janin proceeded, absorbed in his planning, "and go up to the porch of an evening. 'Mr. Brinton' that's his name—I'll say, 'I'm M. Janin, once of the orchestra at the Opéra Comique, and I'd like you to listen to a pupil of mine. I've heard them all and this boy is better ——'" He stopped; took morphia.

"Can't you stop that for a day?" Harry Baggs demanded desperately. "Can't you?"

He watched with bitter rebellion the inevitable slackening of the other's being.

*(Concluded on Page 33)*

*Armory of the 7th Infantry N. G. N. Y.*

The Armory of the 7th Infantry is a national institution—built for permanence and protection. A few years ago it was reconstructed and modernized. The old wiring was removed and

# ECCO

## Insulated Wire

was installed throughout—a significant illustration of the fact that modern electrical engineers consider ECCO safe and permanent. ECCO Wire is being installed in the finest buildings where none but the best is good enough.

Look into the future and put in good wire at the very start. ECCO costs but a few dollars more—$5 on a $5000 home and $1000 on a million dollar building. ECCO carries all of the current—no leakage—no expense for waste. ECCO stays safe. The insulation does not crack. Year after year there is no cost for maintenance or renewal.

The name "ECCO" is stamped on the wire every three feet—your identification. Certified copies of tests on each coil are furnished, upon request.

*Whether you are interested in skyscrapers or modest homes or any building what-so-ever, you will want to know about safe wire and good electrical installation. Our booklet on the subject is yours for the asking.*

**THE ELECTRIC CABLE COMPANY**

*Makers of ECCO WIRE for every purpose where rubber covered wire is used*

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KISSELKAR

*Hundred Point Six*

$1095

# Kissel's New *Hundred Point Six* At $1095

Here is Kissel's ultimatum to the automobile world—a powerful, red-blooded, able-bodied SIX, full of pep—which by reason of its pronounced efficiency and completeness is designated the *Hundred Point Six*—

—Possessing qualities car purchasers have long sought in vain in a popular price SIX—qualities Kissel has always known how to put into a car, but which for the first time are available at this price.

Its pliant and quiet engine establishes a new conception of the fluency and suppleness of power *without noise or waste.*

Quick on the getaway—a mile a minute if you like—ambling down to the veriest creep on high.

*The car of 100 Quality Features* and Kissel-built throughout.

It is a smart car—a stunning car. The proportions are harmonious, the contour and lines symmetrical, the comforts and refinements distinctively individual.

*But in its vital parts*—the under-the-surface details—it is here that the new *Hundred Point Six* musters its most potent strength.

You will be impressed by the generous use of the best bearings and bushings, its incomparable axles, its reliable brakes and its many structural innovations, quality features that strikingly emphasize the new standard of value as exemplified in the *Hundred Point Six.*

## The ALL-YEAR Car

**In originating the "two-in-one" idea Kissel made ten men drive winters where one drove before. The new ALL-YEAR bodies offered with the HUNDRED POINT chassis are superb—both for summer and winter driving.**

Now on display at KisselKar dealers'. See it—compare it—try it. All types of bodies, Touring, Roadsters, ALL-YEAR Sedans, ALL-YEAR Coupés, ALL-YEAR Town Cars. Write for full details.

**KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Hartford, Wis.**

# —that grip of steel to hold you safe and give you wear

*The tire with a thousand claws*

NEVER mind that slippery wet street—
The tire with a thousand claws will hold you.
Stop as quickly as you will—
Those thousand claws grip the road like a vise
Turn as sharply as you will—
Those thousand claws take a steel-prong grip on the road to prevent a side skid.
You're safe—safer than anything else will make you—
Safe as you would be on a perfectly dry street.
And those thousand claws are mileage insurance, too.

They are imbedded in the rubber tread—there must be lots of rubber and it must be lively new rubber—nothing less will do—neither the amount nor quality *can* be skimped in a *Wiregrip*.

And this tire that grips the road with such tenacity simply must have greater sidewall strength than one that will road-slip ever so little.

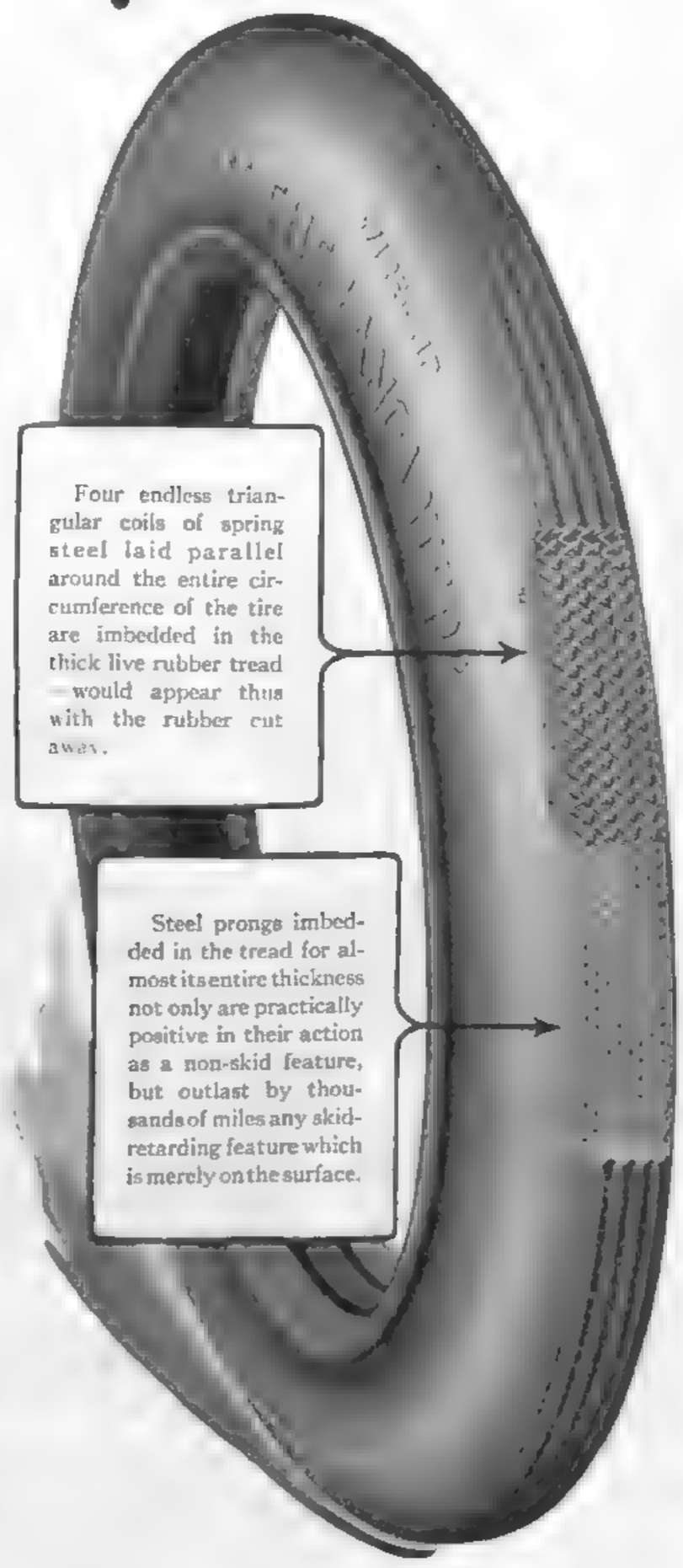
So the *Wiregrip* is a 6000-mile tire—and most *Wiregrips* are good for much more—many of them twelve thousand miles—and even twenty thousand miles is not the limit.

They cost a little more than ordinary tires at first, but the extra mileage you get for the small difference in price is mighty inexpensive tire mileage—to say nothing of that vise-like grip on the road which may save life or a smashed-up car any day.

The best time to buy *Wiregrips* is now—for their safety—before you skid into a much bigger expense.

The next best time is when you buy a new car—insist on them then no matter what car you buy.

Below is a partial list of Dealer Service Stations. See the nearest dealer or, if none is handily near, write us and we will see that you get Wiregrip Tires and the service that goes with them.


Four endless triangular coils of spring steel laid parallel around the entire circumference of the tire are imbedded in the thick live rubber tread—would appear thus with the rubber cut away.
Steel prongs imbedded in the tread for almost its entire thickness not only are practically positive in their action as a non-skid feature, but outlast by thousands of miles any skid-retarding feature which is merely on the surface.

LANCASTER
# Wiregrip
THE TIRE WITH A THOUSAND CLAWS

**DEALERS:** The courts are through—

The last decision is rendered, patent litigation is over, and the wire tread tire reappears as the "Lancaster Wiregrip"—the best business builder a tire dealer can have.

It was the instantaneous whirlwind success of this tire which brought on the patent litigation which took it off the market.

Nothing, meantime, has taken its place—it is a non-skid which takes a steel-prong grip on the road and really holds.

Its present success is only a repetition of its original triumphant conquest.

Only those tire merchants who have the *Wiregrip* have anything exclusive with which to win and hold trade.

Open territory is already limited.

Write us at once if you would have a tire to sell which holds the road with a grip of steel—and holds customers by sheer, unapproached merit.

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(Concluded from Page 30)

the obfuscation of his mind. Janin hung over the fence, with hardly more semblance of life than an incredibly tattered and empty garment.

"Come on, you old fool!" Baggs exclaimed, burning with impatience, balked desire; he half carried him brusquely to his bed.

Yet, under the old man's fluctuating tuition, he actually commenced the Serenade within twenty-four hours. "*Deh vieni alla finestra,*" French Janin pronounced. "*Deh vieni*——" Harry Baggs struggled after him. His brow grew wet with the intensity of his effort; his tongue, it seemed to him, would never accomplish the desired syllables.

Janin made a determined effort to live without his drug; the abstinence emphasized his fragility; he was cold, even in the heart of the long, sunny day; but the effort stayed him with a flickering vitality, bred vision, renewed hopes of the future. He repeated the names of places, opera houses—the San Carlo, in Naples; the Scala—unknown to Harry Baggs, but which came to him with a strange vividness. The learning of the Serenade progressed slowly; French Janin forgot whole phrases, some of which returned to memory; one entire line he was forced to supply from imagination.

At last the boy could sing it with a degree of intelligence; Janin translated and reconstructed the scene, the characters.

"You ought to have some good clothes," he told Harry Baggs; he spoke again of the necessity of a diamond stud.

"Well, I haven't," the other stated shortly. "They'll have to listen to me without looking."

He borrowed a rusted razor and subjected himself to the pain of an awkward shaving; then inadequately washed and looped the frayed collar of his sole shirt with a nondescript tie.

The night was immaculate; the moon, past the full, cast long segments of light and shadow across the countryside. Harry Baggs drew a deep breath.

"We might as well go," he said.

French Janin objected; he wasn't ready; he wasn't quite sure of what he was going to say. Then:

"I haven't anything to show. Perhaps they will laugh at me—at Janin, of the Opéra Comique. I couldn't allow that."

"I'm going to sing," the boy reminded him; "if it's any good they won't laugh. If what you say's right they'll have to believe you."

"I feel bad to-night, too, in my legs."

"Get your violin."

A fresh difficulty arose: French Janin positively refused to play on his present instrument before a critical audience.

"It's as thin as a cat," he protested. "Do you want me to make a show of myself?"

"All right; I'll sing alone. Come on!"

Janin's legs were uncertain; he stumbled over the path to the road and stopped at the fence. He expressed fresh doubts, the hesitation of old age; but Harry Baggs silenced him, forced him on. A cold fear possessed the boy, which he resolutely suppressed: if Janin was wrong, his voice worthless, if they laughed, he was done. Opportunity, he felt, would never return. With his voice scorned, no impetus remained; he had no other interest in life, no other power that could subdue the slight, inward flaw.

He saw this in a vivid flash of self-knowledge. . . . If he couldn't sing he would go down, lower than Janin; perhaps sink to the level of Dake.

"Come on!" he repeated grimly, assisting his companion over the luminous white road.

Janin got actually feebler as he progressed. He stopped, gasping, his sightless face congested.

"I'll have to take a little," he said, "just a taste. That puts life in me; it needs a good deal now to send me off."

He produced the familiar bottle and absorbed some powder. Its effect was unexpected—he straightened, walked with more ease; but it acted upon his mind with surprising force.

"I want to stop just a little," he proclaimed with such an air of decision that Harry Baggs followed him without protest to the fragrant bank. "You're a good fellow," Janin went on, seated; "and you're going to be a great artist. It'll take you among the best. But you will have a hard time for a while; you won't want anybody hanging on you. I'd only hurt your chances—a dirty old man, a drugtaker. I would go back to it, Harry; it's got me, like you said. People wouldn't have me round. I doubt if I'd be comfortable with them. They'd ask me why I wasn't Director."

"Come on," said Harry Baggs for the third time; "it's getting late."

He lifted French Janin to his feet and forced him on.

"You don't know life," the other continued. "You would get sick of me; you might get influenced to put me in a Home. I couldn't get my breath right, there."

Harry Baggs forced him over the road, half conscious of the protesting words. The fear within him increased. Perhaps they wouldn't even listen to him; they might not be there.

His grip tightened on French Janin; he knew that at the first opportunity the old man would sink back into the oblivion of morphia.

"I've done all I could for you, Harry"—the other whimpered. "I've been some—good. Janin was the first to encourage you; don't expect too much."

"If I get anywhere, you did it," Harry Baggs told him.

"I'd like to see it all," French Janin said. "I know it so well. Who'd have thought" a dull amazement crept into his voice—"that old Janin, the sot, did it? . . . And you'll remember."

They stopped opposite the entrance to the place they sought. Harry Baggs saw people on the porch; he recognized a man's voice that he had heard there before. On the right of the drive a thick maple tree cast a deep shadow, but beyond it a pool of clear moonlight extended to the house. He started forward, but Janin dragged him into the gloom of the maple.

"Sing here," he whispered in the boy's ear; "see, the window—*Deh vieni alla finestra.*"

Harry Baggs stood at the edge of the shadow; his throat seemed to thicken, his voice expire.

"No," he protested weakly; "you must speak first."

He felt the old man shaking under his hand and a sudden, desperate calm overtook him.

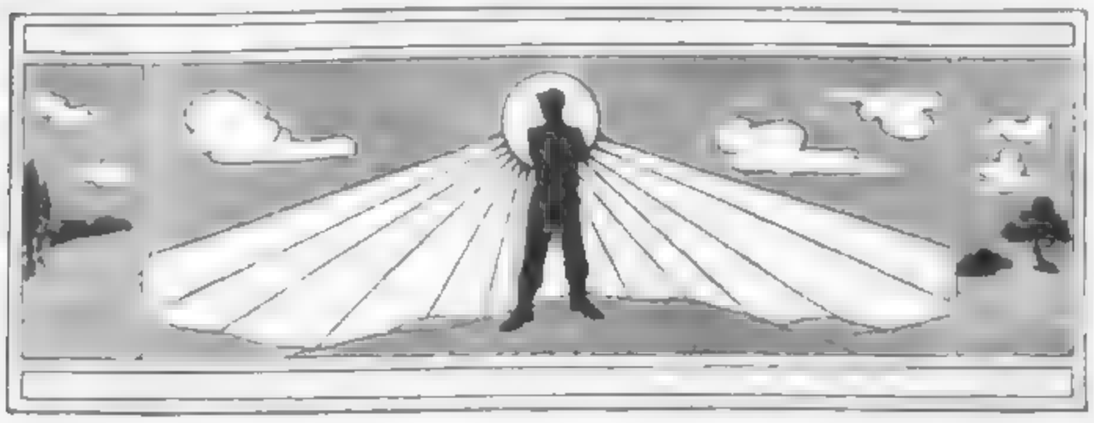
He moved forward a little and sang the first phrase of the Serenade.

A murmur of attention, of surprised amusement, arose from the porch; then, as his voice gained in bigness, flowed rich and thrilling and without effort from his deep, powerful lungs, the murmur died away. The song rose toward its end; Harry Baggs saw nothing but the window above him; he put all the accumulated feeling, the longing, of the past miserable years into his ending.

A silence followed, in which Harry Baggs stood with drooping head. Then an unrestrained patter of applause followed; figures advanced. French Janin gave the boy a sharp unexpected shove into the radiance beyond the tree.

"Go," he said, "on and on; and never come back any more!"

He turned and shambled rapidly away into the shadows, the obscurity, that lined the road.



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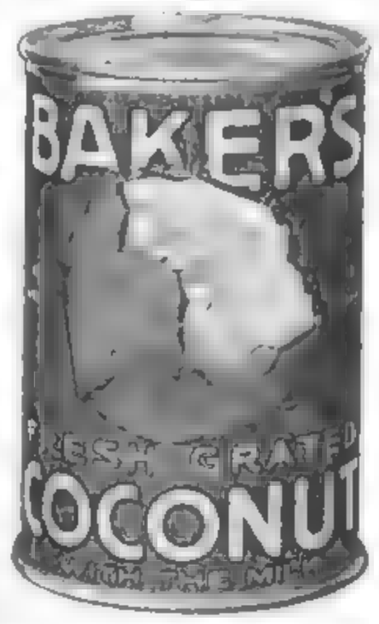


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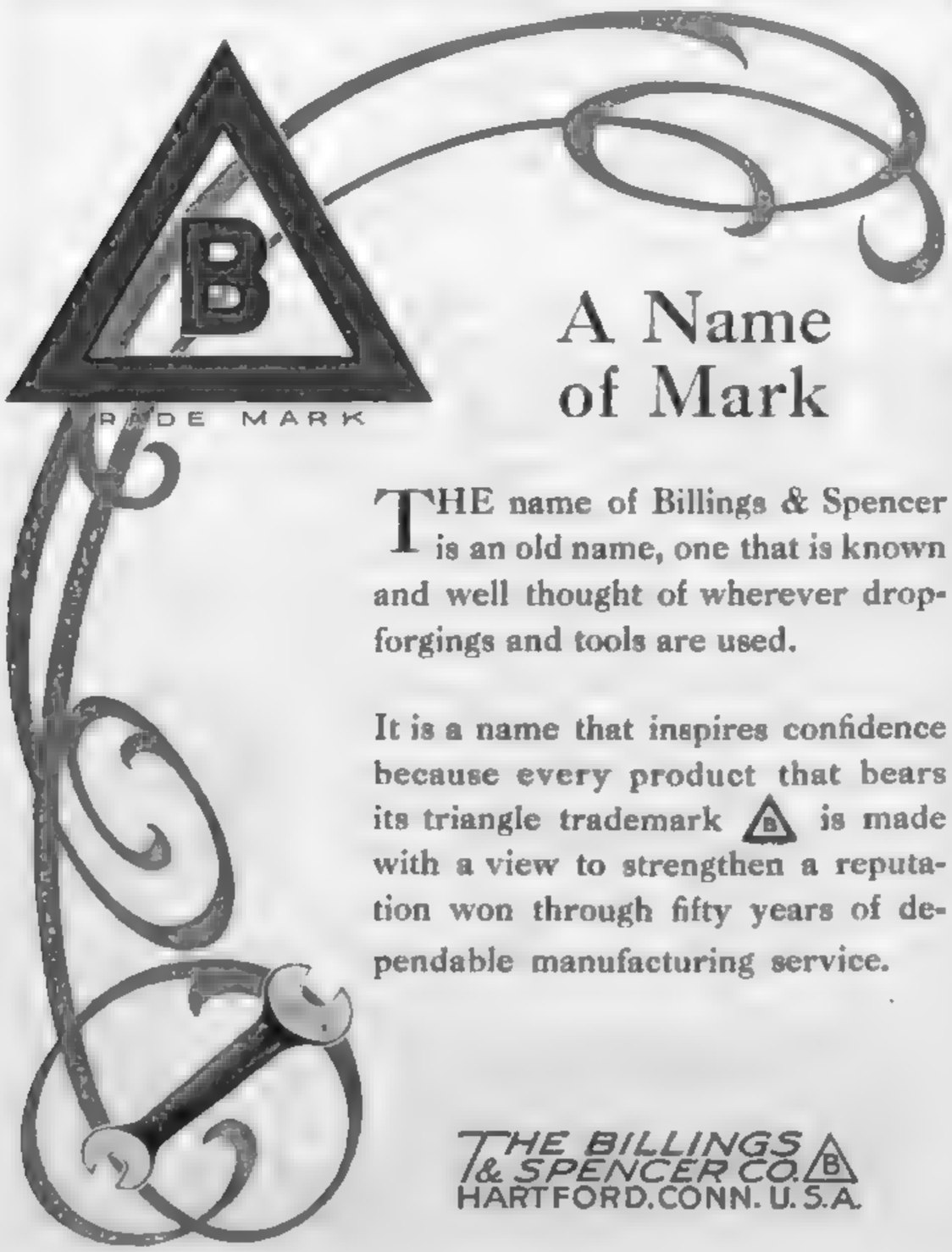


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# THE GREAT LEGEND

*(Continued from Page 9)*

"The dreamer, Bernhaus, was on his feet, his eyes eager. He cried out an answer to Winthrop.

"'You mean Pepin the Short,' he said. 'He was a Frank—a wolf-faced Frank, and he's under France.'

"Sebastian Winthrop laughed among the paroxysms of his cough. You couldn't tell what the laugh meant. He kept throwing his head forward. It looked like a confirmation of Bernhaus. Then he looked round at us with the napkin to his lips. He held it there tightly for a good while. Then he went on.

"'Under France,' he said; 'that's the right place. That's where the Basilica Saint-Malo is, under the old part of Paris, near the Bastille. It used to be a cathedral, or something like that, before it got wedged down—crowded down by the new Paris that is always climbing up. You imagine that it's closed; that nobody goes in it. But you're mistaken; it's a council house, it's the seat of an empire. I know. I was in it on the night of the fifth of September, and the Thing that saved France was in it. It was full; it was crowded with the men you got in your regiment, on the sixth of September, for Foch's army. You called them wolf-faced Franks. I don't quarrel with the poetry of the description, if one keeps thinking about Pepin the Short.'

"He looked at Bertram de Cary.

"'You spoke for the Republic at Nice, at Bordeaux, at Dijon. Other great orators spoke for France, winged words, fine and noble. A lot of it trickled down through the floor of Paris, when the Prussian armies began to advance on the second of August. But no words spoken in France equaled what the Presence in the Basilica Saint-Malo uttered that night, sitting in the dust and cobwebs and gloom, in an old, worm-eaten chair at the end of the great chamber, before that crowd of wolf-faced men—I'll call them that, Monsieur Bertram de Cary.

"'"*Mes enfants*," it said, "you will go up to-morrow and save France. You know how to use a knife. You are the equal of any soldiers on the face of the earth with the knife. *Ecoutez!* A bayonet is a knife with a handle. It's a knife with a musket for a handle!"

"'That's all it said, Monsieur Bertram de Cary. No rounded periods, no elegant expressions to be copied on the bases of Parisian monuments. I was there. I was making a sketch with a piece of charcoal.' He broke off suddenly and put a question to Bernhaus. 'What are the distinguishing characteristics of an angel,' he said—'I mean the big angels of the Pentateuch?'

"'Serenity,' replied the director of fine arts, 'power!'

"Sebastian Winthrop nodded.

"'I wanted France to have a look at this Thing, this Thing that had awakened to save her naked body from the rape of the Prussian horror!

"'Nobody said a word in the whole human pack.

"'"You have got to have a leader," the Thing went on. "Somebody with the blood of the old nobles in him. I'll get you the young Marquis de Chantelle."

"'Then it stood up.

"'"They will have another leader up there," it said. "But when the Prussians charge, follow the little marquis . . . and remember, *mes enfants*, a bayonet is a knife on the end of a musket barrel!"'

"Sebastian Winthrop put out his hand and took another swallow of the brandy.

"'That's what happened on the night of the fifth of September, when every man among you was at the end of his rope.'

"He put down the glass, indicating the men about him.

"'You were walking about in your room at the war department, kneading your hands, Bertram de Cary. Bernhaus was doubled up in his chair, in his studio, with his face in his arms. Monsieur Vaudrec Saint Urban was awake in his bed, thinking of the march of the Prussians along the boulevards of Versailles in 1870. Every one of you had reached the dead point. Joffre had sent his message to the government at Bordeaux—his fine, determined, immortal message. You had done everything you could. The die had to be cast. You had dusted Paris. There was no regiment to send Foch—you were all standing still. But this Thing I saw didn't stand still. It traveled over Paris that night. It had no war

*(Concluded on Page 37)*


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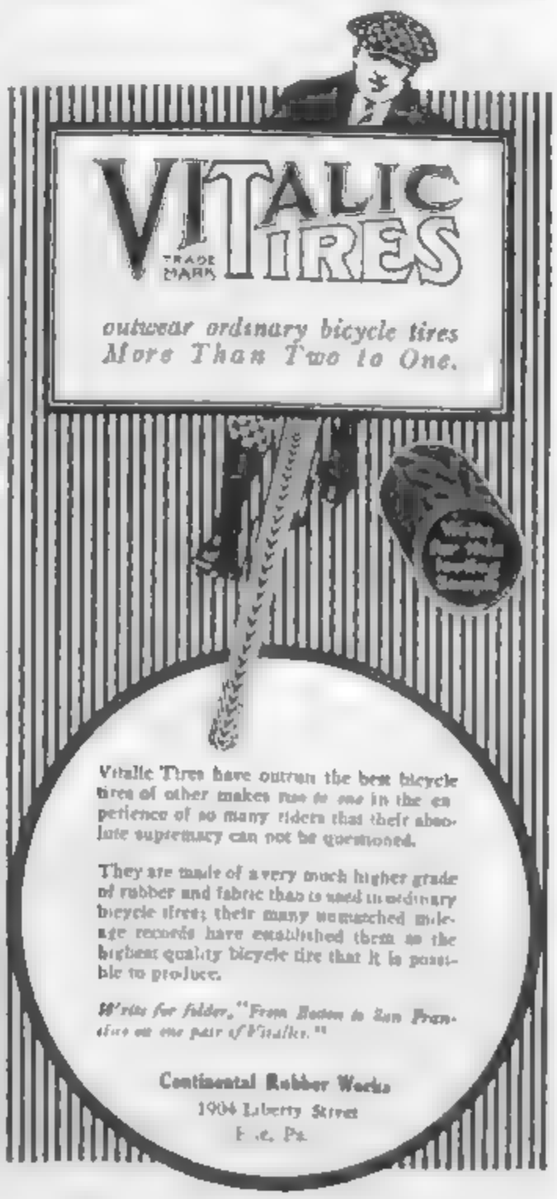
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Fourth Annual

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For Employed Chauffeurs

# $5,000 in CASH PRIZES

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The $5000 in prizes will be divided as follows: 1st prize $500; 2nd, $300; 3rd, $200; next five $100 each; next ten $50 each; next forty $25 each; next fifty $20 each and the next hundred $10 each. In case of ties, a prize identical with that tied for will be given each tying contestant. *Contest closes March 31st, 1917.* Judges, Mr. Alfred Reeves, Gen. Mgr. National Automobile Chamber of Commerce; R. A. Patteson, Pres. Tarrytown (N. Y.) National Bank; L. W. Scudder, Certified Public Accountant, New York.

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IN the Third Annual Contest, which closed March 31st, 208 prize-winning chauffeurs averaged 8,076 miles. The first thirty capital prize winners averaged 19,411 miles. Here is the record of the first 10 drivers:—

| MILEAGE | PRIZE | AMOUNT | DRIVER | ADDRESS | OWNER | CAR |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 27,220 | First | $500 | Geo. C. Mathis | New Haven, Conn. | Mrs. J. D. Jackson | Cadillac |
| 25,648 | Second | 300 | Chas. V. Finfrock | Dayton, Ohio | Maurice Costello | Pierce-Arrow |
| 25,337 | Third | 200 | Lars C. Pederson | Chicago, Ill. | Mrs. G. B. VanNorman | Rambler |
| 24,896 | Fourth | 100 | Jos. Rozek | Cedar Rapids, Ia. | M. Ford | Pierce-Arrow |
| 24,002 | Fifth | 100 | Anthony D. Silvia | Haverhill, Mass. | Chas. W. Eaton | Simplex |
| 22,870 | Sixth | 100 | Wm. S. Bliss | Brooklyn, N.Y. | Sylvan Levy | White |
| 22,687 | Seventh | 100 | John Laffy | Chicago, Ill. | Thos. McInerney | Alco |
| 21,200 | Eighth | 100 | Fred Weitzman | Brooklyn, N.Y. | Mrs. G. K. Jack | Ford |
| 21,056 | Ninth | 50 | George I. Lesser | New York City | I. S. Sanger | Lozier |
| 20,942 | Tenth | 50 | Wm. F. Trueman | St. Louis, Mo. | W. F. Koken | Pierce-Arrow |

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(Concluded from Page 34)

horse to ride; it had no roaring chariot with a cushioned tonneau. The only thing it had was a broken-down *fiacre*, and an old horse that your cavalry wouldn't take. But the Thing dominated by this determined, patriotic spirit didn't care. It searched the subterranean corners of Paris.

"'And what happened, Monsieur Bertram de Cary? The next morning these wolf-faced men, as you call them, these little wolf-faced men of Pepin the Short, swarmed up from under Paris and made your regiment for Foch. You gave them the muskets of 1870—that's all you had—and they ground the bayonets!'

"Sebastian Winthrop got on his feet. His voice broke in a full note through the ghastly cough.

"'You got that regiment to Foch just on the stroke of time. It was there on the morning of the eighth of September. The whole desperate Battle of the Marne hung on an acre of earth. It hung on the plateau overlooking the marshes of Saint Gond. Everybody knew it. Foch knew it. The Germans knew it. The Prussian Imperial Guard charged it with massed, picked troops. The plateau, above the marshes of Saint Gond, was a slaughter pen, a shambles, a hell sector. But the Prussian guard didn't take it. They never could take it. The wolf-faced regiment held it. It held it with the bayonet.' Sebastian Winthrop screamed the words out. 'The bayonet! What is it, *mes enfants*, but a knife with a musket for a handle? It held it with that youth down there, picked out by the great Presence for a leader!'

"He began to stagger round the table, toward Monsieur Vaudrec Saint Urban, holding on to the cloth.

"The old judge rose as he approached.

"Sebastian Winthrop seemed to get his balance and a certain vital energy; he seized the judge by the arm, led him to the window and pointed down into the street. We followed, crowding round them. The light flickered and glistened on the bronze group. Sebastian Winthrop pointed out the dominant figure of the young Marquis de Chantelle.

"'Look at the face!' he stuttered. 'Look at the face!'

"The amazed old man strained over the window sill. 'It's the criminal degenerate, Jean Jaques Sauer!' he cried.

"Then he stood up and wiped the sweat off his face. He trembled under the emotion.

"'What does it mean?' he said.

"Sebastian Winthrop laughed. He got back to the table and his glass of brandy.

"'It means,' he cried, 'that the regiment, recruited out of the men with the wolfish faces, needed a leader, and the Thing, set on saving France, selected the young Marquis de Chantelle; that is to say, Jean Jaques Sauer!'

"He paused and took a swallow of the brandy.

"'I was there,' he said; 'I know. The old marquis thought his son was out of France. He thought he was big-game hunting in Matabeleland; but he was not. He was never out of Paris. The old marquis thought he suddenly appeared to join this regiment. He did, but not from Matabeleland.'

"Sebastian Winthrop staggered and held on to the table. He drank the brandy. He fought the cough down in his throat, and he laughed. They were in no doubt about what the laugh meant this time. He hurled it defiantly at Bertram de Cary.

"'You didn't know the men you recruited for that regiment: wolf-faced Franks from the army of Pepin the Short! That's the poetry of the legend. If you had looked at their hands you would have seen the tattoo mark on the outside in the trough between the thumb and index finger. You would have seen the pigeon, the three dots, the two dots, the blue initial.'

"Sebastian Winthrop stood up and poured the last of the fiery liquor down his raw throat. Then he threw the glass against the wall.

"'They saved France!' he cried. 'They saved it with the bayonet!' He flung up his livid hand with the gesture of a victory. '"*Ecoutez, mes enfants!* A bayonet is a knife with a musket for a handle!" . . . And It sent them. That determined, patriotic Thing awakened under Paris sent them. Gavil de Verney didn't paint it—Charlemagne on his golden throne under Aix-la-Chapelle. De Maltry didn't paint it—Pepin the Short, at the head of his wolf-faced Franks!'

"The man's voice ended in an awful sort of bursting gurgle.

"'I painted it,' he said. And he ripped the dirty paper off the flat parcel that he had carried in and held it up!"

De Morney paused. Morning had arrived—a vague gleam of light was running over the desert. In a moment, on the edge of the ocean of sand, the sun would appear. He got slowly on his feet.

"I maintain," he said, "that the portrait Sebastian Winthrop brought with him, through the fluid floor of Paris, was one of the few works of genius ever painted on this earth. It accomplished the dream of every living painter. It gave the material aspect of a face, and the spirit behind it."

"Was it Pepin the Short?" I said.

"Pepin the Short!" he echoed. "It was an old, loathsome woman, with puffy eyes, baggy jowls and a drooling mouth. No line, no feature, no contour was omitted. It was all faithfully presented in every abominable detail. . . . That was the face. But behind the face was the presence of a spirit, the presence of a great, calm, dominating spirit—the spirit before the threshing floor of the Jebusite.

"It was the vilest human face in all the brothels of Sodom, illumined with the purpose of a heavenly angel!"

"But the great legend?" I cried. "Who was it?"

And De Morney answered.

"Something burst in Winthrop's damaged throat, and he fell. He fell headlong and he carried the thing down with him. The broken frame ripped it up. I know only what Bertram de Cary cried out—in horror, in wonder:

"'It's the unspeakable *marmite, Mère des Loups*—mother of the wolves—the head of all the Apache assassins of Paris!'"

## THE BADGE

(Continued from Page 11)

up and down Broadway—no oftener. He sauntered over to Slade's corner and stood before him, chalking the cue with dainty touch.

"Yes," he said reflectively; "it's a dog's life—the police. And a bonehead crew go in for it. And that's what I'd give for the whole lot of them—see? Fooey—fooey!"

He wriggled his finger in derision, so that the ring flamed fairly into the dazzled eyes of Ex-Policeman Slade.

That little tableau lasted about twenty seconds, by the best count. It ended when Slade caught the mocker's wrist and drew himself upright with the single lunge.

V

"I GOT Y'!" roared Slade.

Mr. Burke did not pause for elucidation of that remark. He dropped the cue from his free hand no quicker than he dropped the cheerful grin from his slit mouth. Mr. Burke's weakness had led him a mite too far perhaps; but for some twenty years he had been perfecting the gentle art of the get-away. From his toes he threw his whole weight suddenly backward, and as Slade lurched he met the other's jaw on five knuckles, with the whole recoil behind them.

Now a knockout is a matter of adequate shock on a nerve center, the experts tell us—so many units of impact against so much nerve resistance. Stringer Burke had a very fair working knowledge of the formula; but unfortunately the subject was drunk, which means lessened conductivity. Had Slade been sober, he must have collapsed "neatly and completely in blue"—to borrow a phrase from the old regulations. As it was, he sustained a cerebral explosion that went far toward clearing away the fumes—and his grip tightened on Burke's wrist like the drawing of a noose.

"I got y'!" he stammered, shaking his head to lift the haze from his eyes. "I—I got y'!" Which was true in a way, but premature.

For the next half minute Groley's was an extremely busy place. Most of the gentlemen there present heard an inner imperative cue to exit—perhaps from delicacy. Some sensitive soul turned out the lights, but forgot the hanging cones by the far pool table and left a soft flood of radiance for

(Concluded on Page 39)

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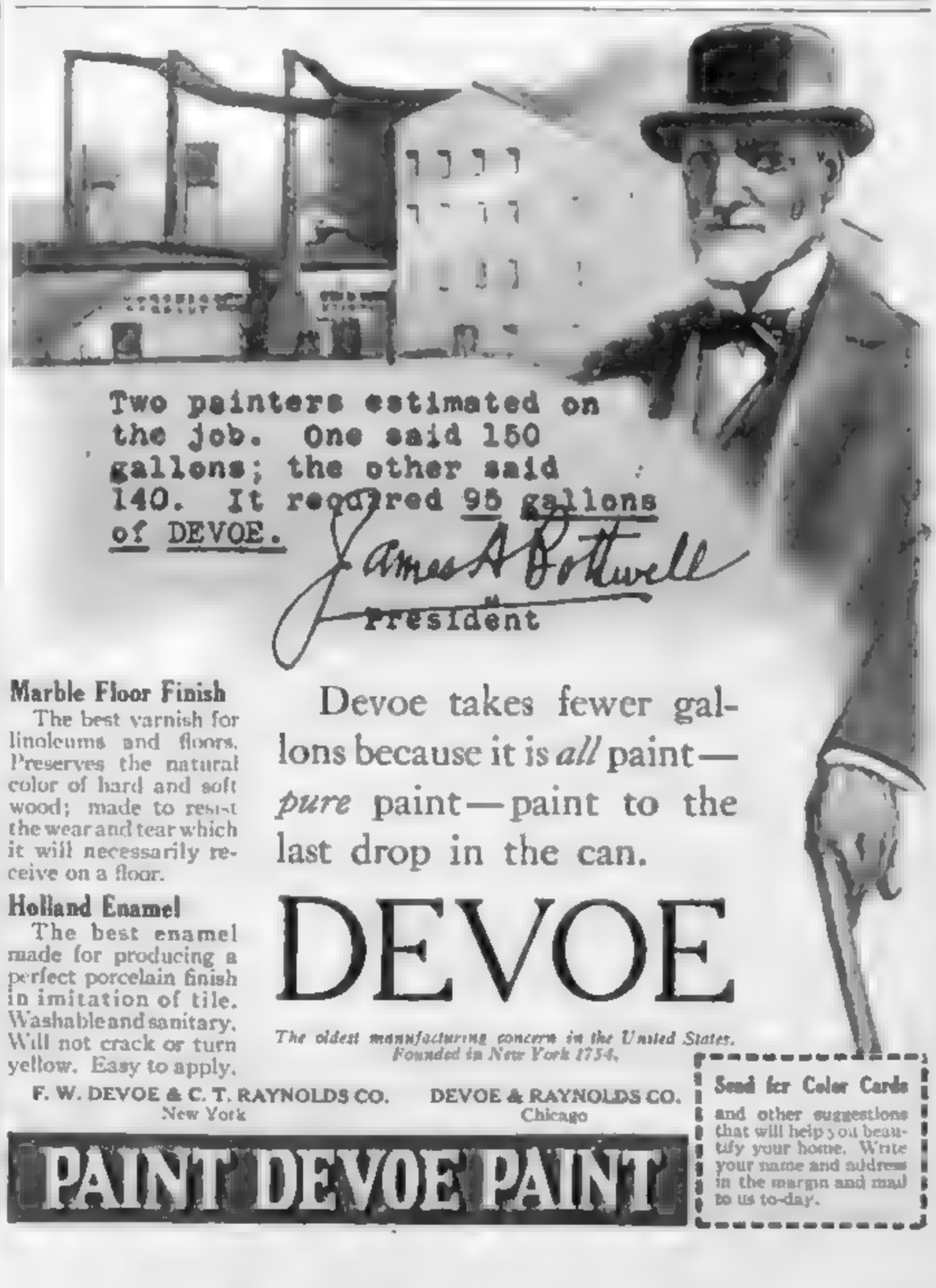

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(Concluded from Page 37)

the deed so few cared to look upon. Three or four, the pool players among them, crept pad-foot about the spinning tangle.

Within that half minute Mr. Burke earnestly tried every trick known to car-barn science, which bears little relation to Queensberry's rules. He attempted to paralyze Slade with the knee kick; to break his ankle; to stun, maim or tear him; and finally to gouge out his eyes. He succeeded in none, for Slade was slowly working his forearm back and up into a hammer lock.

Stringer ran up the first signal.

"Smear 'm!" he gasped. "Smear 'm!"

And this was a cry that would be remembered against him. But his need was great.

A crop-haired little man, one of the pool players, managed to sink a claw into Slade's shoulder and to cling like a pup on a wheel. With his other fist he began to chop Slade over the head and face. But, though his brass knuckles slashed the flesh like paper, he had no room for a full swing. Perhaps the bloodletting even helped the ex-policeman. He put a savage last ounce of twist on his hold and Stringer dropped limp with a squeal. Slade left him; which was as well, for the gang closed in, clogging legs and arms.

Sheer weight had all the best of this game against berserk fury. They fought to drag him down and they were men skilled in the art. Bit by bit they smothered him until they held him pinned against the table; and one snatched up a cue to crush his skull. And there Groley gave them pause, thrusting fearlessly among them, though his oily face was as white as his shirt.

"Drop it! That's enough! Not in my place!"

They glanced toward their leader, slumped in a gibbering heap on the marble floor. Groley tugged at him.

"Come—clear out, everybody! No more of it, Burke. Not here! Come out of this!"

Burke seemed willing.

"Groley!" It was Slade's voice, thick with exhaustion. "Groley, I call on you to arrest that man! You hear me? If you help him away I'll have your place raided and you in the jug before night. You're one lad who can't disappear!"

Groley took a step toward him.

"Look out what you're doin', Slade!" he cried sharply. "These are my friends. They're goin' to clear out; and so are you when they're gone."

"Stop that man!" said Slade, helpless against the table. "I call on you to stop him."

"Chuck it! You ain't a cop no more. What you got to do with stoppin' anybody?"

"That man is pinched!"

"And you'll be croaked if you say so!"

There was every logic with Groley. Mutual strangers had fallen into a little scuffle. Well—let them part and go their ways. Whose affair would it be? Only policemen are paid to stand upon the strict letter of the law and take broken heads for it. And Slade was not a policeman. He had given up his badge. This was all obvious; and more obvious than all was the heavy cue impending.

"Will y' quit?"

Groley was glancing round to be sure there were no witnesses. White-faced but inexorable, his choice was made. And so was Slade's—or, rather, Slade had to make no choice, because the stuff was in him that old fat Fogel had rightly sensed.

"I tell you I'm going to get that guy!" he said.

The cue swept at him; but he tore partly free, took the blow on his shoulder, and got a straight smash home on the face of the man who sent it. And the voice of Stringer Burke was raised in frenzied warning:

"Stand away from 'm! Stand away from 'm!"

The others leaped aside as he fired. Squatting on the floor, with his broken left arm trailing, he shot with his right pressed against his side. Sheer madness in such a place, public to the avenue! His followers knew it—knew the folly of hot where cold would have served—and took incontinently to their heels. This was not their way and Burke could finish it himself—if he was able.

Burke did his best. Deliberately he whipped in his shots. It was the price Slade had to pay—to take his chance of those six bullets point-blank as he hung over the end of the pool table, tugging at his hip. He always said it was the price—to clear his score as a quitter.

Stringer threw the empty gat at him with a scream, and scrambled up; but Slade had caught up with the game now and his hand came away from his hip—armed.

Of course he had no business to be armed. A city ordinance and a state law forbid the carrying of weapons by civilians. It was curious that nobody seemed to think of that—not Stringer, who could only stand whimpering curses; or Groley, who could only wring his manicured hands; or the crop-haired pool player, who could only lie on his back and stare at the ceiling—not even Slade himself.

"I said I'd got y'!" was his remark.

*VI*

FOGEL sat back in his chair and heard the report impassively. But if he betrayed no other sign there was a rare gleam under his veiling eyelids as he looked out across the desk. And what he saw was worth it.

There was Slade, a red ruin that flamed with wounds and triumph; and there were the two prisoners, handcuffed together, as sick a pair of rogues as ever fell tardily into retribution; and, not least, old Sam Dool in the background, petrified by the amazing scene to which he had just been summoned.

"Mahoney's ring!" Slade was saying as he laid the big sparkler on the desk. "You'll see it fits the description. And here's the lad ——" He kept the break out of his voice. "Here's the lad who wore it. I don't know his name, but he's the one I been hunting for six months—the car-barn gang leader. And I guess I'll take a conviction on this case, Lieutenant."

Fogel's chair creaked as he sat forward and dipped his pen with a vast fist.

"The case will be handled by the proper parties at the proper time," he said with complete detachment. "Now what charge do you want me to enter against these men?"

Slade hesitated, until he caught Fogel's drift and grinned.

"Oh, anything will do to hold 'em on overnight. You might make it—resisting an officer."

"Officer - *hell!*" spluttered Burke, unable to contain himself against the manifold treachery of events. "Why, he ain't no officer! He's a civilian—and drunk at that!"

Fogel regarded him mildly.

"Well, you know that makes no difference," he explained. "A civilian has a perfect right to make an arrest. Suppose we say concealed weapons or attempted homicide—or something like that?" he added, glancing at Slade.

Slade turned a deeper crimson, if that was possible. He craned over the desk. The thing he sought was there, in plain sight, on Fogel's open blotter. He scooped it up. And with trembling fingers he pinned his badge where it belonged, on his left breast once more.

"That charge stands, Lieutenant."

"Hey?" inquired Fogel with amiable surprise. "Why, of course! I got it writ' already. By Patrolman Slade, on special assignment! Now, Sam, if you'll help search these gents—I guess that will be all."

But it was not quite all. Some minutes later Sam Dool, returning from below stairs, came snuffling into the room alone. Sam did not wholly understand; but he had been robbed of a carrion morsel and he felt aggrieved to the depths of his scavenger soul.

"Sam," said Fogel casually, "rush me another can of black, will y'? And say, Sam——"

The chair creaked, and Fogel sat back and looked full at him for a moment. Whatever small vengeance Sam might have been meditating, the thought of it withered and died under that heavy-lidded gaze.

"Sam, everybody has the right to shoot his mouth once in a while. It's natural he should, and useful, too sometimes. But mostly it's better to keep his mouth to eat with, Sam—to eat with!"

And Sam decided that the Lieutenant was probably right.

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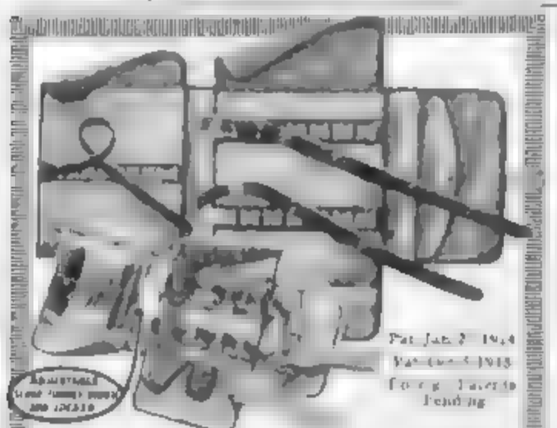

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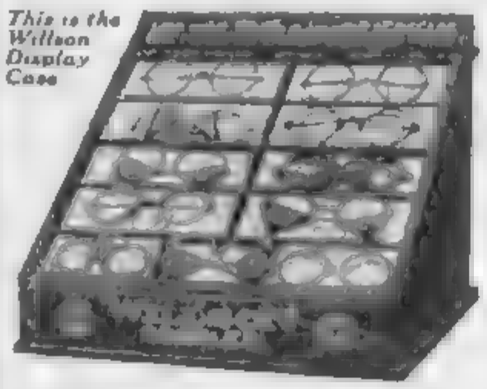

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# THE BELLS OF SAINT CLEMENS

(Continued from Page 6)

avoid the possibility of collision; the second, of appreciation. I stand on my rights."

"Try the profile," advised the young lady, and immediately made herself wooden, with outstretched fingers and awkward arms.

"Stop! You're turning into a Dutch doll! Here, you want to rest. Wait a bit. My saddle blanket is clean. I'll get it for you." He brought the blanket, a thick Navajo, and folded it; the young lady sat down obediently. Dick returned, carrying the saddle. "Here is my card," he said sedately, and laid his finger on a silver oval on the saddle fork.

"Richard Rainboldt." The girl read the engraved name; she rose and made a graceful curtsy. "I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Rainboldt. I am Judith Elliott, of San Clemente."

Dick bowed gravely. "Miss Elliott!" he murmured. "So pleased!" As the girl resumed her seat on the Navajo, he added: "But San Clemente is not your home?"

"Oh, no! I've only been there a month. I am visiting my cousins, the Armstrongs. Do you know them?"

Dick shook his head. "I only came here a week ago, and I haven't been over to San Clemente yet. You're an old-timer, compared with me. But about your accident? I suppose your horse is not close by, or you would have sent me after him at once. Is he hurt?"

"He fell down and got loose, and ran away. 'Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall.' They warned me not to attempt this trail. I came through that little gap you see there." She pointed back to the high notch in the southwest.

"Some trip for a girl to make alone, and her a newcomer," said Rainboldt with warm admiration in his voice. "Haughty spirit is about right, I guess. But they shouldn't have let you come."

Miss Elliott turned her unrepentant head. "They don't know. I started as if I were going on the other side, and slipped round camp quietly. I was visiting at Van Patten's camp, you know."

"I don't know anything," said Dick. "I'm but a stranger here—as I was just observing when you arrived. Heaven is my home."

"Well," said Miss Elliott, "Van Patten's is a sort of a summer camp—more like a clubhouse. Beautiful place. It is almost at the top of the gap on the other side, but there's a wagon road blasted out to it. I knew people came this way sometimes. So I came. I was over all the worst, too, when that horse, that ——"

"Tormented?" suggested Dick.

"Thank you. When that tormented horse stumbled and rolled downhill. Not stumbled and rolled exactly—he slipped on a smooth stretch of rock and slid downhill. I held to the rein, but he jerked away and ran—oh, dear, you never saw anything like it!"

"If he went back to camp your friends will be dreadfully alarmed."

"He didn't. He went straight down the mountain, clear to the foot, in a cloud of dust. He started a big bowlder to rolling as he got up, poor dear," said Miss Elliott, relenting. "I suppose that scared him and made him run, and his running started more bowlders and little rocks, and that made him run faster, and so he started more rolling stones, and so on and on and on. 'Twas a grand spectacle. But oh, how different from the home life of our own dear queen!"

"How far back was this?"

Miss Elliott pointed. "About two miles, I guess."

"But why didn't you go back?"

"I had started to come this way," said Miss Elliott rebelliously.

Mr. Rainboldt gazed at her with marked respect.

"You shall do that little thing," he declared seriously. "You can take old Wiseman, when you're rested. I'll trot alongside to fetch him back. And your horse will be all right. He'll stop with a bunch of saddle horses and they'll get him at some of the ranches."

"Where are the ranches?"

"Why, haven't you seen them? Look right at the very foot of the main hill—look close. You can see three from here. Watch for the bright green—that's the cottonwoods. Then you can see the houses and corrals close beside."

"Oh-h!" said Miss Elliott, and her eyes grew big and round. "Why-y! The trees look like little green feathers and the corrals—why, they look like little workbaskets!"

"They've a right to look small. I reckon they're a good half mile straight down, or near it."

"This is the life!" said Miss Elliott cheerfully. "But I haven't thanked you for your kind offer to take me home—which is hereby gratefully accepted. Only for my high heels, though, I'd go on foot in the spirit of the Dutch miner who wasted his substance in riotous living and walked home in the dust behind the wagon—you know the story, perhaps."

"Yes. He made use of an expression. He said: 'Walk, you expressioned Dutchman—walk! Walk—expression—walk!'"

Miss Judith nodded vigorously. "That's the way I felt. For I should have ridden round above that bad place. It was absolutely glassy. I knew at the time that I was taking a chance, but I was too lazy to make the detour. But, dear me, perhaps I am keeping you from your business—your work?"

"On the contrary, dear me, I have not a single business on hand. I came up here for a look-see; strictly for pleasure."

"Oh—and I've spoiled it!"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light exactly," said Mr. Rainboldt.

Miss Elliott rose briskly. "Well, we'd better be going. I'm rested now. Your boot heels are not much better for walking than mine are. Oh, the vanity of men!"

"Right about the vanity, but wrong in the application," said Dick, saddling up. "Cowmen need boot heels in their business. I'll tell you as we go along."

But he did not tell her about boot heels. They traveled single file along the rough trail, with only a word of caution or encouragement flung back over Dick's shoulder for all conversation. When they came to better going, as they neared San Clemente Pass, Dick fell back and walked beside with a hand in Wiseman's mane. The lady was preoccupied; a little V-shaped wrinkle appeared between her black brows.

"There's where I'm staying—with Emil James," said Dick as they drew even with the Square and Compass ranch.

"Yes, I know Mr. James," said Judith absently. The young man was quick to sense some unexplained change from their former sprightly footing. It was the girl who spoke first.

"You won't have to take me to town, Mr. Rainboldt," she said. "I've just remembered that the stage—the buckboard that carries the mail, I mean—gets to San Clemente between six and seven. I can wait at the Gap and take that. Then you won't have so far to walk."

"Why, I'd just as lief take you all the way, Miss Elliott."

"It will not be necessary, thank you."

Rainboldt shrugged his shoulders.

"You're the doctor. We won't have to wait long. I've seen the mail outfit coming for half an hour."

"Where?"

Dick pointed.

"See it? Crawling along up the third little ridge? No, here, coming from the southeast."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was hoping you wouldn't think of it," said Dick truthfully.

The young lady made no response to this little remark. Her face glowed like a ruby in the sun. When the blush died away she knitted her brows again, as in some perplexity; seeing which Dick strode on ahead, swinging swiftly down the last easy slope.

Their trail came out in the highest point in San Clemente Gap, barely wide enough, here, for the wagon road. Miss Judith dismounted and patted Wiseman's friendly nose.

"Tired?" said Dick sympathetically.

"Oh, no! You must be, though," said the girl. But she seemed ill at ease.

"How are the strikers coming on?" asked Dick in a perfunctory attempt to make conversation. "Will they win out, do you think?"

"Oh, dear me, I don't know," said Judith irritably. "Mr. Spencer is going to have men from the outside. Some of them have come already, and we're afraid there'll be trouble. I don't know the rights of it. I'm prejudiced, I guess. My father owns stock

in the mine and so does Uncle Jim. He owns a lot. Uncle Jim is J. C. Armstrong, you know."

"No, I don't know anyone on the west side."

"The stage is nearly here," said Judith.

"Oh, it will be ten minutes yet. They have to stop and rest coming up this steep hill."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Rainboldt. You have been very kind." She held out her hand.

In speechless wrath and astonishment Rainboldt saw that she was offering him a silver dollar. He bent his head with an exaggerated air of humility and gratitude. "Oh, *thank* you!" he said sweetly. He took the coin and flung it away with a quick jerk of the wrist, as though it had been white hot. It flashed in the sunlight; it sailed above the *ocatilla* bushes and fell in a bushy-topped cedar far below. "Good day!"

"Oh!" said Judith faintly.

He took off his hat, bowed low, swung into the saddle and whirled down the hill at a brisk trot, bolt upright, his hat tiptilted. The stage toiled up the slope.

"Oh, Mr. Rainboldt! Come back! Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't know!" Judith was fairly running after him at the last words; her voice rose as she ran. Too late she realized the full enormity of her offense. She stopped with one hand on her breast and called imploringly to Rainboldt's implacable back:

"Come back! *Please*, Mr. Rainboldt!" Rainboldt rode on.

A vagrant tear splashed down her flushed cheek. She turned her small face toward San Clemente and set out resolutely; she clicked her pearly teeth together.

"Walk, damn you, walk!" said Judith.

■

"WELL, J. C., you came at last," said Mendenhall heartily. "This is the third day I've met the stage for you. Armstrong, you and I haven't always got along beautifully, but this is one time I'm glad to see you. This strike is getting my goat. I'm afraid we are going to have trouble. Can't you come up to the office and make medicine? I'm uneasy in my mind. You can phone your missus, and I'll have supper sent over from the hotel."

"All right, Herman," said J. C., burly, square-jawed, bushy-browed. "What's it all about, anyhow?"

"Nothing, except what I wrote you—holding us up for more money. They're stubborn, or I am, or both. I really should have written before, I guess. I was hoping to get it settled without bothering you."

"What about insufficient timbering? I hear the men made a grievance of that too."

Mendenhall brushed the query aside.

"Yes, they were right about that. We ran short and put in some pretty weak sticks in the stopes above the four-hundred-foot drift. I wanted to get the ore out to fill our contract, and 'twas safe enough for a few days. The new men are doing the job over now—part of 'em. I put the rest to driving the adit we started to drain the sump. Spencer and I talked it over and decided not to run a night shift yet. If any of the old men have a mind for violence a night shift would give them their chance. They can't well do dirty work in daytime, in full sight of town. It's too expensive to keep the pumps going without a full crew on the job, so we thought we'd best rush the adit before the mine flooded. Don't go so fast, J. C.; you're forgetting my game leg."

"Did they misuse the Mexicans you hired?"

"Why, no, I don't believe they did," said Mendenhall with eager generosity. "Mostly hard words, I guess; maybe a little hustling—nothing to hurt. But they used mighty rough talk to Spencer, too. That made it hard for me. I can't very well go back on my superintendent. If they had come to me first, J. C., I might have given them the extra half-dollar temporarily, till the directors could meet and decide what to do. I wanted to keep the mine running. But I couldn't go over Spencer's head, could I now?"

"No," said Armstrong, frowning. "Think the labor unions didn't send a man here to stir up the trouble?"

"I hardly believe so. They just took a fancy for four dollars per. No mine has ever paid that in San Clemente. I don't know why they picked on us. Gosh, I'd hate to knuckle down to 'em, though of course the directors may decide to do it. On the other hand, we've had the old push with us from the first—and I liked the old boys, J. C."

"That they've been with us from the first is exactly what makes this crack mighty nearly unforgivable," said J. C. "If they wanted an advance they should have asked for it like men, and kept on to work till we had time to think it over, at least."

"Shucks, J. C., you mustn't expect too much of men like that, just ignorant old mossbacks. Their tongues are rough, but they're not badhearted. You must expect that sort to go off half-cocked once in a while. Like as not half of 'em are sorry now and would be glad to be on the job again."

"They'll get the chance," said the other grimly, "if they go to work at the old scale. Then if they have any proposition to make we'll consider it—and not till then."

"That's the way I hoped you'd see it. For if the directors give in Spencer will have to go—me, too, probably. I hope they don't hold out so long that we can't get together. People say—I don't know how true it is—that the miners at the Memphis and the Bennett-Stephenson are giving up part of their wages to carry the strikers over. And the cowmen are eggin' 'em on."

"They'll give in or stay out for keeps. No man can tell me how to run my business," said Armstrong.

Mendenhall, lagging behind on the steep trail, permitted a malicious gleam of amusement to flicker in his eyes.

"You're walking me off my feet with this pesky limp of mine," he said. "Slow up, and cool off. I was pretty hot myself at first. Reckon I'm getting patient in my old age, for I'm trying to see both sides. There's another thing, J. C.; serious too. This new outfit I shipped in from outside looks like they might be ugly customers. They're rubbin' it over on the old hands something scandalous. Spencer tries to hold 'em down; but they drink a good deal. Strike or no strike, I'd hate to see any of the old gang get in bad or get hurt. Only for that I would have had in a full crew before now. But this new bunch are bad *hombres*. Old strike breakers, you know. They look tough to me. Their ringleader, in particular, Clay Connor, he's a regular wolf. More than one of 'em are gunmen, I judge. And they don't break rocks for shucks, and they're insubordinate, and they're costing us like hell—to say nothing of the risk of bloodshed."

"If there's any bloodshed or destruction of property the old crowd is out for keeps if the mine goes bust on it," said Armstrong.

"Easy all, J. C.! If the newcomers start it you wouldn't bar out the old boys? A man's got a right to defend himself, I suppose, even if he is a striker."

"Oh, I suppose so—if we knew who started it. Nobody ever started a shooting scrape, to hear them tell it."

"That's right, too. How does this hit you, J. C.? Let's rush that drain right through so the mine don't flood—all of us sittin' on the lid—and then ship out the newcomers and shut down the mine till the strikers come to our terms, hey?"

"That's the caper. Freezeout."

"Freezeout it is. We can rush that adit through to the water in another week. Then we'll be hunky, if the strikers don't get to hittin' up the booze. I'll say this for them, J. C.: they're well led or well advised. They've held in and stood for a good deal of insultin' talk these last few days. Hope they can keep it up. Say, J. C., if they were to blow up the pumps on us before we got our drain finished it would put a crimp in us for fair, wouldn't it? Well, here we are. You go in the office. I've got a bottle of fine old Pontet-Canet in the cooler. I'll get that. Then we'll phone for supper and discuss ways and means."

As Mendenhall opened the refrigerator Clem Gray came out of the assayer's office and joined him.

"What does he say, Uncle Herman?" he whispered.

"Got him!" said Mendenhall blithely "Swallowed it, hook, bob and sinker! Pompous old ass!"

Six men filed into Armstrong's gate next day—Corwen, Pendravis, Price, Owens, Murtha and Wigfall. Armstrong came out to meet them. He waited on the walk below the piazza and held up a forbidding hand.

"If you are here as individuals, as my old friends and neighbors—come in! If you come as any kind of a delegation or committee from your ungrateful 'union,' go back the way you came!" His bushy brows

*(Continued on Page 46)*

On the 5:15

WHEN you leave the hot, stuffy city behind you for a cool, enjoyable stay in the country and find the Evinrude waiting, ready for a quick spin across-lake to cottage and friends—that's the happiest day of the year.

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

*Goodyear Ribbed Tread on Goodyear Cord Tire*

# Motoring Masses Coming to Cords

TWO-THIRDS of all the new cars being equipped by the makers with cord tires are going out on Goodyear Cord Tires.

But a growth even more striking than that is taking place.

Owners of scores of good cars which are not regularly equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires are taking to them all over the country.

They are standard equipment on the Franklin, the Packard Twin Six, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White and the Haynes Twelve.

But you will also see them widely used now on cars like the Hudson, Studebaker, Cadillac, Buick, Hupmobile, Reo, Oldsmobile, Chandler, Paige, Chalmers, and so on.

Simply because any good car gains in looks, in power-saving and gas-mileage, in long life and smooth riding, through Goodyear Cords.

We suspect that many a maker would equip with Goodyear Cord Tires if it were not that he must hold down his selling price.

But the consumer is taking the matter into his own hands in thousands of cases, because he is willing to pay for the advantages we enumerate on the opposite page.

# CORD TIRES

*Goodyear All-Weather Tread on Goodyear Cord Tire*

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OVERSIZE, flexibility, and resiliency are the outstanding features of Goodyear Cords.

They combine to produce real riding luxury by absorbing most of the jolt and jar of travel; to give unusual freedom from tire trouble; and to work economies by giving the tire long life, and by saving power and fuel.

The tire is built up of layers of cords, running in diagonal directions and having no cross weave.

Thus it is given the flexibility and resilience which enable it to absorb road shocks without danger of stone-bruise and blow-out.

This resilience also saves power; adds miles-per-gallon; assists in a quicker getaway; and makes the car coast farther when power is shut off.

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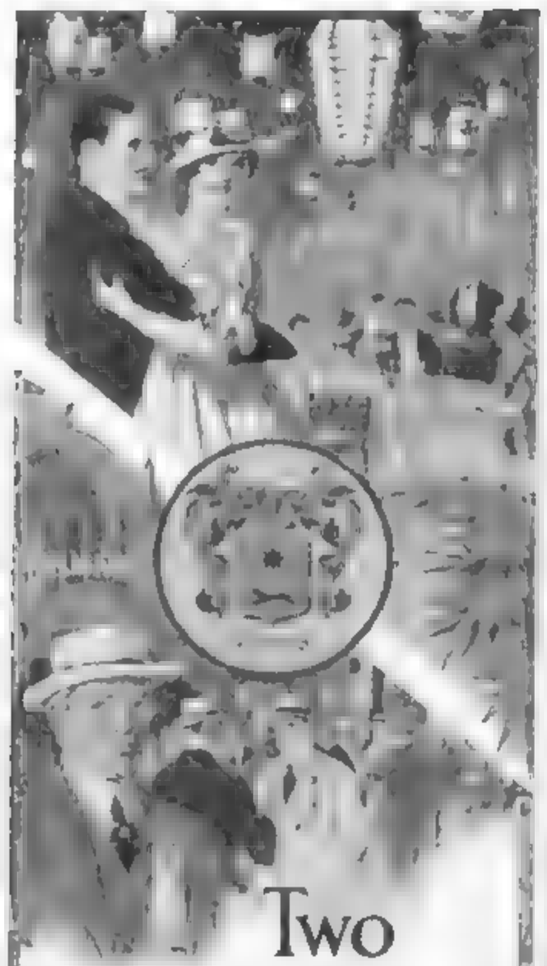

Two National Events

Chicago has a double celebration this week—the Republican Convention and the opening of the Roof Garden at

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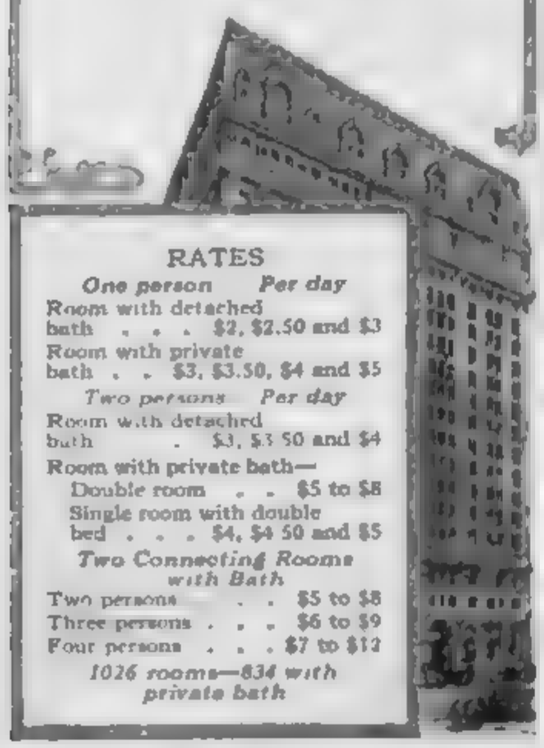

RATES

| *One person* | *Per day* |
|---|---|
| Room with detached bath | $2, $2.50 and $3 |
| Room with private bath | $3, $3.50, $4 and $5 |
| *Two persons* | *Per day* |
| Room with detached bath | $3, $3.50 and $4 |
| Room with private bath— | |
| Double room | $5 to $8 |
| Single room with double bed | $4, $4.50 and $5 |
| *Two Connecting Rooms with Bath* | |
| Two persons | $5 to $8 |
| Three persons | $6 to $9 |
| Four persons | $7 to $12 |

*1026 rooms—834 with private bath*


*(Continued from Page 43)*

were knotted to bristling tufts, his square, smooth face red with anger.

The miners came to a halt, jostling together awkwardly. Old Sam Wigfall stepped forward a pace.

"Happen we moight have a word with 'ee, friendly loike?" he said. "We want nowt beyond reason."

"Go back to your work. Then if you have any complaint to make, I'll listen."

"But they timbers, J. C.! Look for thysen—wast moiner or eer tha' wast maister."

"Go back to work!" boomed Armstrong. "I'll not hear a word!"

Old Wigfall advanced another step. His eyes blazed wrath:

"Maister or no, shalt not roar me doon! Give ower thy bull-bellowing! Art but a man for all—and no man can daunt me wi' black looks! Hear me now!"

"Do you threaten me?"

"Yaas!" bawled the old miner.

They faced each other, glaring and quivering. Then old Sam brought his voice down with an effort. "Taper off a bit, J. C., and Oi will do the same. Angry words are half meant. Happen tha' didna mean the full of thy own words, beloike. Coom! We'll make 'ee an offer. Do' ee pick three moiners—the managers, if tha' loike—from the Merlin, the Modoc and the Memphis. If nobbut one of three say that Gallery Fower or Gallery Two the Fower Hunnerd Drift be saife—they're the worst—why, we'll go back to wor-rk. Speak up, men, wilt stand by my offer?"

"That's roight," growled Pendravis. "Us'll bide bai that wor-rd, one and all."

"Do 'ee gos thysen, J. C.," urged Blacky Corwen. "Thou'rt better moiner nor any of they manager men on t' hill."

"No man shall tell me how to run my business," said J. C. doggedly. "Go back to your work. When you do that I may hear what you have to say—not till then. That's my last word to you!"

"Do 'ee hear this wor-rud then!" Old Wigfall went through the motion of washing his hands; he shook invisible drops from his fingers. "We have na lot or part in 'ee! If tha' sends flesh and blood again to yonder man-trap, art no better nor a murderer—and a murderer for siller! Go thy ways to hell!"

VI

IT IS well known that the best tunes are in the devil's service. The devil is well served in other ways. Saloons, now; all that has been sung or said in dispraise of saloons is here fervently indorsed. Yet notice how effectively the deputy plays upon the passionate preference for the undecorative which marks the uncultured male. There is room and seaway; walls and floor are uncluttered by frippery, shrubbery, curlicues, lace and gossamer, mystery, concealment and junk.

John's room—John's ideal room, the den of his dreams—is high and sunny and bare. One door and much light, one table and two chairs, real fireplace and real wood, ash tray and waste basket, an unfringed rug of solid warm color—everything may be seen at a glance. On the wall are maps of far places, Arabia and the East Indies, a shelf for the Six Best Books. No drawn work, no diaphaneity, no cushions, nothing too fine for use, nothing to live up to, no formulas for compliance withal. An ideal only; with the best motives, John's womankind tenderly persists in making him comfortable. So John goes hence to rest his poor head from the overwhelmingness of personal property; far from the maddening formula, to where he may be unfeignedly Johnsome, and not a poor imitation of James, living according to the conscience of his dictator.

The above is in no sense a criticism, merely dispassionate comment. We all and necessarily accept woman as she is. She always was.

The business place of Trevennick & Nagel, in San Clemente, is fashioned in deference to John's views, high, wide and handsome. Here no John is required to be Jimsome, or contrariwise. It is fully recognized at this business center that you are you and that I am I, and that there are still others entirely distinct from either of us. There is no effort to make anyone look, act, be and feel like a composite photograph—retouched—of these several poor kinds of people. Thus freed from the strain and vigilance of ceaseless effort to be someone else, the John mind relaxes; a lively sense of well-being, ease and pleasant cheer suffuses his rosy limbs.

Nagel too—the Noisy Partner, as distinguished from Joe Trevennick, the Silent Partner—Nagel was a distinct influence. Nagel had only a part of a piece of one lung, and each hour's life was an independent miracle. Authority had given him six weeks at best—four years earlier. Having put by the hopes of this world, Nagel fronted the ills of life with a simple and light-hearted cheerfulness which was at once impressive, instructive and infectious. For very shame's sake we abandoned our petty, silly woe and grievance; the intolerable injury became a light matter.

Yes, Albert used you shabbily, no doubt. But perhaps he had his reasons. Come to think of it, didn't you treat Tommy quite as badly, long ago? Partly because you were a silly ass, that was; partly for the clutch of circumstance. Yet Tommy has forgiven you. Plainly, you must give Bert a good licking, or take one, and thereafter harbor no malice. Who knows? Perhaps Albert was also in the clutch of circumstance.

This Nagel—dead and dust long ago—is not forgetable, with his big eyes and the crooked smile under his incredibly long mustaches, his frail, thin hands, his cheerful croak and his invincible courage.

Business was thriving. The thick blurr of Cornish speech was in the air, the softer slurrings of Welsh. It was Saturday night; it was pay day at the Merlin and the Modoc; the big wages were all to spend. There was a fair attendance from the other mines, some even from the Bennett-Stephenson, five miles away—men who were single and optimistic—who were both ain-gle and optimistic, on reflection—and who anticipated benefits from the big wages. The Torpedoes were present in force, surly and silent, or speaking apart with friends from the other mines.

The strike breakers attended in a body. Sixteen of them, big men all, they made a group apart, under the leadership of their smallest, bright-eyed Clay Connor. They drank deep and laughed loud; drinking only among themselves, perforce, except when Bates, a rat-faced stranger from the hotel, thumped the bar and called up all hands.

There were some half-dozen cowmen, including Emil James and Rainboldt. Dick was in no amiable mood, this being the day following his little trip to the high country. The north side of town was represented by "Charming Billy" Armstrong, quiet Ed Dowlin and Pierre Hines, who sat on a window ledge, observant; and the gathering was completed by a sprinkling of prospectors headed by old Pat Breen, a wizened and smiling little man with a record.

The Silent Partner worked double tides, ambidextrous to the needs of business, yet with a corner of an eye for Sam Barkeep. San Clemente was far afield; there, at least, cash registration had not yet cast an upas blight upon youthful enterprise. Nagel plucked a merry strain from a guitar. Then his eye singled out young Benjy Oram, of the Mormon.

"Up, Benjy!" called Nagel. "Atta-boy!"

He threw his head up, he straightened himself in his chair, he swept the strings to a high and throbbing call. Young Benjy crossed to Nagel's chair; his strong young voice fell in with the crashing chords, thrilled and swelled to the strong barbaric cadences—the March of the Men of Harlech:

*"Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid,*
*Harlech! Harlech! cwyd iw herlid;*
*Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhyddid,*
*Yu rhoi nerth i ni; ——"*

Billy Armstrong was speaking with compassion of the Noisy Partner, when a voice split through the roaring mirth in front. It was not loud, but it made its way, tense and hateful. The mirth died down. Men stepped aside to the bar, the wall, leaving a clear lane through the place of business.

Two men stood out alone—Clay Connor, slight, panther-graceful, smiling, a beautiful devil, and young Benjy, the singer.

"Cut out that infernal caterwauling and clapper-clawing, I say. That's no tongue for a white man to hear."

"'Tis a fine old ancient tongue," said sturdy Benjy. "And a noble song. Too good for the likes of you."

"I hear you say so."

"I am here to make it good," said Benjy. "Take off your coat and have it explained. I'm no gunman."

"And I'm no boy," said Connor, laughing lightly. "Not good enough, kid—I don't fight fistfights. A boy's game. You lick me to-day and I lick you to-morrow.

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Then put your suffering feet in roomy Educators and Nature will overcome your painful foot ills.

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*"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"* is a free booklet that tells "How to Walk Right; How to Have Healthy, Straight Boned Feet," etc.—startling facts by orthopaedic authorities. Send for copy today.

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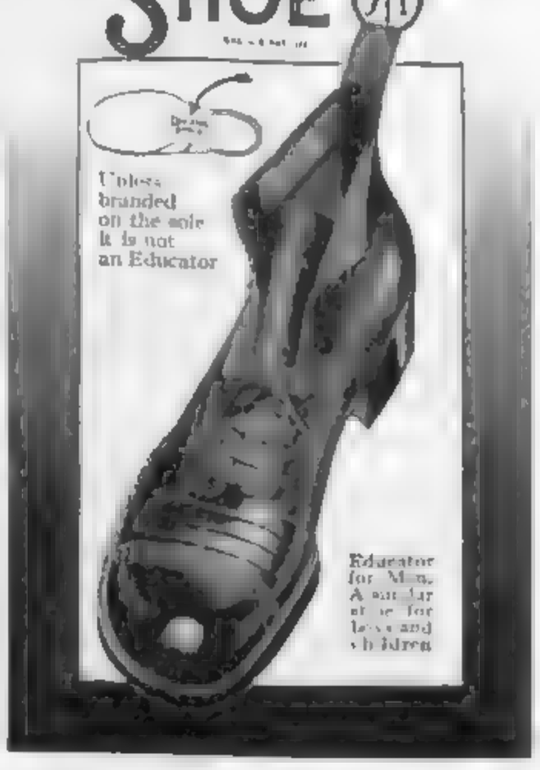


Nothing settled. But I say again that your disemvoweled Taffy-talk song sounds like a pack of fire-crackers. And I'll back my words at any game where a man stays put."

Nagel strummed softly on the guitar, his chair tilted on two legs. Connor kept the tail of his eye on "Doc" Hughes, Caradoc Hughes, a huge, freckled-faced man, booted and spurred, half cowman, half miner, as the one most likely to take up the challenge. But it was Rainboldt who answered. His back was to the bar, his weight resting on both elbows thrust behind him wingwise; one foot was on the floor, the boot heel of the other caught on the brass footrail—a picture of careless comfort. As he spoke he shifted his position ever so slightly so that his weight fell on the left elbow, leaving the right still touching the bar-top, but free.

"Do you know, Mr. Connor," said Dick evenly, "I quite agree with your views on fist fighting. And I like your face. Any time you want to borrow trouble, your credit's good. As a linguist, however, your sentiments distress me."

"Good night, nurse!" said Emil James, and pushed himself forward to the open, his eyes upon Connor's adherents, now crowding to the fore.

"I love Welsh," said Dick. "I may be said to dote upon Welsh. Welsh is a language of singular beauty. It appeals to all that is highest and best in my nature. Tall talk will never turn me from it. Go on with your song, kid. I'll see to it that no one interrupts you."

Nagel's speech overlapped the last words. He plucked a wandering air from his guitar: a Spanish folk song with a recurring poignant phrase, a rising phrase, ever keener and more tense.

"Consider my case, now, you two gentlemen, before you go into the matter further," said Nagel. There was that in his quiet voice for which they listened, Clay Connor crouching tigerwise, Rainboldt leaning idly against the bar; listened each with eyes only for the other.

"Life isn't as good fun as when I was a boy," said Nagel pleasantly. "Sometimes I'm almost weary of dying on the installment plan. You want to bear that in mind. So I'm asking you gentlemen not to start any shooting to-night, please. It mars the furniture; it's bad for business; and it annoys me. I've got a sawed-off shotgun under the corner of the bar, nine buckshot to a load, two barrels, one barrel for each of you and no favorites played. If I get mine why that's so much clear gain. Only neither of you fellows want the name of snuffing out a wreck like me. 'Twould look ugly. Still, suit yourselves."

The guitar tinkled away, about moons and a dreamy wind now, violets, and the like of that. Some one sighed in the crowd by the wall. Rainboldt's blue eye broke to a frosty twinkle.

"That will be enough for all practical purposes," he remarked thoughtfully. "Thank you, I don't wish any of the pie." He turned to the bar. "Drinks on the house, you!" he announced.

"Sure!" said Trevennick, and dispassionately twisted from Sam's hand certain coins which Sam was about to bestow upon himself. "Line up, gentlemen—name your poison." It was a long sigh this time that went up from the roomful. Amid a general shuffling of feet and chairlegs Connor held up his hand.

"Boys," he said, "I want you all to know that this stranger-man said exactly what I wanted to say, only I didn't have the nerve to say it—me being a newcomer and not much known here. It was clever of him and I am thankful for that same. Not to be wholly outdone in generosity, I will now take water.

"I hereby admit, avow, and proclaim that Welsh is the finest tongue the world knows—barrin' only the Irish, which is own cousin to it—and for the music mayhap it is even better than the Irish."

He turned to Dick curiously.

"You have my name, sir. Will you give me yours? Rainboldt?" He held out his hand. "I'm proud to know you, ye devil! But you're not Welsh never a hair of you."

"No," said Rainboldt gravely, "I'm American, and I never breathed with soul so dead. But when I'm in Rome I like to ramble."

"You go too strong for me—you and friend music," said Connor frankly. "Come on, lads, we'll hear the rest of that song—and a rare fine one it is!" he laughed. "And there will be no more tall talk this night—not from me."

"Yuh damn hobgoblin!" said Emil James, when he and Dick had reached home. "You near started a riot."

"When I was a boy," explained Dick, "I had a pup that was a lineal descendant of Llewellyn's hound in the Fifth Reader. So I couldn't stand for no such break as that."

"Them Torpedoes and Modocs is suhtainly keepin' their heads," mused Emil. "That's the old hands holdin' the young uns back, or there'd sure be war. That Connor gang is sure obstreperous. Takin' mighty big chances, they are. I wouldn't have made that crack Connor did, not on a bet."

"Nor for wages?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Dick, "that this whole play these strike breakers make is too raw to be natural. If they are not pulling this rough stuff per instructions, I miss my guess."

"But—why?"

"That," said Dick, "is what I am going to study on, after I put out the light. Notice that man Bates who was settin' 'em up to the house so wild and fierce?"

"The hatchet-faced one? Yes!"

"Well," said Dick, "he didn't loosen up till the Torpedoes came. Then he limbered up and got in action like he was afraid of dying disgraced. But after Connor and me had our exchange of views the Torpedoes went home. Bates hung round, but he didn't buy—not after the Torpedoes went—not once. Notice that?"

"Humph!" said Emil James. He looked down his nose. "So he did!"

He blew out the light. Dick, wrestling with his problem, dropped off to a troubled sleep—and dreamed of a girl that glowed like a ruby in the sun.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

# ARE RAILROAD RECEIVERSHIPS NECESSARY?

(Continued from Page 7)

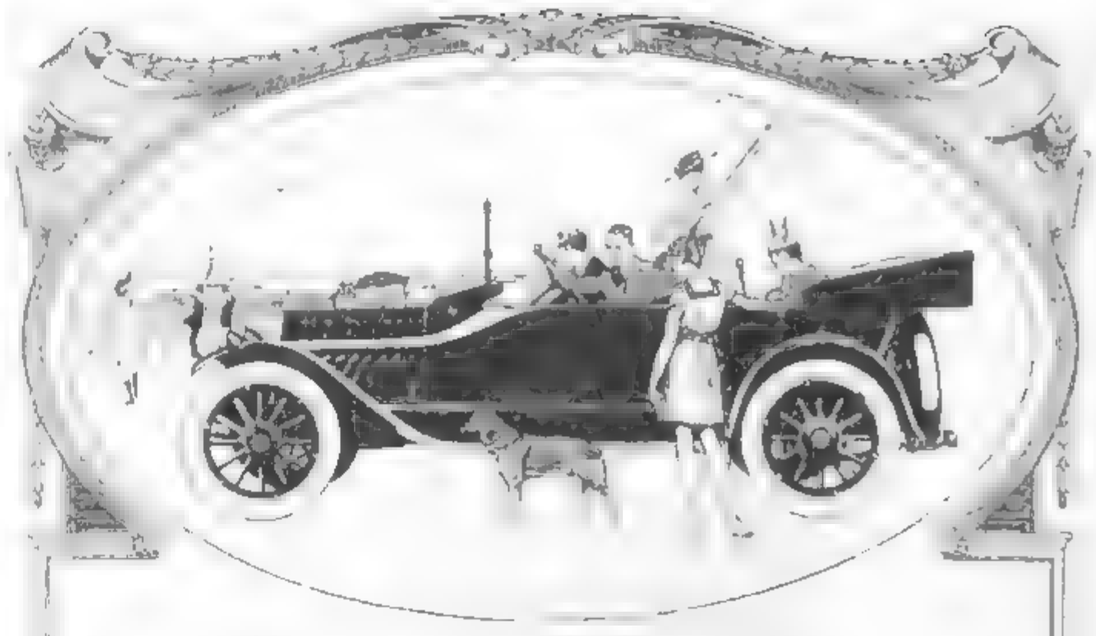
passed upon the new securities? I think not. The reasons are more fundamental. Let us consider them.

During the past century man has succeeded in changing almost everything except human nature. Human nature to-day is the same as it was a hundred years ago. Wherever we go, whatever line of industry we study, or with whatever class of people we deal, the fundamental characteristics are the same. Of all these human characteristics history shows one of the most noticeable to be man's unwillingness to work more than a certain length of time after he is not obliged to do so. Our grandfathers struggled, our fathers prospered, and we are taking life easy; or our fathers struggled, we are prospering, and our children will take life easy. Or it may be we are struggling to make our children prosperous; but in that case our grandchildren will take life easy. At any rate, when the fourth generation arrives the wheel will have gone round, and those children will be back again at the starting point.

Hence the saying that it is only three or four generations "from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." The first generation accumulates, by hard work and economy, a little capital; the second generation uses this capital for making large profits; the third generation spends these profits on themselves and their children; and the fourth generation is back again, without money and without friends. Study almost any family, any community or any industry, and you will find this, as a rule, to be absolutely true.

Why should the railroad business be an exception? I do not believe it is; and this shirt-sleeves-to-shirt-sleeves theory explains in large measure the present condition of the Boston and Maine, the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, the Wabash, and various other properties that have gone to seed. Is there any reason why others should

(Concluded on Page 50)



ONE cannot help being seriously impressed by the dignity and prestige that surround the name Oldsmobile. For nearly two decades it has served as the title of a distinguished motor car. But we urge you earnestly to let the name carry as little weight as possible in your consideration of Oldsmobile Light Eight. Focus your attention, rather, upon the intrinsic merit of the car itself.

Oldsmobile Light Eight $1195

The eight-cylinder motor—clean and simple in design—gives forth a strong, smooth-flowing stream of power. It frees from twelve to fourteen miles of swift flight from each gallon of gasoline. Note the roomy luxury of the big body—the wheel-base is 120 inches. Note the restful comfort of the deep upholstery. Observe, too, the skilled workmanship and studied refinement evident in even the minor particulars of finish and appointment. It is this unusual excellence in construction and performance that has lifted Oldsmobile sales to the present point—the highest in their history.

The Oldsmobile Light Eight, 5-passenger—$1195 f. o. b. Lansing. Roadster $1195. Write for our new booklet "The Light Eight De Luxe."

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
LANSING MICHIGAN

641

# Butterick in Paris

Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, showing Butterick shop on the right.

MORE Butterick patterns are sold from the Butterick shop in Paris than are sold in any other store in the world.

Paris, Fashion's capital, is the cradle of style for the entire world. Butterick goes to Paris for its style inspiration. Then it adapts, illustrates and sends these styles right back from New York to Paris again where Butterick magazines and Butterick patterns sell in preference to all others.

At No. 27, Avenue de l'Opéra, midway between the Opéra and the Louvre, Butterick has had for eighteen years what is said to be the most beautiful shop in the world.

More patterns are sold from this Butterick shop than are sold of any kind of pattern in any other store in the world. They are Butterick patterns—the same identical patterns sold in America, except that they are printed in French and sell for twice the price in France that they do in the United States.

*Le Miroir des Modes*, which is the French edition of The Delineator, has a larger sale in Paris and throughout France than any similar magazine. It sells for 10 francs ($2.00) a year. It illustrates identically the same dress designs you see in the American Delineator.

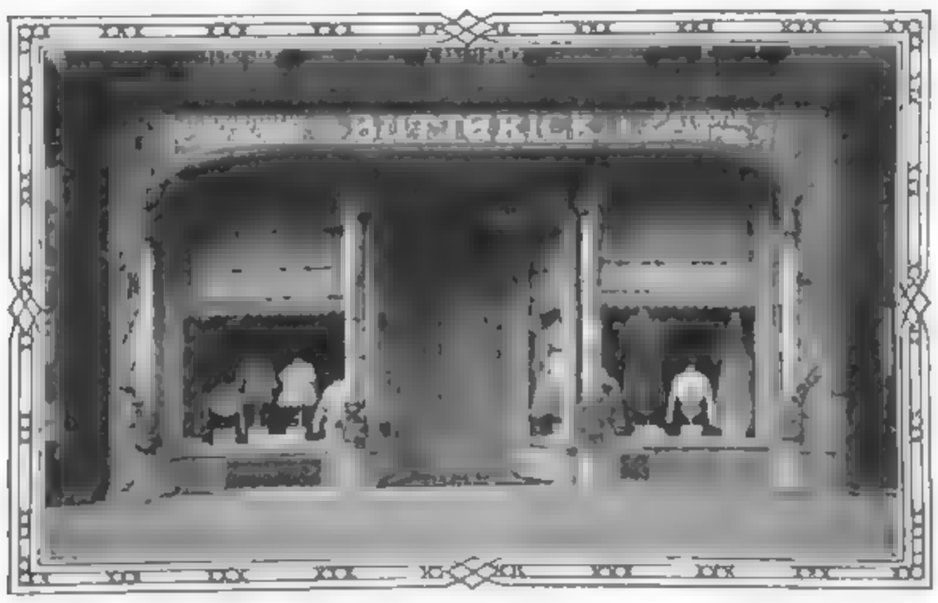
Paris, Arbiter of Style, puts the golden seal of her distinguished favor on The Delineator and Butterick patterns.

Scores of members of the French nobility write to Butterick over their own signatures ordering Butterick patterns and magazines.

The royalty and nobility of England are customers of the Butterick shop at 175 Regent Street, London.

So it is in Germany where ladies of the court circle patronize the Butterick shop in Berlin,

# Supreme in Fashion



Butterick shop, 27, Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

Interior of the Butterick shop in Paris.

102 Leipziger Strasse. In fact, we received so many letters signed by European ladies of title that we call the volumes in which they are kept "Butterick's Peerage."

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE | THE Delineator | THE DESIGNER

These are the names of some of the members of the French Nobility who are Butterick customers

Comtesse de Bartillat
Comtesse de Beaurepaire
Comtesse de Brinon
Vicomtesse d'Iray
Comtesse de St.-Maurice
Comtesse Jean de Saint-Seine
Comtesse de la Roche St.-André
Baronne du Houlley
Baronne de Layre.
Vicomtesse R. de Pontbriand.
Baronne de Veyrac.
Comtesse de Bragelongne
Marquise de Tauriac
Baronne du Laurens.
Baronne de la Rochette
Comtesse de Toulouse-Lautrec.
Vicomtesse de Jourdan.
Comtesse de Quincey
Baronne de la Motte
Vicomtesse de Mazenod
Vicomtesse A. de la Motte-Rouge
Vicomtesse Elie de Dampierre.
Comtesse Pontcharraux
Baronne P. de Chambry
Comtesse F. de Nauroi
Vicomtesse de Lamirault
Comtesse de Guernon.
Comtesse de la Salle.
Duchesse de Tascher de la Pagerie.
Vicomtesse de France.
Baronne de Sainte Marie.
Comtesse de Dampierre
Comtesse de Bailleux
Comtesse de Beaumont.
Comtesse S. d'Autume
Comtesse de Fautereau.
Vicomtesse de Rochas.
Marquise de la Guere
Vicomtesse V. de Lescure
Vicomtesse de Raincourt
Baronne de Kerling
Comtesse de Rousray.
Comtesse Maurice de Bréchard
Comtesse O'Connor
Baronne d'Assignies
Comtesse Herve de Kerret
Vicomtesse de Ginestous
Comtesse de Couasnon
Baronne J. d'Orgeval
Comtesse de la Morlais
Baronne de Créty de Saint-Paires
Comtesse le Gouvello
Comtesse de Roquefeuil
Comtesse A. de Bouillé.
Comtesse de Bueil
Vicomtesse de Mazenod
Comtesse des Monstiers
Vicomtesse de Pierredon.
Vicomtesse de Gaillon
Vicomtesse d'Ales.
Baronne de Combles
Baronne de Fontenay.
Baronne Dubreton.
Baronne de Cools
Comtesse de Beaurieux.
Comtesse G. de Sparre.
Comtesse d'Anieres de Sales.
Vicomtesse d'Aboville
Vicomtesse de Trimond.
Comtesse de Gouyon
Baronne de Baré de Comogne.
Comtesse Jean de Mathan
Comtesse le More
Baronne Henry de Villeneuve.
Vicomtesse A. de Rougé.
Comtesse de Breuil
Comtesse B. de Menthon.
Vicomtesse J. de Lagnac.
Comtesse de Dreuille
Vicomtesse de Paiseville.
Marquise de Gandel
Comtesse E. de St.-Exupéry.
Marquise de Ruffano
Comtesse P. de Cordon
Comtesse A. de Hauteclocque
Vicomtesse de Sinéty.
Baronne A. Cavrois
Vicomtesse d'Horrer

Here are just a few of the titled Englishwomen who buy Butterick patterns and magazines

Countess Brownlow, Belton House, Grantham
Lady Cunynghame, Badgeworth Court, Cheltenham
Lady Coke, Admiralty House, Queenstown, Ireland
The Countess Dowager of Carnarvon, The Manor House, Teversal, Mansfield
Lady Lawley, Hon. Secretary H. M. Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, Friary Court, St. James's Palace, S. W.
Lady Lady Annable Stoner House, Petersfield
Lady Astbury, Turville Court, Henley on Thames.
The Duchess of St. Albans, 49 Cadogan Gardens, S. W.
Countess of Seaford, Cullen House, Cullen, Banffshire
Lady Brickdale, The Dower House, Newland, Coleford, Glos.
Lady W. Brooke, Haughton, Shifnal, Shrops
Lady Marcus Beresford, Bishopsgate, Englefield Green
Hon. Mrs. Barnett, Uplands, Fordingbridge, Hants.
Lady Barrymore, Grand Hotel, Harrogate.
Lady Bell, Culross, Faygate, Horsham.
Lady Muriel Boyle, 66 Beulah Hill, Norwood, S. E.
Lady Barnsley, Earlsfield, Westfield Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Lady Buchanan, Risholme Grange, Lincoln.
Lady Constance Combe, Pierrepont, Farnham, Surrey
Hon. Mrs. Currie, The Deanery, Battle, Sussex.
Lady Poe, Heywood, Ballinakill, Queens County
Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, 7 Cromwell Road, S. W. (Kinchurdy, Boat of Garten, N. B.).
The Mayoress of Congleton, Berry Bank, Congleton
Lady Carey, La Maison Blanche, Guernsey.
Dowager Lady Clerk, The Barony House, Lasswade, N. B.
Lady Sybil Codrington, Pormarton, Badminton.
Lady Curtis-Bennett, Forest Bungalow, Lisburn
The Dowager Countess Nauville, Radnor Holmbury, St. Mary, Dorking
Lady C. Goff, Carrowroe Park, Roscommon.
Lady Godsell, 6 Tring Avenue, Ealing Common, W.
Lady Lilian Grenfell, The Chase, Whaddon, Bletchley, Bucks
Lady Grenfell, Wellesbourne House, Warwick
Lady John Joicey, Chute Lodge, Andover
Lady Hudson Kinahan, The Manor, Glenville Hermy.
Dowager Lady Kilmaine, Victoria Lodge, Woodhall Spa, Lincs
Lady Hardinge, Broke's Lodge, Reigate, Surrey
Lady Kennedy, The Manor House, West Heathby, Sussex
Lady Lawson, Bedale Hall, Yorks
Lady Leven) The Countess of Leven and Melville, Kirklington Park, Oxford
The Mayoress of Lancaster, The Vale, Lancaster
Lady Loreburn, Kingsdown House, Deal
Lady Mabel Lindsay, Lockinge House, Wantage Berks.
Lady Lawrence, Oaklands, Kenley, Surrey
Lady Lawrence, Waunifor, Maesycrugiau R. S. O., South Wales.
Hon. Lady Mahon, Castlegar, Ahascragh, Ireland
Lady O'Neill, Shane's Castle, Antrim, Ireland
Lady Pat, Black Hill, Abbey Leix, Ireland
The Hon. Lady Parsons, Ray, Kirkwhelpington Northumberland
Lady Rothschild, Tring Park, Tring, Herts.
Lady Sandhurst, Walmer Castle, Kent
Lady Sheffield, Normanby Park, Doncaster
Lady Shuttleworth, Gawthorpe Hall, Burnley, Lancs
Lady Sarah Spencer, Hazelhatch, Gomshall Surrey
Lady Sefton, Abbeystead, Lancaster
Lady Smith Dorrien, Harnham Cliff, Salisbury
Lady Wimborne, Cranford Manor, Wimborne
Countess of Wharncliffe, Woodhill, Send, Woking Surrey
Lady Primrose, 37 Valley Drive, Harrogate

*New York* *Paris* **Butterick** *London* *Berlin*

# South America and Its Golden Opportunities

Do you know

—that Brazil is 200,000 square miles larger than the United States?

—the population of Buenos Aires will probably exceed that of Chicago in 1930?

—the sidewalks of Rio de Janeiro are paved with mosaics?

—where the "River of Doubt" is?

—where the world's supply of beef, mutton, skins, coffee, sugar, cacao, coco, bananas, rubber, copper, emeralds, iron, nitrates and many precious hardwoods is located?

Do you realize

—there is more natural wealth in South America waiting to be claimed and developed than in any other land in the world?

—the European war now puts these great opportunities up to America and Americans?

—under the new banking laws our banking system is gradually being extended to operate throughout Latin America?

Have you read

THE SOUTH-AMERICAN

A JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN LATIN AMERICAN AFFAIRS

It is the magazine for progressive men and women, because progressive people are interested in Spanish-speaking countries, and in the subject of Pan-Americanism. Business men find in it most valuable information. All find THE SOUTH AMERICAN interesting because of opportunities it describes, possibilities it presents and newly launched projects it announces.

## Free Spanish Lessons

Each issue contains a lesson in Spanish. These are prepared in a simple way that makes them easily understood and quickly mastered.

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Before the war terminates is the time to study Latin America and her inexhaustible wealth of opportunities for those going there, and for those who intend to remain here as well. Positions are now open to stenographers, salesmen, shippers, correspondents and others.

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THE SOUTH AMERICAN, 61 Broadway, New York

Gentlemen: I enclose $1.00 for which send me THE SOUTH AMERICAN for nine months and send me, free of charge, the lessons in Spanish that have appeared in twelve previous issues.

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Street _____

City and State _____


(Concluded from Page 47)

not follow suit? To-day the Atchison is one of the best railroads in the United States. A generation ago it was in bankruptcy; in fact, it has been in bankruptcy twice. After coming out of bankruptcy it was forced to economize and struggle. Every dollar of expenditure was watched with the eye of a bulldog, while great effort was made to solicit business and secure patronage. To-day it is receiving the inevitable reward of such efforts. To-day it is being operated honestly, fearlessly, economically and efficiently. Mr. Ripley, president of the Atchison, is of the old school. He started in his shirt sleeves, and on a hot summer day you can find him at his desk in Chicago still working in his shirt sleeves. Will the next president of the Atchison be found on a hot summer day working in his shirt sleeves? That's the big question.

Bankers, however, make an exception when I include the Pennsylvania Railroad. The general impression is that the Pennsylvania Railroad has a sort of charmed life. Well, there is no doubt that it is one of the best-managed, most progressive and carefully operated railroads in the United States to-day. Its management has always been noted especially for its long-headedness and farsightedness. For instance, the Pennsylvania was the first road generally to adopt steel cars. So, when the hue and cry arose for steel cars, and other roads began to scramble to get them, they woke up to find that the Pennsylvania already had them.

The forehandedness shown by the Pennsylvania in borrowing long-term money at very low rates years ago for improvements is worthy of the greatest praise. Where most roads do not double-track or enlarge until they have to—and by the time the work is finished they have no use for double track—the Pennsylvania has used the reverse method. The Pennsylvania has double-tracked during periods of depression, anticipating the periods of prosperity and being ready for them when they came. Yes; the Pennsylvania is a great property and certainly has the longest good record of any road in the country.

But the future of even the Pennsylvania Railroad will not be determined by the past, but by whether the present management is working, economizing and worrying as did its predecessors. If it is, and so long as it does, the Pennsylvania is all right. If the managers are not working so hard and economizing so carefully, then the Pennsylvania should be watched. The real future of the Pennsylvania and of every other good property depends mainly upon the personality of the management. If the management consists of men brought up in luxury I want none of my money in the stock of the company a generation hence. But if they are men picked from the ranks, men who have worked themselves up from rodmen and engineers, then the stock of such a company will be good for another generation.

### Railroad Saturation

Of course I am using the Atchison and the Pennsylvania only as illustrations. The same principle applies to the entire list of the good roads of to-day. If the successors to the present managements are selected from the shirt-sleeve group, and are men used to working, struggling and economizing, well and good; but if these successors are rich men's sons the roads may be seeing their best days now.

It is a poor rule, however, that does not work both ways. If prosperity is bad for the good roads adversity must be good for the poor roads. History shows this to be true. Hence, the struggling properties that are now in the hands of receivers look most attractive to me. The new managements of the Rock Island, the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Missouri Pacific, which will be in the saddle after these roads are finally reorganized, will probably be composed of men who must struggle, economize and worry. As a result, they will gradually develop a good business and operate on a most efficient basis. This should insure these properties against trouble for a generation to come.

But honesty and good management alone will not necessarily save a property. As already suggested, I believe the Boston and Maine was honestly managed by my friend, the late President Tuttle. I believe, however, that he was too easy and optimistic about his road. He failed to recognize that other fundamental trouble with the Boston and Maine, which was that New England had become saturated. Even the wonderful Pennsylvania management could perhaps not have prevented New England from becoming saturated; but it would have tried. The old Boston and Maine management was too rich and conservative even to try.

A study of investments has taught me that, so long as a railroad can continue to extend into virgin territory, it appears to be prosperous. Furthermore, until a railroad closes its construction account it can show almost any earnings it desires. I do not mean to hint that railroads falsify their books or show any earnings they should not show. My point is simply that so long as territory is growing a railroad can continue to grow and prosper; but when the territory is saturated, and the railroad can no longer grow, then it has difficulty in financing its needs. Operating and maintenance expenses then rapidly increase.

I suppose this is on the principle that we must all go either forward or backward. We cannot stand still. The first roads to get into trouble were those whose territory first became saturated. Hence, a generation ago many of them were in bankruptcy. Only the old Boston and Providence, the Pennsylvania, and a few others survived. The great majority were reorganized when this point of saturation was reached.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on the future of American railroads. The second will appear next week

## Michaela

*THE little buds are on the bush,*
*The young moon's in the sky;*
*The garden dreams; and in the hush*
*The shy rain tiptoes by.*
*The old stone seat is wet with dew,*
*The starshine's on the stile;*
*And oh, the Irish eyes of you*
*That used to smile and smile!*

*Michaela, all the years are fled;*
*The old dream's mine again.*
*There are no days and roses dead,*
*Life has no haunting pain.*
*I'm waiting where the red rose dips*
*And the iris blossoms blue;*
*And one's the velvet of your lips,*
*And one the eyes of you.*

*For all the way from ould Kildare*
*To the townland of Culleen*
*You came, to dance at the county fair,*
*The loveliest lass on the green.*
*I laughed at you from my jaunting car;*
*Your eyes, they laughed at me,*
*As twinkled and danced that roguish star*
*Over the western sea.*

*And it's oh, alanna! And oh, my heart!*
*And the dreary years to be!*
*For your feet turned there where the long roads part,*
*And never came back to me.*
*Mavourneen, sad was the day you knew*
*The ould man's gold and guile;*
*For the shadow's black in the eyes of you*
*That used to smile and smile!*

*The shadow's black when we meet and pass,*
*With never a word between;*
*For you're no longer the lightsome lass*
*Who danced on the village green.*
*You've paid the price for the ould man's gold,*
*And paid it straight and true.*
*And all the pitiful story's told*
*In the Irish eyes of you.*

*Come to the garden, acushla! Come*
*When the day's gone down in the west,*
*With eyes so weary and heart that's numb,*
*Knowing now love is best.*
*Hand in hand for a happy hour*
*We'll walk mid the rose and rue,*
*As once we walked with the spring a-flower*
*On the lips, in the eyes, of you.*

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

"I'm a different man now!"

"I can work better and think clearer since I switched to Girards. I have completely stepped out of my old nervous, irritable self!"

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Established 1871

The "Broker"
Actual size. 10c.

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The thickness of the two chains of rubber running around the tread is what gives the extra wear of 'Chain' Treads.

The position of these rubber chains on the tread gives the remarkable traction and anti-skid qualities for which 'Chain' Treads are famous.

The 'Chain' is one of five United States 'Balanced' Tires which meet every motoring condition of price and use.

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TOE AND HEEL
Socks

Dealers now showing summer weights and colors
25¢ 35¢ 50¢ $1.00 the pair.
Never sold under any other name.

# THE CELLINI SALTCELLAR

(Continued from Page 14)

inmates since the institution opened, with details of their various characteristics." And, leaving his cigarette case beside Mr. Yorke, he went from the room and was absent several minutes.

"There was an attendant at the Asylum named Fenning," he said on his return; "and, what is more vital, the register records that toward the end of her life Emily Hoate was obsessed with a passion for digging."

Mr. Yorke rubbed his hands in satisfaction.

"You credit Fenning's story, then?" he asked.

Lord Louis nodded.

"Do you know anything about the Hoate estate?" he demanded.

"My father pointed it out to me when I was a boy. The original house and garden, for the property has since been built over, occupied a three-cornered piece of ground at a point where two roads converged. A shorter road ran between one and the other, forming the base of the triangle."

"I see," mused Lord Louis. "Then, if she buried the treasure in the middle of the garden, it may well be there, still undisturbed by the building operations that took place subsequently. Not that the point is important; for had the Benvenuto Cellini Saltcellar been recovered, the world would have known."

"A most concise piece of reasoning," applauded Mr. Yorke.

"I will order the car," said Lord Louis. "We will take a look at the place at once."

Passing the front door a few minutes later, Lord Louis had an inspiration and, turning to the butler, said:

"Badger, call up Mr. Cedric Milwood and ask whether he is employing a servant who was once in the service of Mr. Albert Hoate."

"Mr. Albert Hoate, m'lord? Certainly, m'lord," replied Badger, and gave the chauffeur a sign to proceed.

Arrived at their destination, the two gentlemen descended from the car. Lord Louis' brow contracted when he noticed the untenanted houses.

"I don't like the look of this," he said. "It suggests that the landlord may have circulated this story to inflate the price of a very unsalable property."

"Oh dear!" said Mr. Yorke, whose hopes were easily dashed.

"We will make some inquiries," said Lord Louis; and together they entered the little grocery store.

Having made an insignificant purchase, the nobleman asked whether the houses opposite had recently been put up for sale.

"No," replied the grocer. "They've been for sale these last ten months or more. Mr. Mayne, the house agent, will give you any particulars."

"That looks better," said Lord Louis when they had passed from the shop. "Let us see what Mr. Mayne has to say."

Mr. Mayne's office was adjacent and shortly afterward they were interviewing that gentleman in person.

"I imagine my client—Mr. Heughes—would accept twelve hundred," he said; adding: "The chances of his getting more are very small."

Lord Louis laid his card on the table.

"Be so good as to communicate your client's views to that address," he begged. "I might be disposed to make him an offer."

Mr. Mayne, who was much impressed by the name on Lord Louis' card, gave assurance that the matter should receive his immediate attention.

On returning to Lord Louis' house they found the butler at the telephone.

"Hold on!" said that dignitary. "His lordship has just come in." Then, addressing Lord Louis: "I have only just got through, m'lord. Would you care to speak? Mrs. Milwood is at the other end."

Lord Louis picked up the receiver.

"Is that you, Sarah?" he said. "Louis speaking. . . . Yes; very well, thank you. And you? . . . Didn't you tell me the other day that you had an old servant of Albert Hoate's with you? . . . Yes; I thought you did. The wife of your lodgekeeper. May I drive over in the morning and have a word with her? . . . What? . . . Of course I meant after I had paid my respects to you. . . . Yes; lunch would be delightful. . . . No; not so eccentric as you imagine. Good-by." And he rang off.

"You were right, then?" said Mr. Yorke.

"Yes. The old woman may recall something worth while. We must be thorough above all else."

With that, Lord Louis lit a cigarette and smiled; and Mr. Yorke, who knew that smile, could see that his friend was pleased with the progress of events.

On the following morning Lord Louis' car conveyed him to his nephew's estate. Little Mrs. Sarah, who had been a bride for the last three months, greeted him with a wholehearted cordiality, which always awoke in his being grave doubts as to whether his nephew was worthy of her. He experienced the greatest difficulty in preserving a correct avuncular attitude when chance left them alone together. This fact little Mrs. Sarah was well aware of and took a fiendish delight in uncle-ing him in a most distracting manner.

Lord Louis asked permission to present himself at once to the lodgekeeper's wife, whose name he learned was Mrs. Fox.

"Oh, certainly," said Sarah with an adorable pout; "but I don't think it is very nice of you, Uncle Louis, to want to spend the morning with the servants instead of with me."

Lord Louis protested hotly that this was not the case, but he had some business with Mrs. Fox that would admit of no delay. Eventually Sarah put on a garden hat and together they strolled over to the lodge.

Lord Louis had a winning way with him, and in no time Mrs. Fox, thoroughly at her ease, was reciting her reminiscences of the Hoate mystery.

"I was only a bit of a girl at the time," she said, "but I remember it as clearly as clearly. Such an upset you never saw! Mind you, I felt sorry for poor Miss Emily, I did; for if ever there was a scheming piece of goods it was that Miss Cremorne."

Lord Louis nodded sympathetically.

"You think," said he, "that she did throw those things into the river?"

"There's no doubt about it," replied the old lady.

"It had got on her mind, you see. Those two nights after they was locked up in the safe she never slept a wink."

"How do you know that?" asked Lord Louis, pricking up his ears.

"I used to do her room and the bed hadn't been slept in either night. She must have walked up and down—up and down."

Lord Louis considered.

"I see," he said; then added: "Perhaps she lay down on the couch below stairs."

"No; she must have used her room, and I'll tell you what makes me say so: There was dirty water in the basin on both mornings."

"Ah, very conclusive!" murmured Lord Louis.

"In fact, I said to myself when I was emptying it: 'What 'as she been doing to get her hands in such a state?'"

"What made you say that?"

"The water was just as if someone had washed their hands after potting out plants."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lord Louis, springing to his feet. "Did you ever mention that fact to anyone else?"

"I can't remember that I ever did," responded Mrs. Fox.

Lord Louis was tingling with excitement.

"Sarah," he said, "you must forgive me if I don't stay to lunch; but what this good lady has told me is of immense importance."

"You are not going to run away?" pleaded Sarah.

"I must! I must!" he said.

And less than an hour later he was recounting to Mr. Yorke the amazing intelligence that, on the two mornings following the locking up of the Cellini Saltcellar in Mr. Hoate's safe, Miss Emily had washed her hands, and the water resembled that which might have been used by a person who had previously potted out plants.

After this there existed no doubts in the minds of either gentleman that the Cellini Saltcellar actually reposed in a deep hole on the property of Mr. Lewis Heughes.

During the course of the day they received a communication from the agent to the effect that the late Hoate property was to be put up at public auction in about a fortnight's time.

In view of this fact Lord Louis sent for Fenning and, after presenting him with a five-pound note, enjoined him to preserve the strictest secrecy, explaining that if the

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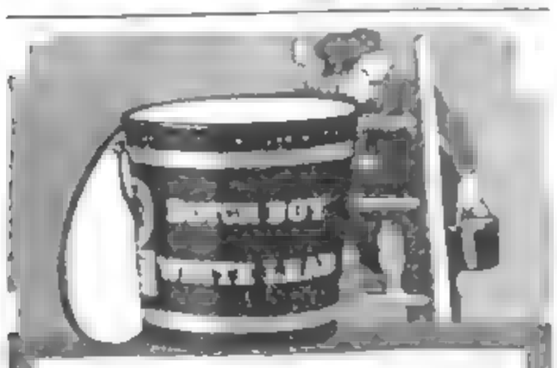


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story became known there would be a terrific competition of dealers to become possessor of the property.

Mr. Fenning was quite touched by Lord Louis' gift and compared him favorably with his employer, Palliser, from whom he had had the greatest difficulty to secure the three pounds contracted for. Indeed, his anger had been so acute that, if it had not been for the promise of one per cent on the deal, he should probably have exploded Palliser's plans by telling the truth to Lord Louis.

A day or two before the auction Caleb and Palliser held a conference. They were now sure of their prey, but determined to run no risks of Lord Louis' suspicions being roused at the last moment.

"I don't see that there are any risks," grumbled Caleb. "We [illegible], from Lenwig, that he means to [illegible] and we've got to do [illegible]."

"Ah! That's where the danger lies," returned Palaser, who thought of everything. "He's no fool, is Lord Louis. He'll ask himself why the prices rising."

"That's true," said Caleb, scratching his musical box chin.

"Why not send Fenning round to see him on the morning of the sale?" suggested Palliser, "with a yarn of having had a drop too much the night before. He was in a crowded bar at the time, with a lot of dealers in it, and, though his memory isn't very clear, he's afraid he may have said something he didn't ought."

"Good!" assented Caleb. "Let it go at that."

Accordingly Fenning was rehearsed in his new part and made his confession to Lord Louis at the appointed time. Lord Louis took the news very well.

"It is a pity," he said; "but probably no harm will have been done." Then, accompanied by Mr. Yorke, he entered his car and proceeded to the auction room.

It is not the intention of the narrator to dwell on the details of the sale. It suffices to say that the late Hoate Estate was knocked down to a bid from Lord Louis Lewis of nine thousand pounds. From the moment that the bidding started it was clear to his lordship that Fenning's ill-advised garrulity the night before had had its effect. The competition, or what was actually the running up by Mr. Palliser, had been very keen. At one point, indeed, Lord Louis thought seriously of letting his unknown opponent have it; and Palliser afterward confessed that this was one of the nastiest moments in his career and discouraged him from forcing the price any higher.

The title deeds were made over to the noble lord and he took possession four days later.

The purchase money was divided up in the appointed proportions and Caleb and Palliser, forgetting their previous enmity, laid in a stock of refreshment and indulged in wine on a scale hitherto undreamed of. When partially returned to sobriety they were able to consider the more normal aspects of life and, among other things, came to the conclusion that one per cent on the profits was far too high a commission to pay to Fenning for his share in the transaction.

"Pay an ole man like that sixty-two pound ten!" argued Palliser. "Why, he wouldn't know what to do with it!"

"That's right!" agreed Caleb. "It's too much."

"I reckon a ten-pound note would be more than fair," said Palliser in conclusion.

In the meanwhile Lord Louis, assisted by Mr. Augustus Yorke, was digging large holes in the open space at the rear of their newly acquired houses. Their enthusiasm was intense; but, after three arduous days unrewarded by any find, Mr. Yorke's spirits began to decline.

"There is no reason to despair," said Lord Louis, always philosophical. "It is probably lying under where one of these houses now stands. We will prosecute a careful search in the open; and if that reveals nothing I will have the houses removed and we will search beneath them." And, so saying, he began digging again with renewed energy.

During the afternoon Palliser and his partner let themselves into one of the empty houses and, standing well back so as not to be observed, spent an hour of agonizing mirth, watching the antics of the diggers below.

"It beats a play!" gasped Palliser. "Blow me if I don't come here every day and watch! Never saw anything I liked better."


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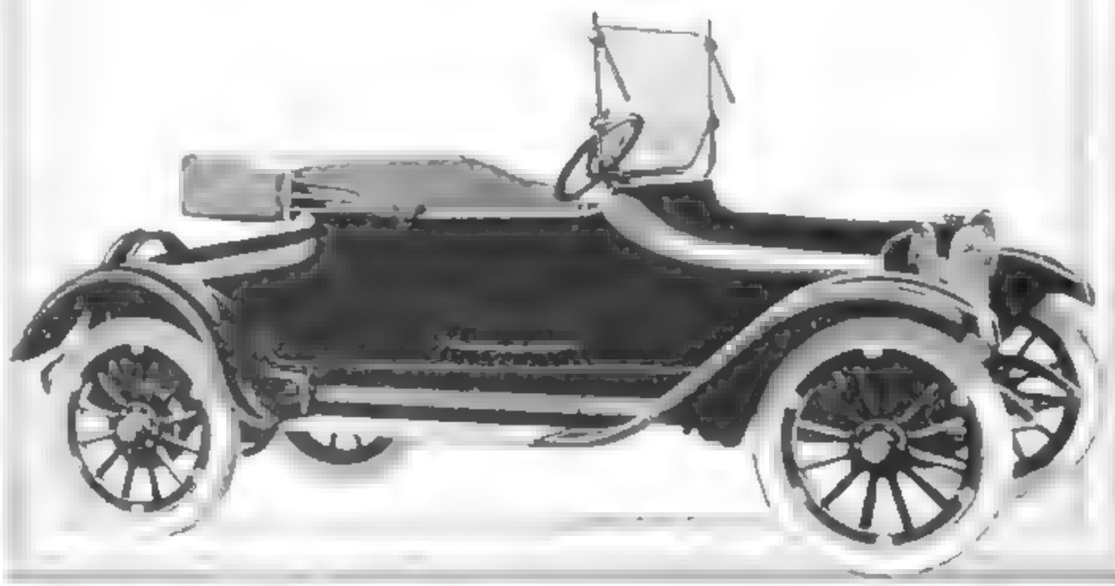

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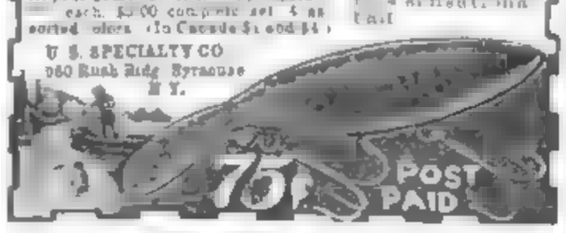


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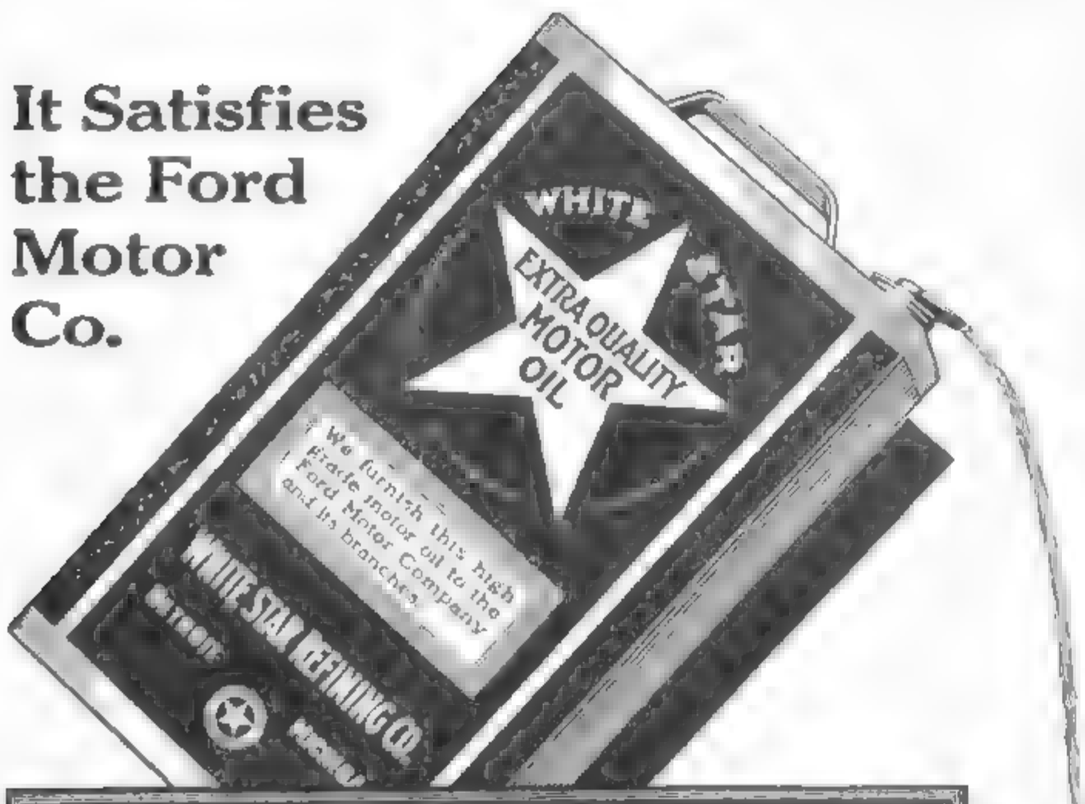
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**WHITE STAR EXTRA QUALITY MOTOR OIL**


When Lord Louis and Mr. Yorke arrived home for dinner they were astonished to find Mr. Fenning waiting for them.

"You wonder why I'm 'ere," said Fenning. "I'll tell you: You've been swindled—you have. Done, you've been—done!"

And thereupon he explained, detail for detail, how Palliser had worked the shameless deal.

"He's a blackguard," cried Fenning by way of conclusion—"one of the dirtiest blackguards un'ung! Promised me one per cent on the profit and then tries to square me orf with a tenner!"

When Mr. Fenning had stopped, from sheer exhaustion, Lord Louis spoke.

"Mr. Fenning," he said, "you can hardly expect sympathy from me. Through your agency I suffer a loss of nine thousand pounds. Caleb and Palliser bore me illwill over an encounter we had in the past; thus, their behavior is more or less understandable. But with you it is different—you had no score to settle. Consequently I regard your action as the more contemptible, and rejoice that this piece of poetic justice has been visited upon you. Kindly leave my house as quickly as you can."

And Fenning, with a chastened spirit, withdrew. He had scarcely closed the door, however, when the voice of Lord Louis arrested him.

"One moment," said the nobleman. "Did you inform Palliser or Caleb of your intention to tell me the truth?"

"No—not yet," came the reply.

"Then do nothing of the kind. I desire they should think I am still of the belief that the Cellini Saltcellar is buried in those grounds."

"Al. right," said Fenning; then added: "You may not know it, but them two spends their time laughing at you digging, from a room in one of the empty houses."

"Thank you," said Lord Louis. "We will see if the laugh cannot be turned against them. Good night."

Mr. Yorke was desolate and raved against the injustice that had been done.

"You will prosecute, of course," he said. "You will not allow this crime to go unpunished?"

Lord Louis rubbed his nose, a trick he had when thinking. Presently he replied:

"Rest assured they shall be punished—fully."

That evening was spent by Lord Louis in a very peculiar way. There was a room at the top of his house in which was a large assortment of various odds and ends collected during his rambles. To this apartment he adjourned, eventually to emerge carrying two plated sugar dredgers and an old Sheffield candelabrum, beautiful in design but much ravaged by years.

These pieces he conveyed to what he was pleased to call his workshop. Arrived there he smeared them with acid, plastered them with dirt, and generally lent them an appearance of the utmost decay. It was past midnight before he had finished; when, instead of retiring to bed, he donned his overcoat and, making a parcel of the three pieces of plate, let himself out of the house.

Hailing a late taxi, he told the driver to proceed to Hardwick Street. He alighted at the corner and, bidding the man to wait, vanished up a narrow alleyway between two of his recently acquired houses. He was gone about twenty minutes, and when he returned it was noticeable that he no longer carried the parcel.

The next morning he called at Mr. Yorke's house.

"Come along," he said; "we must begin digging at once."

"Digging!" exclaimed Mr. Yorke. "Whatever for?"

"One never knows," replied Lord Louis, and carried off his friend, mildly protesting, to the scene of their excavations.

Before leaving the car, he addressed a few words to the chauffeur.

"You should have no difficulty in recognizing them," he said—"one is a tall man; the other a short. They will enter one of the houses; when you will give two blasts of the horn."

In face of what had been told them by Fenning, Mr. Yorke was most unwilling to dig; but Lord Louis was inexorable and wore down his resistance.

About an hour and a half later, when the earth was flying from their busy spades, they heard the signal blasts from the motor-horn.

"Which means," remarked Lord Louis, "that the gentlemen responsible for this swindle are enjoying a joke at our expense;

*(Continued on Page 57)*

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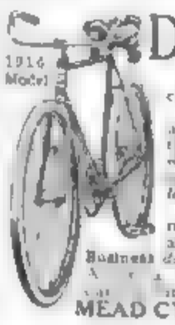


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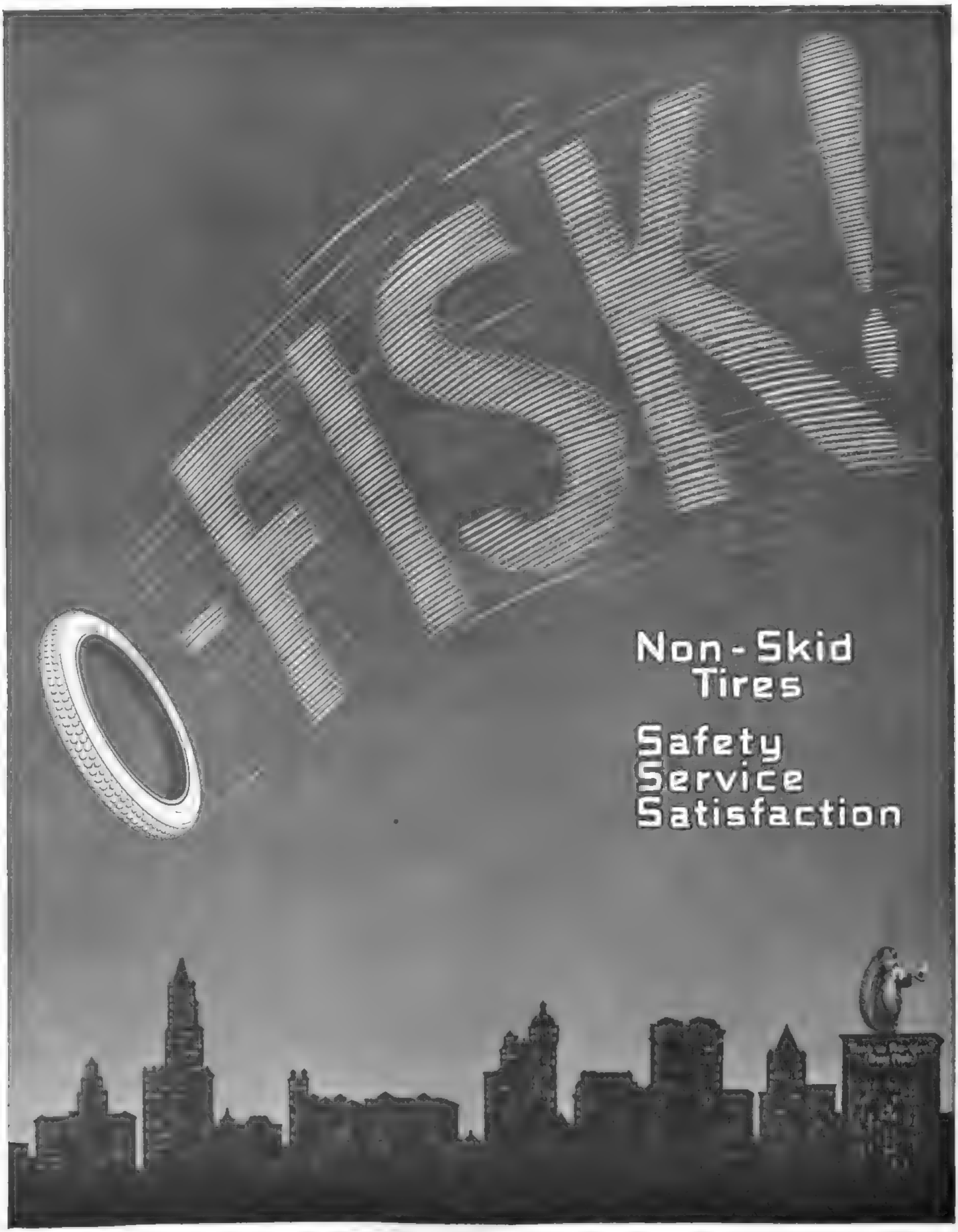
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73 NEW CONCEPTIONS

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You will find, for one thing, 26 extra features. Each is a costly feature—each something you will prize. Most of these are exclusive attractions. All are rare.

All of those extras are found in a car which undersells most others in its class. All because John W. Bate has evolved here ten thousand factory savings.

### 440 Modern Parts

You will find in the chassis a masterpiece of simplicity. Hardly a casting in it. There are 440 parts made of light, tough steel—drop forgings or steel stampings.

You will find a wealth of Chrome-Vanadium steel. You will find drilled pistons, hollow rods and shafts, to get strength without wasted weight.

But not one experiment. This latest model is a 13-year evolution. It is in the chassis, like our last wonderful model.

And 37 great engineers—men of national fame—selected last season's Mitchell for their personal car. Let us send you a list of them.

Six Mitchell cars, built by John W. Bate, have averaged 164,372 miles each—over 30 years of ordinary service. So, despite this lightness and this simplicity, the Mitchell has matchless endurance.

### 73 New Conceptions

This Mid-Year Mitchell embodies 73 new ideas, brought out at the New York Shows. Our artists and designers examined 257 new models. Then combined with their own ideas the best from them all.

This body design was considered the handsomest ever seen on a touring car. In detail and equipment it includes everything new and desirable. Thus this composite car shows all the new styles together.

That in addition to 26 extras, mostly unique to the Mitchell.

### What Women Like

Many Mitchell features will especially appeal to women. The Bate cantilever springs make this by far the easiest-riding car. The ball-bearing steering gear and the easy gear shift will appeal to women who drive. There is a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment, a power tire pump, etc.

If these things seem desirable, we ask you to go and see them. A car which lacks these extras, we believe, will then seem incomplete.

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7-Passenger Touring Body $35 Extra

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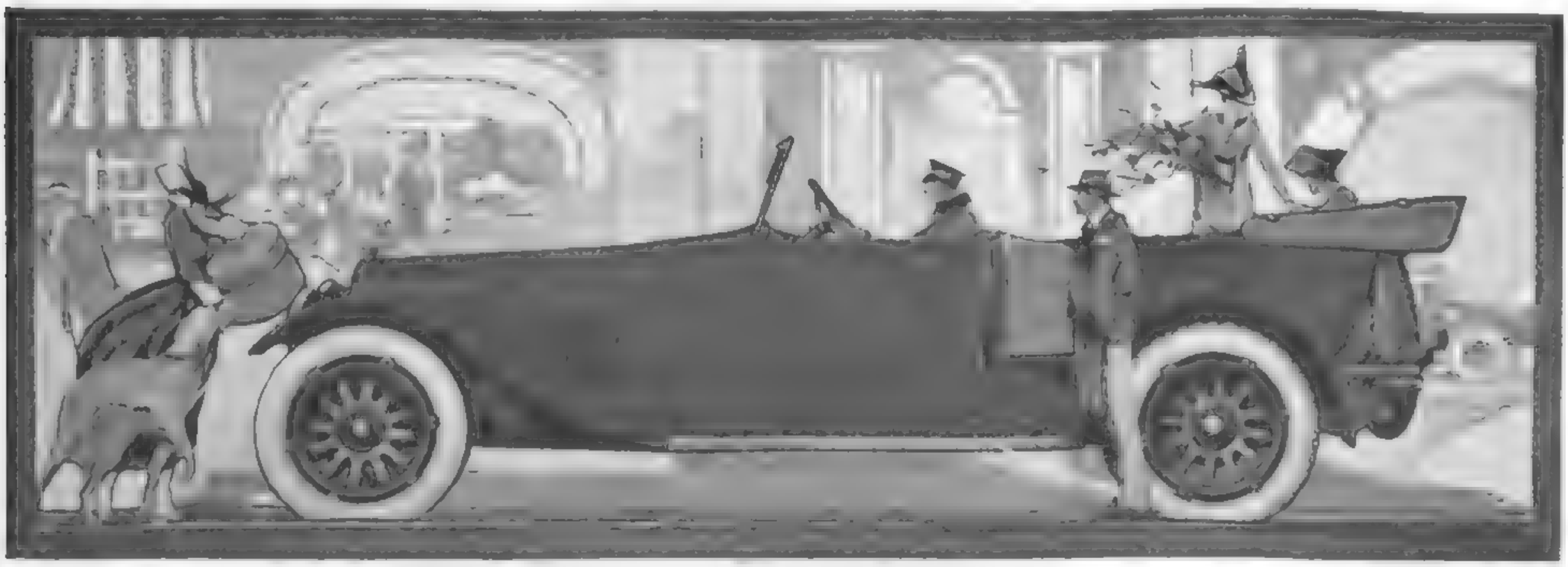

(Continued from Page 54)

in other words, are watching us from one of those windows."

Mr. Yorke threw down his spade.

"Then I dig no more!" he exclaimed emphatically

"On the contrary," exclaimed Lord Louis, "you will dig with renewed energy! With your permission, we will break the ground in a new spot." And, so saying, he began a fresh hole a few yards away.

"By cripes!" exploded Palliser, nudging Caleb in the ribs. "Did you ever see the like?"

"Laughable isn't the word!" responded Caleb, applying a match to his pipe.

They gave themselves over to ten minutes of unadulterated bliss while the nobleman and his friend attacked the soil beneath. Then, of a sudden, there came up to them a cry of astonishment from Mr. Yorke. They saw him stoop and take from the hole he had been digging a small metal object about seven inches high.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Lord Louis, look what I have found!"

They saw Lord Louis take the object in his hand and examine it carefully. Most of what he said was inaudible, but they caught the words: "There was a pair of these Sheffield dredgers; no doubt this is one of them."

The rest of the conversation was lost as the two below linked arms and walked up and down, gesticulating excitedly.

Very slowly Palliser and Caleb turned their eyes on each other and the color of their faces was an ashy gray.

"Gor!" said Caleb in a husky whisper.

"She hid the plate at the same time as—as the other," said Palliser.

"Goin' down to the river was a blind. It—it's there!"

Caleb's tongue was sticking to the roof of his mouth.

"That Cellini Saltcellar's worth hundreds of thousands of pounds—hundreds of thousands! Gor! And we parted with it for nine!"

The sweat was standing in beads on Palliser's brow.

"Something'll have to be done," he said.

Meanwhile, Lord Louis had summoned his chauffeur and dispatched him on an errand. Presently he returned with another person, who looked like an ordinary navvy, but was, in reality, his lordship's valet, disguised for a special purpose.

"Now look here, my man," they heard Lord Louis say, "I want you to keep an eye on this ground while we are away. Don't let anyone trespass. You understand?"

The man nodded. "Here's five shillings for your trouble. We shall be back in about an hour."

Lord Louis took Mr. Yorke by the arm and together they made their way to the waiting automobile, the nobleman remarking as he passed the window where the two conspirators were in hiding:

"This arrangement will do for the moment, but we must have a permanent guard on the premises night and day. I will send Edwards and Kendall in the meantime."

No sooner were they out of sight than Palliser spoke.

"Caleb," he whispered, "it's our only chance. We must get that feller out of the way right now. If the rest is in that hole we could get it out, with luck, before they come back. Come on!" And, dragging the hapless Caleb after him, they debouched into the garden.

"Hello!" exclaimed the new custodian. "Wot d'you want?"

"We're friends of the gentleman who's just gone," replied Palliser. "He asked us to say as you needn't wait."

"In fact, that you wasn't to," added Caleb.

The custodian scratched his head.

"Gentleman give me five shillings to stop," he said.

"My friend'll give you ten to go away—won't you, Caleb?"

"I suppose so," grunted Caleb, always sensitive where money was concerned.

"Now you're torkin'!" said the man, with outstretched hand.

When the coin had changed ownership Caleb said:

"You can come back in three-quarters of an hour—see?"

"Right-oh!" responded the man, and mooched away.

No sooner had he passed from view than Caleb and Palliser grabbed the spades and began to dig with feverish haste. Barely a couple of minutes passed before Caleb's spade struck against a hard object, and a much-battered Sheffield sugar dredger was thrown up on the mound of earth beside them.

"This makes the pair to the one they found!" cried Caleb.

"Don't stop!" gasped Palliser, plying his spade furiously.

He had scarcely spoken when the displaced earth revealed the branch candelabrum Lord Louis had so carefully prepared the night before.

"We're finding the stuff," gasped Palliser. "This bit is the one they spoke of in the paper. Come on!"

"Wait a minute," warned Caleb. "Let's hide it away in case they come back. This dus'bin'll do."

They were turning away from the dustbin, after closing the lid, when confronted with the unwelcome reappearance of the custodian.

"Told you to go away!" shouted Palliser.

"I know," replied Lord Louis' valet; "but there's a couple of blokes comin' down the road. They'll be the guard 'e was puttin' in to look after the place."

"Out of it!" sputtered Caleb; and, followed by his partner in crime, beat a hurried retreat by way of a southern exit.

Lord Louis' valet grinned and watched them disappear.

"His lordship said I was to turn over the ground and make sure they had found it all right," he reflected. "Well, let's see!" And, picking up a spade, he began to dig.

"A dam' bit of luck!" gasped Caleb when they had placed a quarter of a mile between them and the late Hoate estate. "Another ten minutes and we'd have found the thing. A dam' bit of luck!"

"Look here, Caleb," said Palliser, "it's no good! S'posin' we had found it—it wouldn't have been any use. Stolen property—see what I mean? We wouldn't 'a' got the price of old gold, even if we'd found a fence to take it off us." Caleb realized the truth of this statement with a shock. "Only one thing to be done," continued Palliser: "we must buy back the land."

"Tss!" exclaimed Caleb. "Would 'e sell? Not him!"

"Donno; but it's our only chance." Palliser pondered a moment and then burst out: "I got an idea!"

"You always 'ave," grumbled Caleb.

"Lord Louis is a man of honor—and I believe it'll work. We must get to the bank at once and take out the money he paid, and a bit over besides."

"You haven't got any more," argued Caleb.

"No; but you have. It's kill or cure. I'll explain my meaning on the way."

Lord Louis was finishing lunch when the butler entered to ask whether he would see a Mr. Caleb and a Mr. Palliser.

"Tell them to wait," said Lord Louis; then, addressing Mr. Yorke, whose feelings had been greatly dashed on learning that the rich seam he had struck had been salted by his friend the night before, he said: "The fish are rising to our first cast."

He rose and led the way to the smoking room, where the two dealers were waiting. They came to their feet as Lord Louis and Mr. Yorke entered.

"Well," said Lord Louis coldly, "what can I do for you?"

"We have something to say," replied Palliser, who was always spokesman, "and we hope your lordship will hear us out with tolerance and generosity."

"You will be able to judge of that after the interview," said Lord Louis. "Sit down and proceed."

"A week ago," said Palliser, "your lordship bought a plot of land from my friend Caleb, here."

"What!" exclaimed Lord Louis with an affectation of extreme surprise. "I did no such thing! The name of the last owner was Heughes—Lewis Heughes."

"That's me," said Caleb.

"I see," replied Lord Louis icily. "The name you took, I presume, for purposes of deception."

"No, no, my lord!" cried Caleb. "It's my lawful name and my mother's before me."

Lord Louis raised his eyebrows and Palliser proceeded:

"Caleb and I had a joint interest in that land and we put it up at auction. Much to our surprise, we found you have bought it, at a figure beyond any we had believed possible. The most we were looking for was a couple of thousand; and, instead, you buy it for nine—and why? That's what we ask ourselves. Why?"


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"I trust you found a satisfactory explanation," cut in Mr. Yorke.

"We found an explanation," replied Palliser, with a sad inflection, "but could hardly call it satisfactory. We heard, only this morning, that Lord Louis had received secret information from a man named Fenning that the famous Benvenuto Cellini Saltcellar, lost in 1860, was buried there. We made inquiries and heard the truth from the lips of Fenning himself."

Lord Louis smiled.

"Ah, you may smile, Lord Louis," pursued Palliser; "but I ask you, as one gentleman to another, was it playing the game? Was it the square thing to do?" At this point Caleb was constrained to wipe emotional moisture from his nose. "Was it the true act of a gentleman for a rich man like yourself to take advantage of two poor dealers who have their children's welfare to consider and their livings to get? I ask you that question, my lord, and await your answer."

Lord Louis was amazed at this piece of profound effrontery, but he did not betray the fact.

"Mr. Palliser," said he, "your words touch me to the very quick. I see myself now as others see me. You yourselves must know that we collectors are all too ready, in the excitement of the chase, to forget our ethical obligations to the rest of mankind. I beg you to tell me by what means I can make reparation."

A transport of joy passed through the beings of Caleb and Palliser, depriving them of expression. Eventually Palliser found the words to say:

"We have brought the money with us, and ask your lordship to sell us back the land at the price you paid."

Lord Louis considered the point without answering; then said:

"I risked nine thousand pounds on an off chance of finding that saltcellar. You, on the other hand, apparently know that it is there."

"Your lordship knows that, too," put in Caleb.

"It may not be," said Lord Louis with surprising frankness. "However, if you consider your information justifies you in making the purchase, I will sell you the land for ten thousand."

"Oh, come!" protested Palliser.

"For ten thousand pounds—and Mr. Yorke shall judge whether the price is fair."

"Too fair—most generous!" assented that gentleman.

Caleb and Palliser exchanged glances; then Caleb nodded and produced a roll of notes.

"We accept the terms," said Palliser—"provided your lordship makes over the property to us at once."

Lord Louis nodded assent and seated himself at his writing table.

"I will give you a note to that effect," he said, "and our lawyers can attend to the legal transfer afterward. It is now one-fifty-five. I shall write here that you enter into possession at two o'clock."

He wrote for a few moments in silence; then gave the paper, together with the title deeds of the estate, to Palliser, who, after examining them minutely, handed Lord Louis ten thousand pounds in notes.

They were on the point of retiring when Badger, the butler, entered.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but your lordship's valet wanted to speak to you very particular."

"Show him in," said the nobleman.

When the erstwhile navvy was shown in, Caleb and Palliser looked very uncomfortable. "I did not know your lordship was engaged," said the man, eying Palliser and Caleb with suspicion.

"You can speak quite openly before these gentlemen," remarked Lord Louis. "What do you wish to say?"

"Only that I had carried out your lordship's instructions," was the reply.

"Meaning," said Lord Louis, "that you dug over the ground after these gentlemen had departed and found they had taken the candelabrum I buried?"

"What?" "You buried?" screamed Palliser and Caleb in unison.

"Yes," replied the man. "I also came across something else while I was digging." And he placed on the table a bundle, roughly covered with sacking.

"What is that?" asked Lord Louis.

"I couldn't say," replied the valet, removing the wrapping and revealing a little arrangement of two figures, oval in form, about thirteen inches in height and much ingrained with dirt.

"Great heavens! The Cellini Saltcellar!" gasped Mr. Yorke.

Followed a moment of breathless silence—then, with a scream, Caleb and Palliser rushed forward.

"It's ours!" they shouted; but Lord Louis barred the way.

"No!" he cried in a voice of thunder. "You take possession at two o'clock."

"Ting-ting!" came from the little timepiece on the mantelshelf.

Lord Louis caught the sound.

"The estate is now yours—and all that pertains thereto—above and below," he said. "Wallace! Badger! Show these two gentlemen out. I wish you both a very good afternoon."

And Caleb and Palliser, frothing at the mouth and vowing vengeance most awful, were projected swiftly down the steps of the house and heard the front door bang behind them.

"I shall present it to the Nation," said Lord Louis when, a few days later, he and Mr. Yorke were poring over the golden subtleties of Cellini's masterpiece. "It is a gift from the gods and far too beautiful for any one man to have and hold. By the way, I returned that extra thousand pounds to Simon Caleb. One must not be too great an opportunist."

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NOTE—To forestall criticism on the part of the learned, it may be stated that the saltcellar referred to in the story was undoubtedly from the hand of Cellini. This is proved by a curious record retained in the Hoate family, which consists of a MS. copy—in a later script—of a passage in the account book of Dame Alice—the wife of Sir Roger Hoate, who was contemporary with Benvenuto. The original account book was lost when Hoate Hall was sacked by the Roundheads. From the MS. copy, however, it is clear that Cellini fashioned the saltcellar for Sir Roger Hoate prior to the former's arrival at the French Court.

The enthusiasm displayed by Francis I for the original wax model prompted Cellini—whose moral sense had ever been somewhat elastic—to conceal the existence of the Hoate saltcellar from the king.

Thus the saltcellar made for Francis I—and now at Vienna—was of posterior date, and can only be regarded as a replica of the one so long treasured in the Hoate family.

This note is on the authority of H. W. F.

## An Annoying Practice

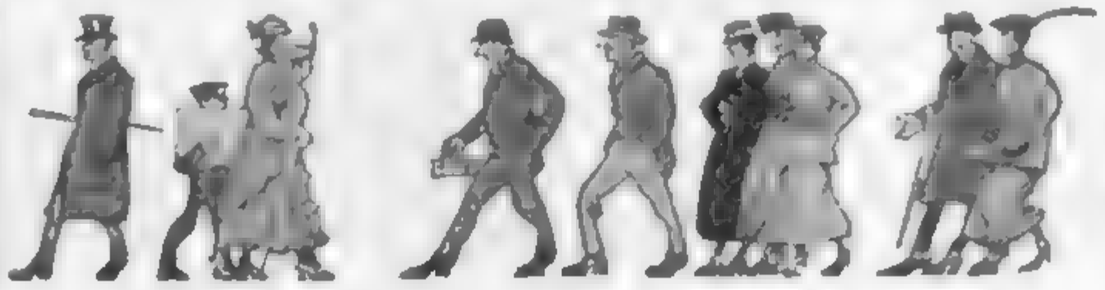
JUDGE CAMPBELL FLOURNOY, formerly of Kentucky but now of Washington, was making a horseback tour through the mountains of his state once upon a time, when a shaggy hillsman rode down a creek and joined him. As they jogged along side by side, the native, after asking the stranger's name and business, volunteered some information touching upon himself.

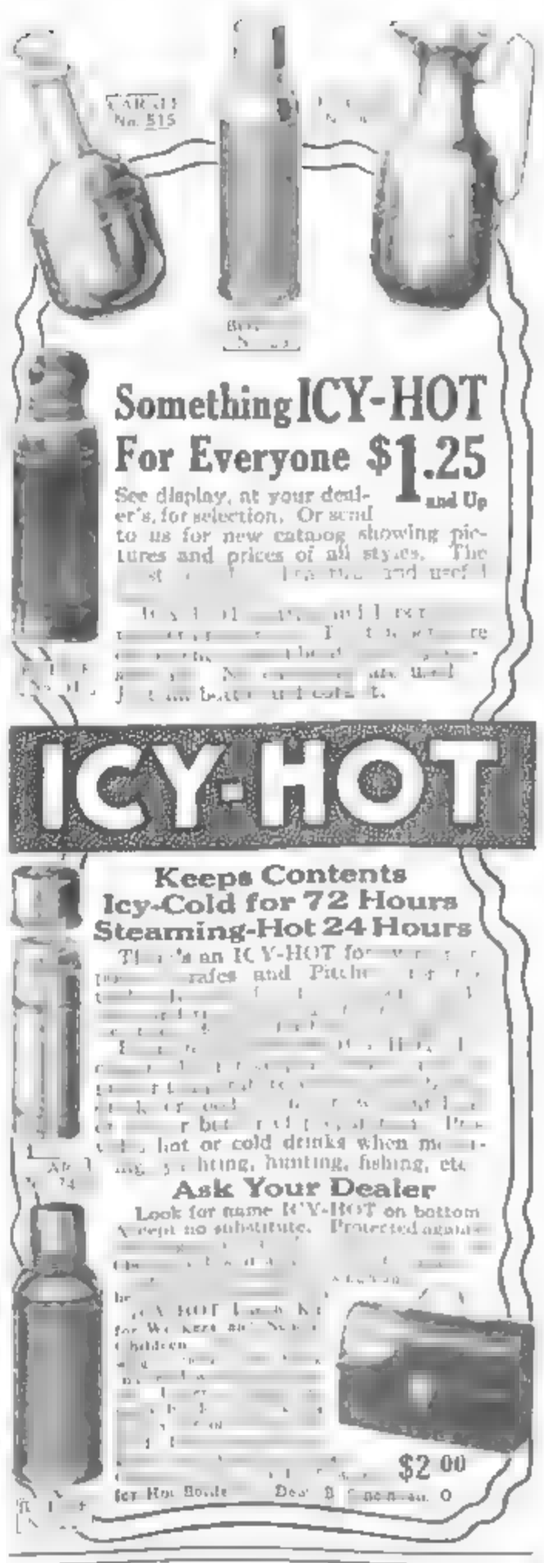
"I oughter be plowin' my cawn," he said; "but I jest natchelly felt like I had to ride down to the county seat to-day. Them pesky fellers down thar have fotched up a lawsuit agin me and I got to go see about it."

"What's the lawsuit about?" inquired the judge.

"Hit's about my father-in-law. They fotched hit up agin me on account of my killin' him with a double-barrel shotgun here about two weeks ago. That's the third lawsuit they've fotched up agin me fur shootin' somebody; and I'm a-gittin' mighty tired of it."

Next day when Judge Flournoy dropped into the courthouse he found the object of litigation on trial upon an indictment alleging murder in the first degree.

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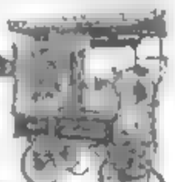

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# RAISING OUR WAR BABIES

(Continued from Page 15)

the demand changes; and as shipbuilding costs have risen in Europe, orders placed here having enabled American yards to tackle construction in a big way, the result will probably be standardized ships. If we can apply the American factory system to shipbuilding we ought to show Europe a thing or two.

The same transformation is coming in motor boats. Nobody has ever built motor boats like automobiles, it is said, or sold them on the quantity basis. So motor boats have been until recently a trifle too expensive for the popular demand. War brought some unheard-of orders for such small craft, leading to such enlargement of plant that, with peace, these manufacturers will be forced to find a market for increased production in this country through lower prices and an energetic salesforce.

One of the most interesting achievements in applying the American factory system to a new line was in standardized factory buildings for war-order purposes.

You were general manager of a factory making fine office machinery, like typewriters. War knocked business flat; everybody was laid off; everything cut down. Then you took an order for one million primers for artillery cartridge cases and almost in a day passed into boom times. All your people came back and every machine was busy. The salesforce was sent out to scour the country for machine tools, new or secondhand, and also for workers. By strenuous effort and premium prices you got men and machines. But where could you place them in the already crowded factory?

Dozens of manufacturers found themselves at the end of that blind alley. Then, along came the American contractor, with the standardized factory building, which he could erect for you in a matter of thirty days, if not less. The scheme had been pretty well worked out before the war, but not put into practice, for lack of demand. War brought the demand with a vengeance, and when the manufacturer clamored for quick floor space the contractors were ready to sell it to him.

### *Thirty-Day Factory Buildings*

The scheme is simple enough. Factory buildings nowadays are constructed largely of steel beams, steel sash and wire glass. Most of these materials come in stock sizes or can be made to standard dimensions. If your factory building is specially designed much of the material must be made to fit specifications; but if you will take one designed wholly from stock parts the material is ready at the steel mills and glass works, and prices are lower because this stock stuff is turned out in large quantities.

These contractors took orders for standard light factory buildings at the rate of more than one million dollars weekly when the rush came. Designs and specifications were ready; steel beams, steel sash, glass, and so on, ready to be loaded at the mills; trained construction crews organized. The stuff began to move toward your site. If it got blocked in the freight congestion tracers ran it down. Concrete foundations were laid; steel beams bolted together, instead of being riveted, for speed; the brick shell built; steel sash placed; glass put in; concrete floor poured; composition roof added; and painting, plumbing, lighting and heating pushed along.

In some cases such a thirty-day job involved running a factory building one hundred feet wide right round your old plant, like a fence, making it any length desired; and steel parts being rolled at the mill this week were in your building next week. By bolting steel together, instead of riveting, it was made possible for you to take the building down and move it elsewhere at some future time if you wanted to.

When war came it found most American business concerns betting against the growth of our country. The banker had restricted loans; the manufacturer laid off employees and canceled orders for material and equipment; the merchant reduced his stocks.

Everybody was prepared for the worst; and there seemed to be good cause, for business had been going along on one leg for two or three years, and the outbreak of war had apparently knocked the other leg from under it for good. Nobody saw the boom coming up just over the hill.

When the boom came it found most concerns unprepared—short of stocks, short of equipment, short of factory space, short of workers. The most startling price advances followed; and to go back over the story of the past fifteen months, marking where things were and where they have since gone, is to find amazing opportunities everywhere, and the highest premiums placed on foresight. There never was such a story of Might Have Been!

With cotton near low-water mark, and soup kitchens being opened in factory towns, who could have anticipated a demand for silk? When war came the demand for silk fell off so grievously that growers in Japan, from whom we buy our chief supply, faced disaster. The Japanese Government had to protect them by naming a minimum price at which it would itself step in and buy silk to prevent demoralization; and it did buy several thousand bales at the bottom of the market. But, as soon as war orders put people back at work in the United States, silk was again in demand and the Japanese were making money out of it. By the middle of 1915 it had advanced seventy per cent.

To-day it is predicted that Japanese raw silk will go to six dollars a pound, a price already reached by the Italian silks. Cotton came back, too, and the bales no longer lay in the streets of Southern towns for lack of storage room and market.

Wool also came back; though, in a measure, wool was like Judge Priest: "It didn't have to come back, because it hadn't never been nowhere." For the Allies knew that they wanted woolen uniforms and army blankets long before they found out how badly they needed munitions. Orders for these things were placed very early and we got our share; and since then wool has been doing acrobatics to such a degree that it is a story all to itself.

### *The Western Metal Boom*

Metals advanced in the same way. Out in the Far West, even after war orders had set the East working overtime, it was hard to realize that there was any such thing as prosperity in the land; for the agricultural products of that section responded slowly, and lumber, which is an important breadwinner in the Northwest, was deaddeader. Indeed, most of the products that the Far West has to sell have been hurt by lack of ships.

But one Far Western industry responded to the Eastern war boom instantly and came back with a whoop. That was mining. All the metals started toward the sky, and are traveling that way yet. Copper, lead, zinc, silver, quicksilver, and such precious metals as the West yields were once more profitable. Old mines were opened and new ones located. The quicksilver mine that had paid nothing but a deficit for years now yielded not merely dividends but fortunes, while some of the knickknacks of the mining world yielded romance as well.

Take tungsten as an illustration. High-speed tool steel contains from five to seventeen per cent of tungsten, according to its quality. If you put a shrapnel round in a lathe and start to work it down with a tool of ordinary steel, you cannot exceed from eight to ten feet a minute in your cutting speed, because the ordinary steel tool will fail at high speeds. But if you substitute a tool of high-speed tungsten steel the work can be run ninety feet a minute. The tool will get hot, showing dull red in daylight, but it will stand up and cut; and, as machine-shop output and costs are based on such speeds, the enormous demand for machine tools and war material made high-speed steel almost priceless.

Just when we needed tungsten most, however, the supply from Germany was stopped, and there was a scurry through the West to increase our home production, which had been only a few hundred pounds of ore a year. To-day a carload of tungsten ore—forty tons—is worth at least a hundred thousand dollars; and mines are not only being developed but people in some sections of the Rocky Mountain country are scouring the hills, picking up stray pieces of the ore.

Then there is manganese, used as metal or oxide in steelmaking, glass, brickmaking, the dry batteries for your doorbell, and so on. Two forms of this metal have soared to remarkable prices—the ferromanganese

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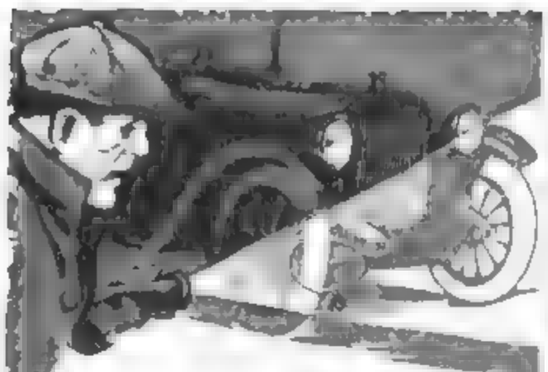

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American industry has been taken by its coat collar, lifted out of an orderly routine, and dropped into a bewildering maze of advancing prices, higher wages, shortage of materials and machinery, freight blockades, foreign embargoes, changed demand. It has been struggling the past year and is struggling yet.

The men who had most faith in the country during the lull that preceded the boom, laying in equipment and materials, enlarging facilities and holding on to their workers, are the ones who have fared best. Those who lost their heads and retrenched in every direction have come out badly.

It took plain, old-fashioned faith to discern the silver lining of the cloud that settled down over the country in August, 1914. Some of the oldest and steadiest heads were turned.

On the staff of one of the largest electrical concerns in the East is a man who had spent years abroad for his company. The company had just made a big addition to its facilities for steel castings. Now this man should have known that England had always bought steel castings from Belgium, and that the war, having destroyed Belgium's industries, must send the English elsewhere. He admits that the company had given him a costly education in foreign trade to learn such things, and that it was his business to see that demand and go after it; but he did not see it for some weeks, and should have been retired on a pension for defective business vision. When he did wake up to the change in conditions, and sent salesmen abroad, the whole foundry was soon crowded with steel-casting jobs for the Allies.

Others were so shortsighted that they turned all their facilities to the making of unfamiliar war goods, as though there was never to be any more business in normal domestic products. The rising tide of home demand has swamped them. Their factories are encumbered with war orders. They are unable to take care of customers who want their regular products.

The market of to-day is a seller's market. Where once the haughty buyer waited in his office for the salesman, and gave his order as a great favor, now he is scurrying to the seller and pleading for goods at any price. But in due time the market will turn back, putting the buyer once more on his throne, and then he is going to remember all the service he got from sellers in the buyers' panic. To the competitors of a concern that is hampered by war orders, and unable to take care of customers, these are great times for making reputation and getting solid trade footing.

### *As to the Future*

Still others have swung from depression to overconfidence and are speculating in materials and goods. This is just as shortsighted as their lack of confidence; and when the tide turns they are apt to be caught in a difficult position. Shortage of goods, however, puts a check on them.

What is going to happen when the war ends? Is Germany full of cheap goods ready to be poured into world markets, killing all competition? Or will she be crippled by financial reaction as a result of her war expenditure? Are the English, French, Belgian and Italian workmen coming out of the trenches in desperate necessity, willing to work for pauper wages? Or are war taxes to bring Europe's manufacturing costs on a level with our own? What about capital for industry—is money to be cheap or dear? How about our wonderful present prosperity—is it based wholly on war demand, with a sudden collapse due when peace comes? Or is much of it grounded on normal growth of the country?

What will happen to prices—will the restoration of the world's trade and finance drop them back to the old levels? Or will the needs for textiles, metals and materials generally in the warring nations be so great that high prices must rule for several years?

There are all sorts of opinions about these problems. The banker, manufacturer, merchant, economist, promoter and speculator have their individual views, both at home and abroad. Each man's opinion is about as good as another's, for nobody actually knows what the future holds. Each man in his particular field must gauge his own conditions with reasonable foresight.

Really, the world of business is passing through a West Indian hurricane. The West Indian hurricane is a peculiar storm. Its wind blows at the rate of seventy miles an hour in a great circle, and to the observer in one place the storm comes on gradually, beginning with a heavy ocean swell; then a breeze; then a gale; then the tempest, with rain, thunder and destruction.

The center of the storm is almost calm, however; and when this arrives the wind dies down and the worst is apparently over. But soon the wind rises again to a sudden fury, this time blowing in the opposite direction, and continues until the storm really passes away.

The business hurricane is now blowing from peace goods to war goods. There will undoubtedly be a lull when the center of the storm is reached and the world goes back to peace goods once more; but it will probably be a brief hesitation and can be partly anticipated and discounted in many lines of business.

### *Getting Ready for Peace*

The main thing now seems to be to make everything sound and tight in one's own line of business, and to be deceived neither by the present war hurricane nor the lull that will come with peace.

This is a time to take advantage of opportunities that have arisen in the upsetting of prices and values. Before the war, as an illustration, aluminum was a cheaper metal for electrical conductors than copper, and much of it was used for that purpose. But war has made aluminum three times as expensive as copper; and when this shifting of values became clear the general manager of at least one big electrical company began to replace all his aluminum transmission lines with copper—getting better equipment, because copper is the best conductor.

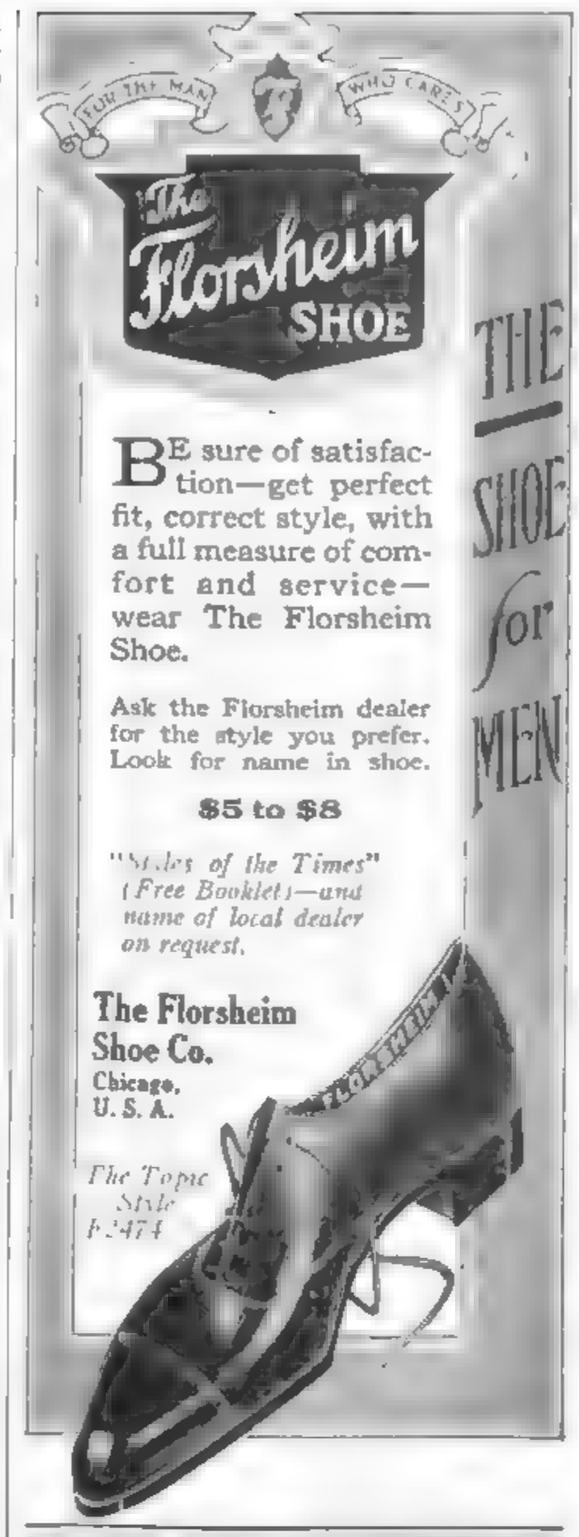
It is a time to get facts, separating the war trade from the peace trade, as was done by another business man. For two months after demand picked up in his line he believed that it was due to the good wages being earned by people busy in making war stuff, and, therefore, a demand that might fall off very quickly. But a careful investigation through his salesforce showed that this did not account for improved trade—that the country was really prosperous as a whole; and, therefore, he could build constructively on it.

It is a time to study Europe and see what it holds in a given line. A big coal exporter has done this and plotted three years' business. The indications are, he says, that Europe will want great quantities of our coal the first year after peace comes—twenty million tons. The second year she will still need a lot of coal—ten million tons. But by the third year her own resources will have been reorganized, and she will want only five million tons.

It is a time to look ahead to peace, as the Germans are doing—cargoes of copper, wheat, cotton and other staples have been contracted for delivery at the end of the war, it is said; and these will be hurried away on the German ships interned in our ports.

It is a time to build, buy and hire confidently, but to avoid overexpansion; to stock goods liberally, but beware of speculation in goods; to back up the growth of the country and the rejuvenating energy of the world, and be prepared to go on with them. For neither the country nor the world is going to stop.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Collins.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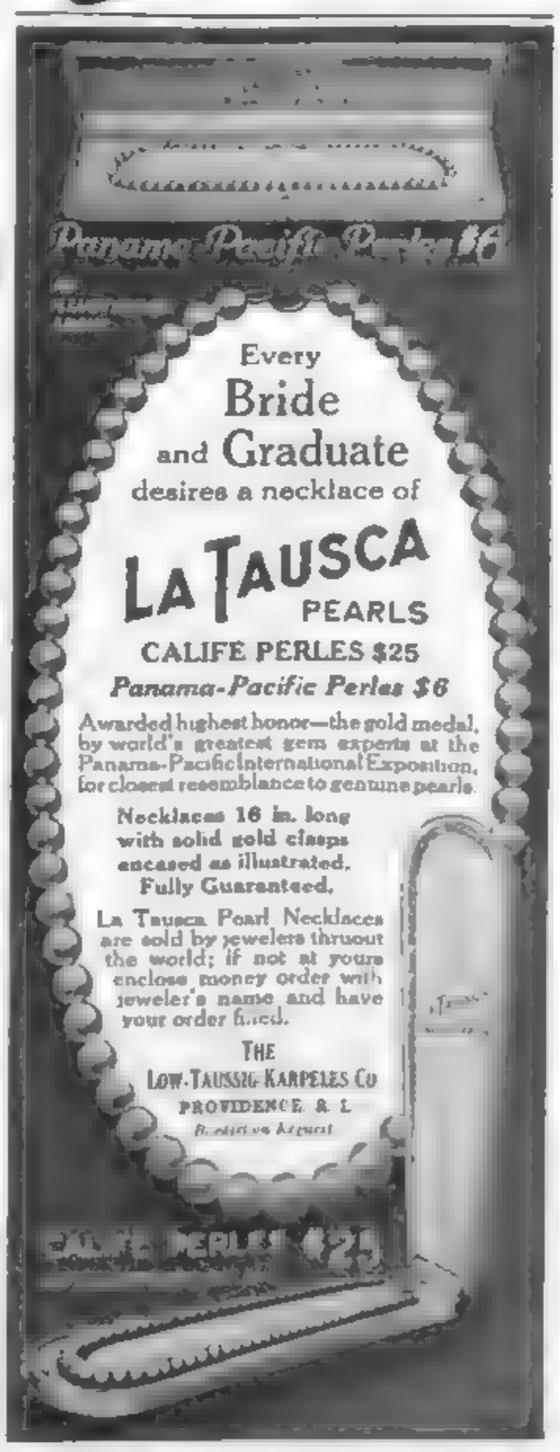
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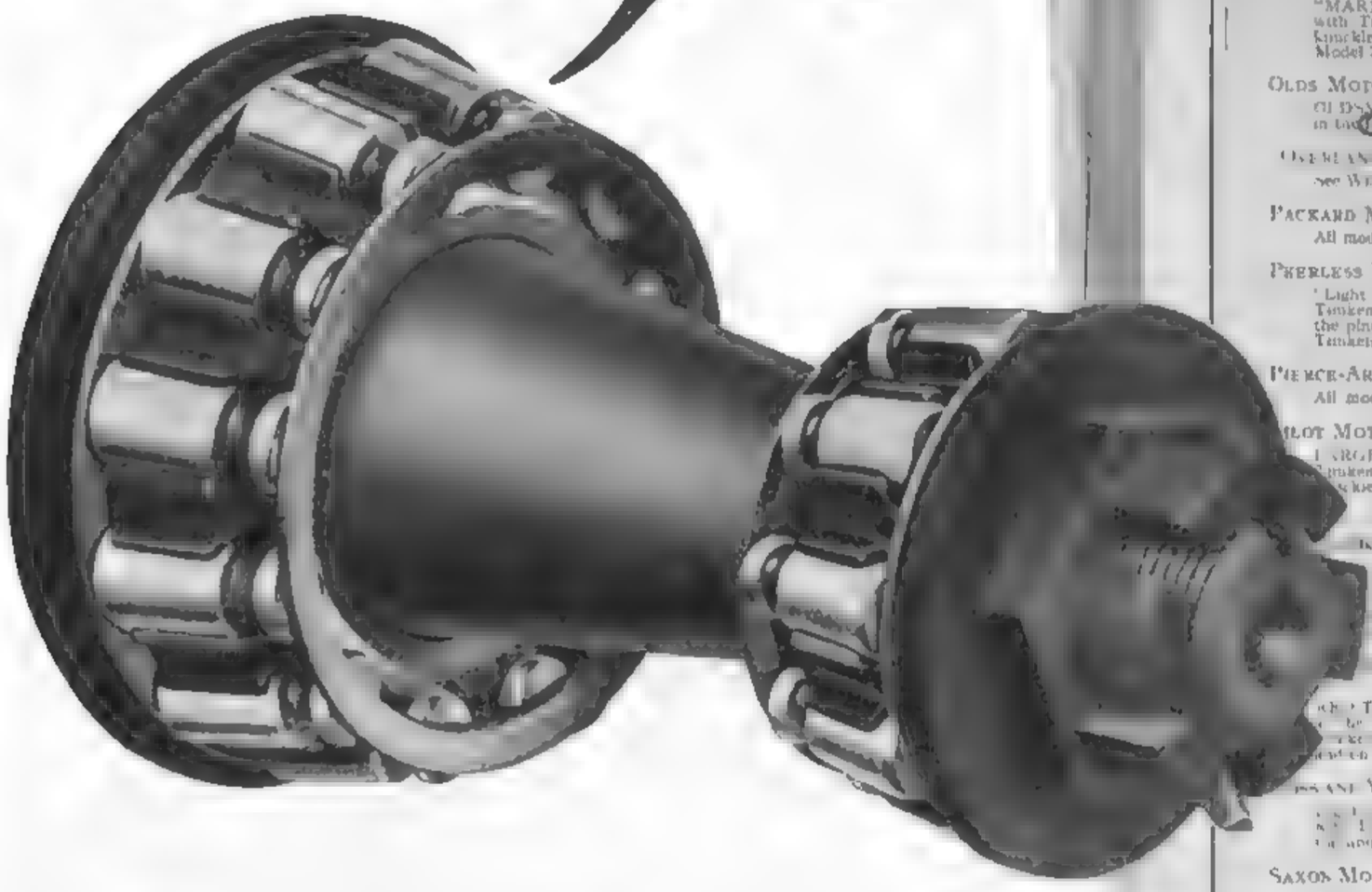
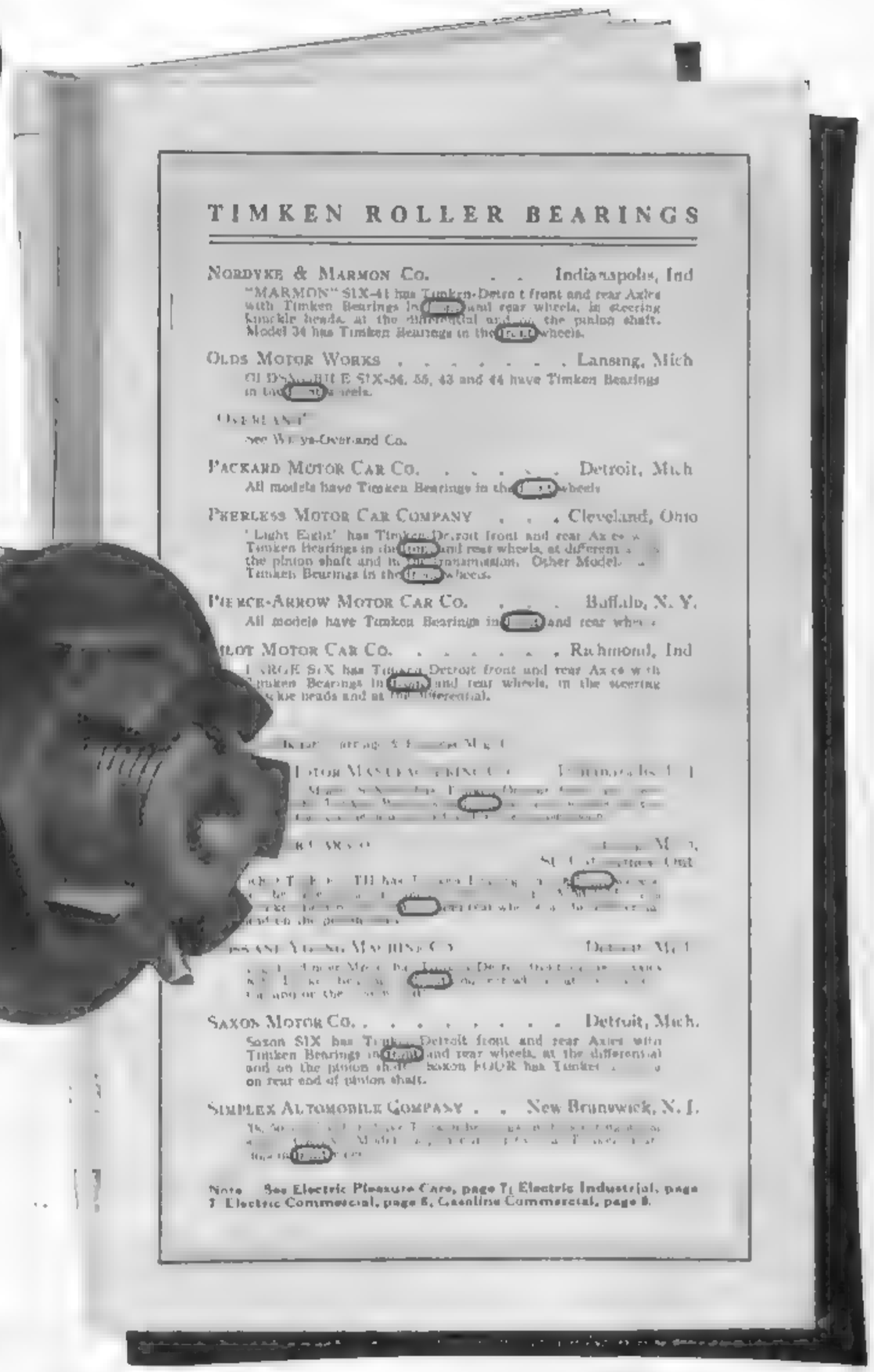
# Why?





TIMKEN ROLLER BEARINGS

NORDYKE & MARMON CO. . . Indianapolis, Ind
"MARMON" SIX-41 has Timken-Detroit front and rear Axles with Timken Bearings [illegible] and rear wheels, in steering knuckle heads, at the differential and on the pinion shaft. Model 34 has Timken Bearings in the [illegible] wheels.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS . . . . . Lansing, Mich
OLDS—[illegible] E SIX-36, 55, 43 and 44 have Timken Bearings in [illegible] wheels.

[illegible]
see Willys-Overland Co.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO. . . . . Detroit, Mich
All models have Timken Bearings in the [illegible] wheels

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY . . . Cleveland, Ohio
'Light Eight' has Timken-Detroit front and rear Axles with Timken Bearings in the [illegible] and rear wheels, at differential, the pinion shaft and in the transmission. Other Models have Timken Bearings in the [illegible] wheels.

PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO. . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
All models have Timken Bearings in [illegible] and rear wheels

PILOT MOTOR CAR CO. . . . . Richmond, Ind
PILOT SIX has Timken-Detroit front and rear Axles with Timken Bearings in [illegible] and rear wheels, in the steering knuckle heads and at the differential.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

SAXON MOTOR CO. . . . . Detroit, Mich.
Saxon SIX has Timken-Detroit front and rear Axles with Timken Bearings in [illegible] and rear wheels, at the differential and on the pinion shaft. Saxon FOUR has Timken [illegible] on rear end of pinion shaft.

SIMPLEX AUTOMOBILE COMPANY . . New Brunswick, N. J.
[illegible]

Note—See Electric Pleasure Cars, page 7; Electric Industrial, page 7; Electric Commercial, page 8; Gasoline Commercial, page 8.

*This is just one page of the booklet "The Companies Timken Keeps," which tells you not only WHO uses Timken Bearings, but exactly WHERE they use them.*

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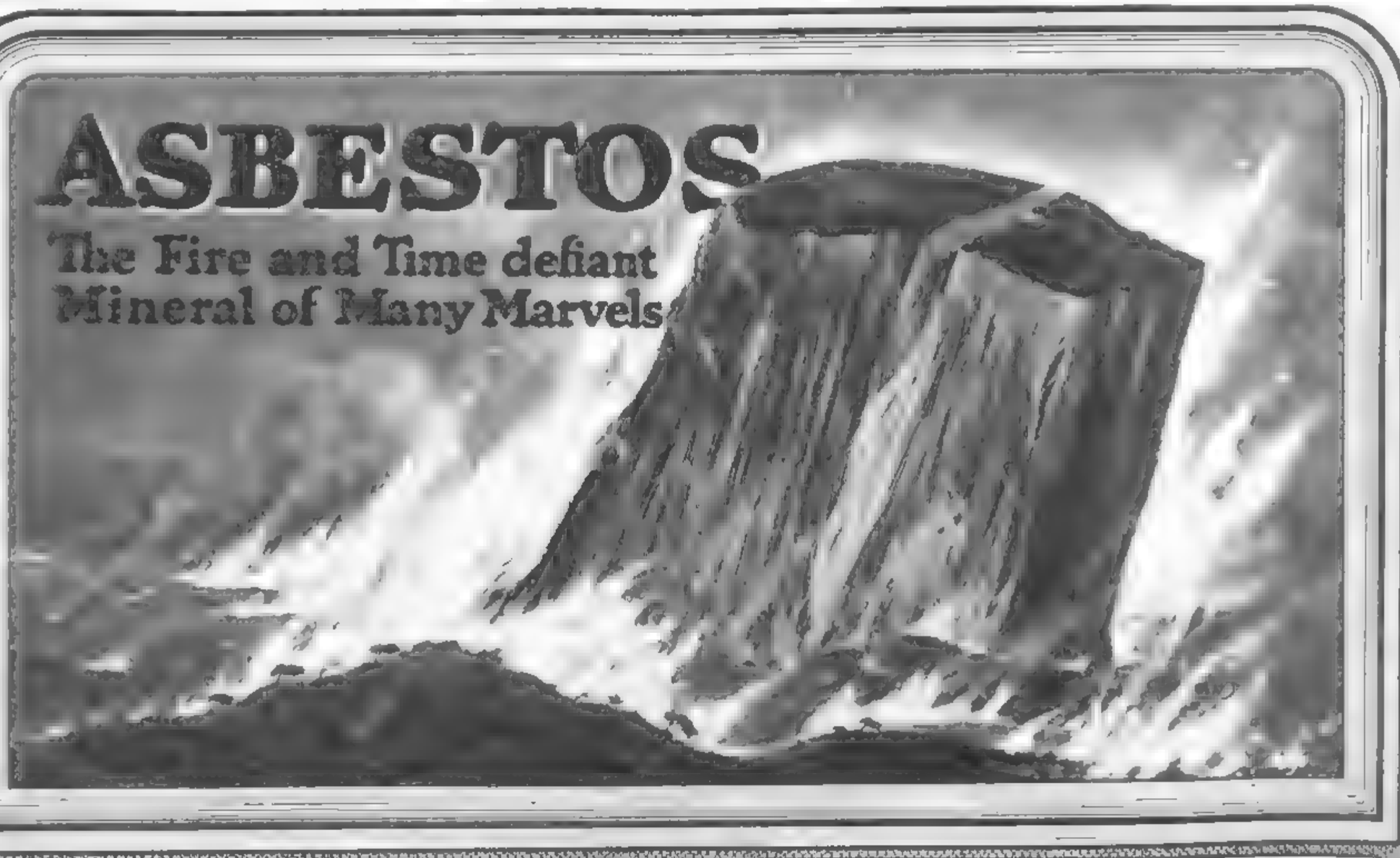
Canton, Ohio

# TIMKEN
## ROLLER BEARINGS



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THE CANADIAN H W JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

# LOOT

(Continued from Page 23)

all his time is fairly well accounted for. Another thing: In no crime that bore the Gray Ghost's peculiar touches—and I've studied a plenty of them—has there been any evidence that the leader of the active work—the actual doer of the crime, not the remote organizer—was the same man who did the active work, was the on-the-ground leader of a previous crime. Each crime shows a different leader, but the same brain in the background.

"And it stands to reason that in this, the biggest thing of all, the Gray Ghost would take no chances by appearing on the scene himself. You asked me a while ago why I didn't believe that the men watching the ferries and stations would get any results. Here's the answer: The Gray Ghost is clever enough to know that egress from the city will be guarded. Therefore, he won't attempt egress; nor will he permit his gang to do so. Now then, the minor workers under him will simply lie low—not in thieves' haunts—the Gray Ghost isn't foolish—but quietly, as decent citizens in homes and with apparent occupations, friendly with their neighbors, not skulking in the shadows. Believe me, every worker in this stunt of to-day has an identity well fixed in the minds of a good many innocent people who'd never dream of connecting their honest friends with the criminals who pulled this stunt.

"But Williams! Williams was the sole insider at Arabin's. For Williams to go to a hotel or rent an apartment, or even a furnished room, to-day, or after to-day, is as dangerous, with the hue and cry raised, as it would be for him, very well described, to try to leave the city. Well, do you see it? Six months ago Williams quietly rented an apartment or rooms somewhere and began living there. He's had six months in which to establish himself thoroughly in the good graces of his neighbors, to fix himself as an ordinary citizen going to work every morning. All he's had to do was pretend that his job was somewhere other than Arabin's. He's right here in the city."

"Well, Tryon, I hope you land him. I'd be satisfied if we landed Williams. Twelve million dollars in jewelry stolen in broad daylight! Whew!"

The commissioner sighed wearily.

"What have you learned so far, Tryon?"

"Only things that go to clinch the Gray Ghost's connection with the crime," answered Tryon. "The detective agency which furnished the store operatives, and whose offices were connected with the Arabin vaults by electric signals, reports that one of their most trusted employees has disappeared. He left the office at nine this morning. He'd been with the company five years, and before that had been four years with a rival agency. Good record! Yet he's the only man who knew the secret of those little push buttons and levers connected with the Arabin vaults—except the two owners of the agency, who are beyond suspicion, and MacDonald, who certainly wasn't in on the plot. It means that the Gray Ghost had an aid in the very detective agency which protected Arabin!

"That aid has disappeared. This agency man made the electric connections himself! Luck? Luck nothing! Part of the Gray Ghost's long-thought-out plan! If he didn't plant that man he corrupted him, and he probably did that first of all. And the man—Enwright is his name—has vanished. The agency sends me word that he hasn't lived at his last known address for three months.

"The telephone company! Half a dozen of their mechanics have quietly slid away from view—the men who on some pretext or another, pretending that they had been sent to report on the condition of the wires, managed this morning to disconnect the telephones here at headquarters and at the five police stations nearest Arabin's! Those men can't be found at their last known addresses; moved away some time ago.

"Understand the cleverness of it? The men who would naturally be suspected at once and whose identities were known—these have planted alibis, arranged new identities. The others, the men who drove the Blank Furniture Removing Company's drays and left them where they'd block any automobile dash on the looters, forcing any sudden police arrivals to come on foot—same thing with them. Eleven men who would at once be suspected—twelve, counting Williams—we learn have moved away from their old quarters. Williams, who might have been telephoned by Arabin, maintained his old address, with instructions, if he were telephoned or called for, to say that he was out. And once a day he phoned his servant to ascertain whether anyone had inquired for him.

"Now then, do you think that in six months Williams could have arranged all these details, when all his days except Sundays were spent in Arabin's office? Hardly! Why, commissioner, I tell you if he'd been capable of planning this affair he'd have shown flashes of genius that so shrewd a man as Arabin would have recognized before this. But he didn't. He didn't plan it."

"I'm as convinced of that as you are now," sighed Brainerd. "Have you anything else to go upon?"

"Only this: All the automobiles that bore the looters away have been abandoned. People in the bank across the way and adjacent buildings got those numbers. The cars have been found, all widely separated; and in them were found the hats and coats of the chauffeurs. They simply got out, left their outer clothing, put on other hats and coats, and walked off. Deserted streets they chose—simple! And the numbers they used were stolen. The rightful owners proved alibis for themselves and their cars; but the Gray Ghost was too foxy merely to substitute new numbers on the looters' cars. They might be recognized by other means. He simply had them abandoned. And the cars that were used to put the patrolmen on their beats out of the way—abandoned too."

"Well, you've spent some years studying the Gray Ghost's methods," rejoined Brainerd. "You ought to know how to go about getting him."

"I ought to," said Tryon; "but I'm not sure that I do."

The commissioner stared.

"But you've devoted the last several months ——"

"On my own and a friend's money, and I took care not to dip too deep into his," replied Tryon. "And I had no power. I could get no authorization to act for the department—authorization that would have helped me in other cities. Not a line. It was a joke! Now, when my prophecies have come true, when right in New York has been pulled a crime that shows years of patient organization, which shows that thousands upon thousands of dollars were spent in perfecting the plan, you expect, I imagine, that I'll pull the brainiest crook that ever set his face against society like I would a common drunk! Commissioner, if you expect any stunt like that from me I quit right here."

The commissioner wiped his dry lips.

"No, no, Tryon. Don't be touchy. Only—with the whole city roused, alarmed, with every merchant and banker asking whether he's to be the next, I—I ——"

"The trouble is," said Tryon mercilessly, "you're thinking of your job, and how to placate the people and the press. I'm not going to bother about them at all. I've been the joke of the papers for a long time. Now, when they've got to realize that I knew what I was talking about, if they want to yammer and hammer—let 'em! I don't care about anything except one thing—the Gray Ghost! And I'll get him—if I do get him—in spite of the cries for haste—not because of them."

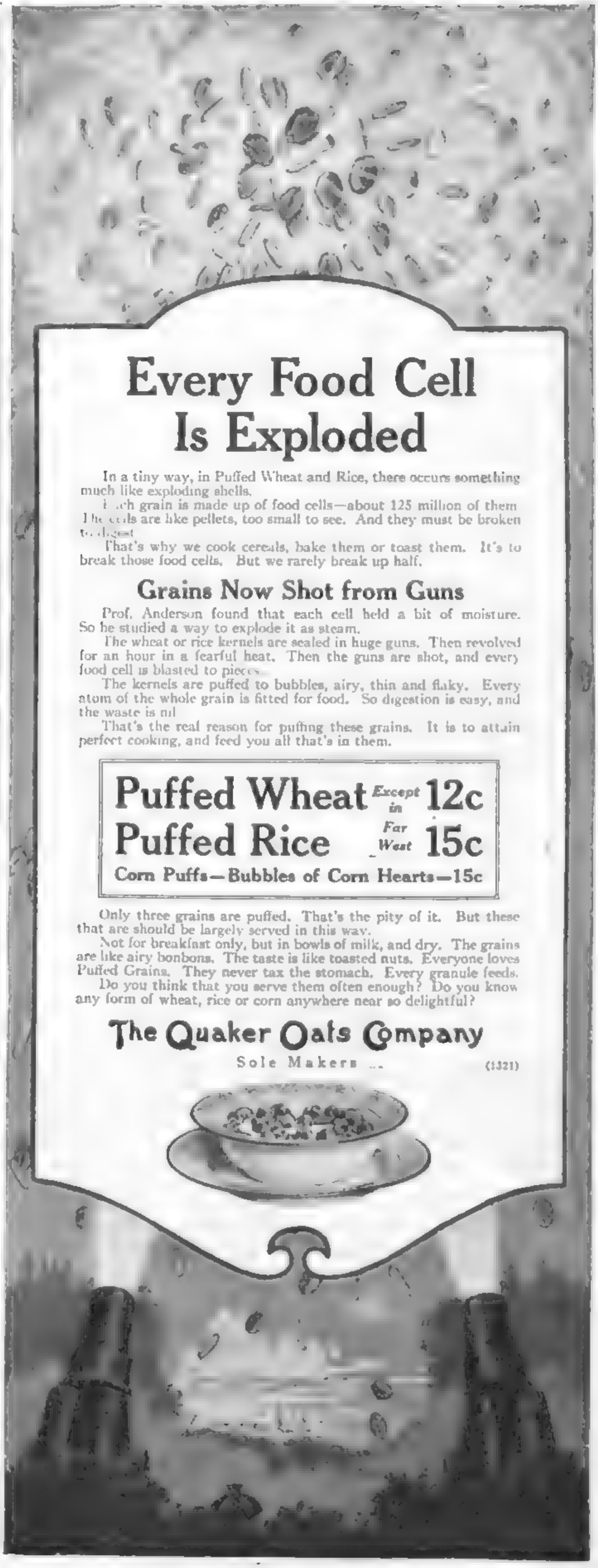
"And you have some idea of how to go about it?"

"Hardly one," said Tryon frankly. "All I'm doing is trying to digest what happened, to get every last detail fixed in my brain and to find a weak spot somewhere. I haven't yet."

"And the order you gave? You ordered that every officer on the force should endeavor to find out what houses in the city had been visited by half a dozen machines between eleven-forty-five and twelve-fifteen. Have you heard? And what's the idea?"

"I've heard from at least twenty policemen," answered Tryon; "but none of the places would do. Musicales, society breakfasts—well-known people, all of them. And a few dentists and physicians. Not worth investigating. The same with two places in the Bronx. Too far away."

"But I don't see ——"

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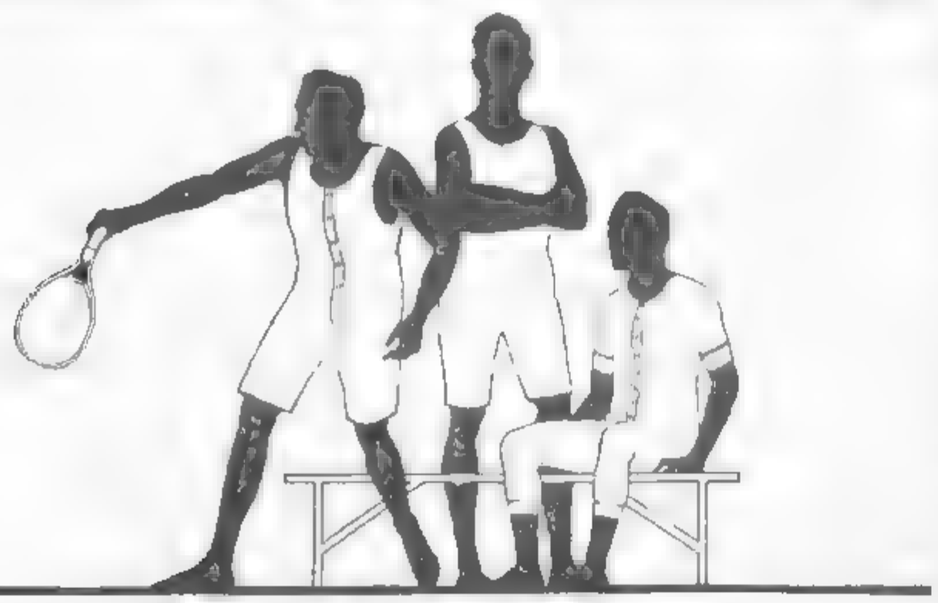

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"Listen," said Tryon impatiently. "The Gray Ghost took care of the police telephones; but he couldn't take care of every telephone in the city—now, could he? What would be more natural than that everybody who witnessed the robbery would call up his wife and family, and his friends, to tell them about the big thing he'd seen? Most natural thing in the world. Within half an hour after his men made their getaway thousands of people would know about the matter. Also, the first officers on hand telephoned to drug stores and saloons and shops uptown, downtown, east and west, telling these people to run to the nearest station or the nearest officer they could find, and tell that Arabin's had been looted, and to watch out for half a dozen or more machines.

"Now, the Gray Ghost must have known that when the police wires were found to be out of commission the police would do that very thing. I'm giving him credit for brains. Not that I have to," he went on grimly; "he's proved he has 'em.

"Figure it out for yourself. The Gray Ghost knew that, with all his precautions, the best he could hope for was a clear half hour from the time they finished the job—maybe less. And men lugging sacks through the streets would be just as conspicuous as the automobiles—more so, wouldn't they? Well then, wouldn't he figure that they'd have to get into hiding and rid themselves of their loot within half an hour? Certainly! Another thing: As soon as this got abroad officers on their beats would remember any speeding, wouldn't they? Motor police might even have hauled some of them for speeding—might have tried to—and the scrap they'd have put up would have left a clear trail, wouldn't it? Therefore, he'd not have his men try to make for any distant point. He'd take no chances. He'd have them meet somewhere within an easy twenty minutes' ride of Arabin's. And that means within half a dozen miles of Arabin's and not way up in the Bronx, where autos were reported."

Brainerd's mouth opened in admiring amazement.

Tryon lapsed into silence, studying the notes he had made of the robbery, his shrewd brain searching, searching, searching for the weak spot. Brainerd, nervous and excited, wondering how this gigantic crime would affect his political future, forbore to ask any more questions. The telephone rang. Tryon answered it.

"Yes? . . . Yes? . . . At five after twelve, as nearly as they can tell you? Very good. . . . No; do nothing but stand near there. I'll be up as soon as possible."

He hung up and turned to the commissioner.

"Officer Deegan has found a house that seems to fill the bill—off Lexington Avenue, in the nineties; not three miles from Arabin's." He smiled. "We'll soon know whether my deductions are worth anything, commissioner. I'll phone you in half an hour or so."

Tryon snatched up his hat and hurried out of Brainerd's office.

### XIII

FROM the curb, at the wheel of a racy-looking roadster, Jimmy Pelham hailed Tryon as the latter hurried down the steps of headquarters. The detective immediately stepped into the vacant seat and the car slid uptown.

"Right direction?" queried Pelham.

"Lexington Avenue, and when you reach it keep on going until I tell you to stop. And never mind the speed laws."

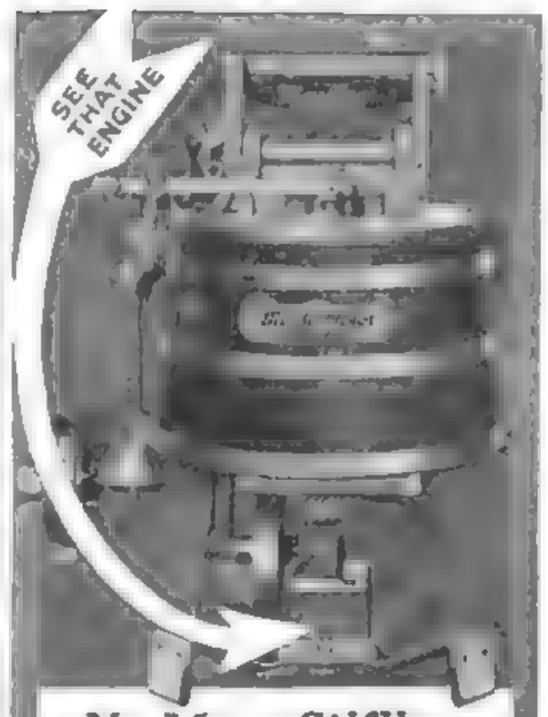
Pelham took him at his word. Briefly Tryon told the young millionaire the latest developments; but, terse as he was, so great was the roadster's speed that when he finished they were at the appointed meeting place with Officer Deegan. The policeman hurried to the car as Tryon and Pelham climbed down from it.

"House next the corner, lieut'nant," he said. "Six autos drove up there at a few minutes past noon. Men got out and lugged bags of stuff inside. People didn't think anything about it—only a few women noticed them—until the afternoon papers got out. Then they didn't say anything till I happened to question the right parties. You know how people are—don't want to make fatheads of themselves; afraid of being fools—waiting till their husbands come home, to tell them, and ——"

"Which house did you say?" demanded Tryon brusquely.

Deegan pointed.

*(Continued on Page 69)*

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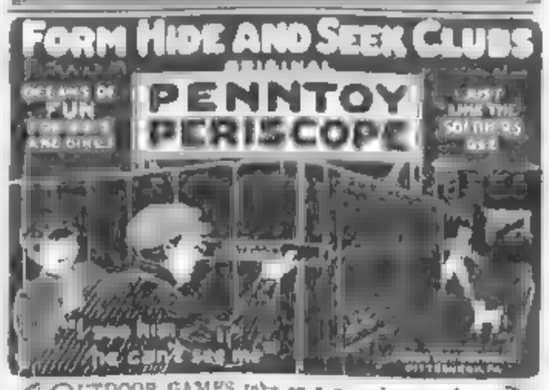


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# Miller

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD
TIRES

(Continued from Page 66)

"Sure you don't want more men, lieut'nant?"

"Scared?" asked Tryon.

For answer Deegan flushed and walked swiftly up the stoop.

"You're all right, Deegan," said Tryon kindly; "but there'll be no 'ruckus'—not if I know my Gray Ghost, and I think I do."

He shook the doorknob and rang the bell.

"Learn anything about the people supposed to live here?" he asked.

"Bachelor—name of Peters," answered Deegan. "No one knows his business."

"Huh!" said Tryon. "Not much information in that, but as much as could be expected." He rang the bell again. "Bad business breaking into a house without a warrant, but —— Your lady friends didn't see the men who went in come out, eh?"

"They didn't notice them," said Deegan; "but, of course, they weren't watching and didn't think anything odd at the time, so ——"

He stopped short as Tryon pulled a jimmy from his pocket.

"If there are any innocent people inside they ought to answer the bell," said Tryon. "As they don't ——"

He heaved upon the jimmy and the door burst open. The three men crowded inside.

"You stay by the door here, Mr. Pelham, and keep people away."

Already a curious knot had gathered on the sidewalk.

"They'd mind Deegan better," suggested Pelham. "He wears a uniform."

Tryon chuckled at the plea for action.

"You stay here, then, Deegan. Come on, Mr. Pelham."

Together they went through the house from cellar to roof. They found plenty of evidence of recent occupation, but none of the occupants.

In a room on the second floor they found a score of stout silk sacks and piled heaps of suits of clothes and hats.

"Slick!" commented Tryon to the excited Pelham. "Sacks might cause remark. Shifted to suit cases probably. And the clothes—changed to help hide their identities and defy descriptions. Oh, well; I expected as much." He picked up a jacket and looked for a maker's name. There was none. "Still," he mused, "maybe the store it came from could be traced. Slow work, and even if it could be—some more vague descriptions. It wasn't bought by any regular customer of any place, that's a certainty. But there isn't a doubt this was the rendezvous."

"And you're a marvel to have discovered it!" cried the admiring Pelham.

"You forget that all my time for a long, long while has been spent in figuring how the Ghost would pull a stunt like this. I don't mean Arabin's in particular—any big stunt. Come on downstairs; maybe I can find out something from the neighbors."

The first question he addressed to the rapidly augmenting group on the sidewalk, attracted thereto by the policeman's uniform, brought a response. An urchin cried:

"There's no wagon been pulled up here, or auto, neither, mister. I been playin' on this street all afternoon. But the people round the corner moved this afternoon—early this afternoon. A big van. I saw it."

"Which house?" demanded Tryon eagerly.

The urchin pointed to it. It was just round the corner and its side walls formed one side of the house that had been used as the rendezvous. Tryon laughed shortly.

"Wait here, son," he said, tossing the proud youngster a coin. With Pelham he reëntered the house.

"Easy guessed if I hadn't been dumb!" he commented. "The Gray Ghost had to get hold of the loot. Also, knowing there was a good chance that his rendezvous would be found out, he had to get the loot away again. And there was enough of it so that it couldn't very well be piled into one automobile. It might be noticed even in a limousine. Besides, about every closed auto in the city has been searched to-day. That's one routine trick the force is busy at—holding them all up, and taking slants into the backs of open cars too. He'd expect that. But a furniture van—if that backed up to his rendezvous, and by any chance somebody had grown suspicious of the autos—well, it wouldn't do. But a van round the corner, where the people on this cross street wouldn't notice it —— Come on upstairs, Mr. Pelham. You noticed there was a big dresser with a tall mirror on the second floor. Let's push it aside."

It was an easy task, and behind it was found what Tryon had expected—a door that led into the house which opened on Lexington Avenue. And this house was empty, too, though, like the other, showing signs of recent occupation.

"I suppose," said Tryon, "that it wouldn't be bad business to get a line on what sort of people lived here. It'll only be more descriptions, but —— Come on, Mr. Pelham."

Leaving Officer Deegan to guard the two houses and having bestowed another coin upon the quick-witted urchin, after learning the name printed on the van, he led the way to a drug store.

"You call up headquarters and get the commissioner. Say I told you to. Tell him to send half a dozen men up here at once. Tell him I'm busy on another line. Quick!"

And as Pelham stepped into the public booth Tryon requested the use of the druggist's private line, which was immediately granted at sight of his shield. They met again in the front of the store in a moment.

"The commissioner will send them right up," said Pelham. "To whom were you telephoning?"

"The van people—the Blank Furniture Removing Company, of course!" replied Tryon. "There's a fifth of the company's chauffeurs disappeared. One man was ordered to drive to Brooklyn to do some moving. The family over there haven't notified the company that he failed to arrive, but he should have reported back over an hour ago. I asked them to send somebody over to Brooklyn and find out whether the family that wanted to be moved really exist. Of course they don't!"

"You mean that ——"

"The loot had to be moved again. It couldn't remain in this Lexington Avenue house. The Gray Ghost is not so conceited that he underestimates other people's intelligence. There was an excellent chance that his rendezvous would be discovered. So, of course, his knowledge of human nature—crook human nature in especial—making it imperative that there should be a rendezvous, the thing to do was get the spoils to another place as soon as might be. Autos would be dangerous. But an innocent moving van—only the driver of it must not be innocent! Therefore—the false call from Brooklyn."

"But the helpers on those vans? That makes four—five—more that have disappeared."

Tryon shook his head.

"He doesn't cumber his machine with too many auxiliary parts. How easy to invite a man to have a drink! I'll wager anything you care, Mr. Pelham, that five van helpers report to-morrow with a very hazy idea of what happened to them after they were inveigled into saloons. Knockout drops are cheap and easily administered. Most saloons have rooms upstairs. An apparently drunken man will be accommodated there while he sleeps it off. . . . Something like that. Will you drive me downtown?"

"You're not going to investigate here? The descriptions of the people who rented these two houses ——"

Tryon laughed.

"I thought I'd made you understand that descriptions would get us nowhere—not in a hurry, at any rate. The men coming will do that."

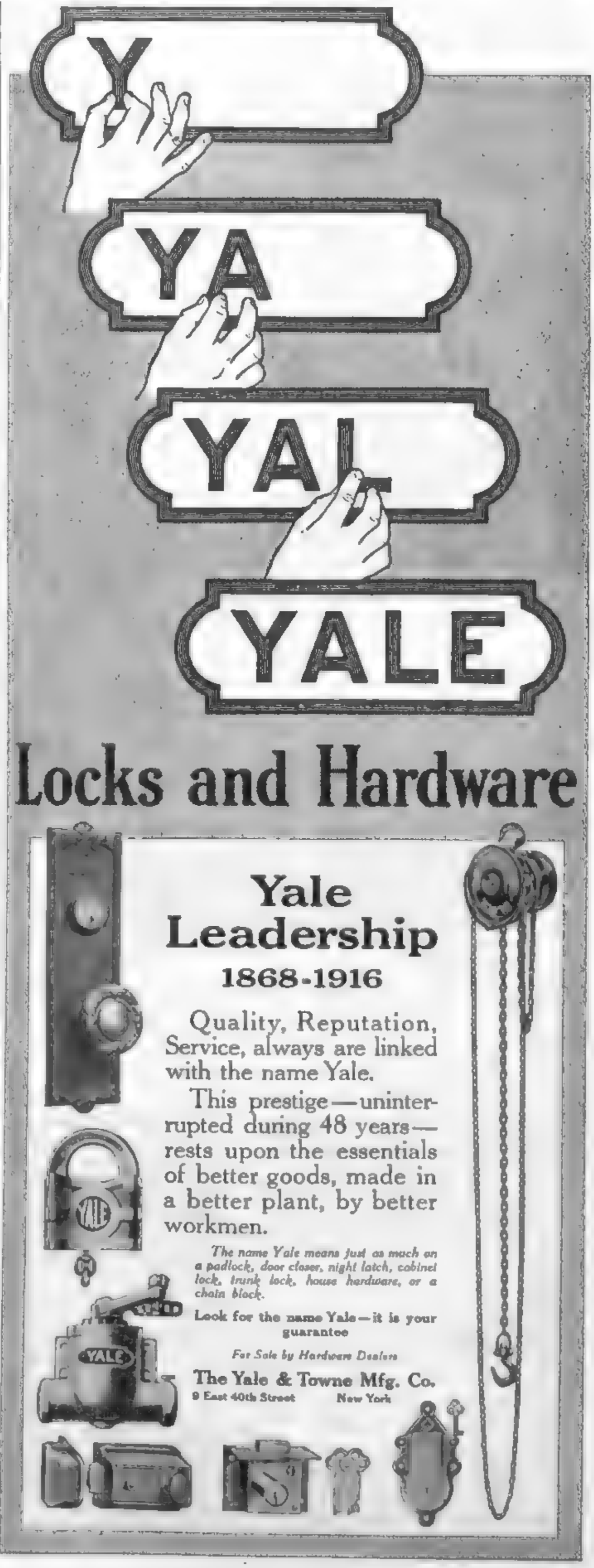
"But the van—with the loot? Aren't you going to trace that? To try?"

"The company has already notified headquarters. They're at work on that by now, I imagine. But it won't lead to anything. The van will be discovered empty somewhere."

"But the loot had to be transferred, didn't it?" protested Pelham. "And that would be a rather public operation. Maybe it was done in still some other house. If you could find that, wouldn't it bring you so much nearer the man you want?"

Tryon grinned.

"Just try and remember that no child engineered this job, Mr. Pelham. Try to remember that he's always shown himself as brilliant after the fact as before. Do you think he's bothered about an endless chain of houses for retransference of the stuff? I said a while ago that I didn't believe he'd cumber his machine with useless parts. We know that he's abandoned the silk sacks which held the stuff. Put it into suit cases probably. Maybe trunks. Did that in the house that faced Lexington Avenue. Nothing funny about trunks coming out of a house that's being vacated, is there?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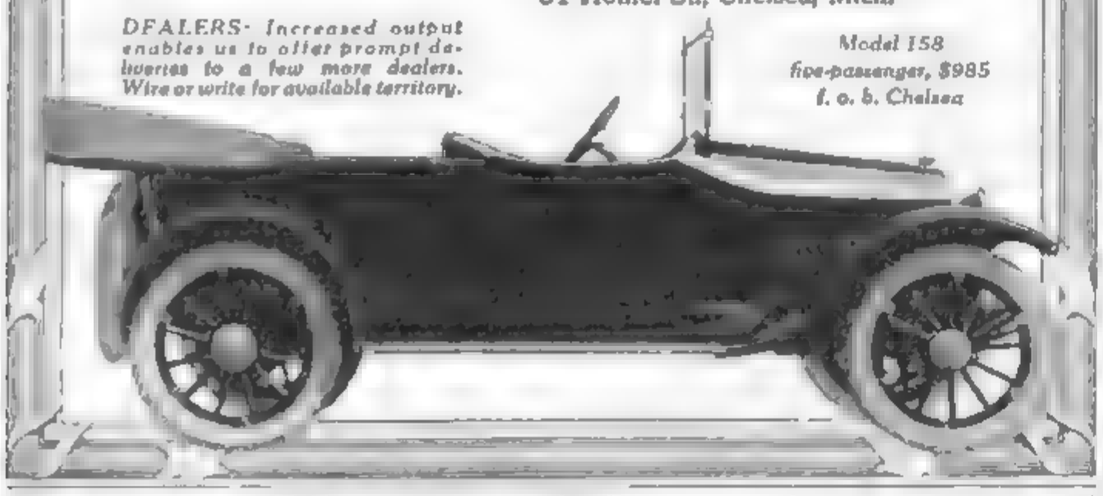

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"And there's so much confusion about moving that half a dozen men could easily slip away without being noticed. One of them could pose as the helper that had been disposed of. The others would simply walk off. And when a good part of your loot—most of it—is in jewels, those men that walked off could carry their pay without showing it, couldn't they? The bulky stuff—watches and the like—that would go into the suit cases or trunks. As a matter of fact, however, I'm prepared to believe that the men who brought that stuff here didn't take away a single stone with them. I believe they were handed a bunch of cash."

"But their shares—and the shares of the others—that much cash? It's incredible!"

"The Gray Ghost isn't a fly-by-nighter," said Tryon. "He's been operating some time. Listen! There's never been a piece of jewelry stolen by the Gray Ghost's gang that turned up in a pawnshop or with a fence. Get what that means? It means that he pays cash! Maybe not all in one payment. A big deal like this one would mean that he'd probably have to distribute two or three million dollars. He'd not have that much with him. But the people that work for him know him. They trust him. The way I feel is that he handed a good sizable bunch over to them, to be distributed. He attends to the marketing of the spoils himself. Later on, when he's disposed of the stuff—and probably not in this country at all—they get a larger slice. Meantime they're busy doping out a new trick. They're sort of on salary, with an interest in the firm, and dividends are declared when it's convenient. That's how I figure it. He wouldn't take the risk of letting his men try to market the stuff. They might deal with fences friendly to the police. They might get drunk—and he might not be able to put the fear of God into them."

"But still," objected Pelham, "a van is too conspicuous. He'd have to transfer the suit cases or trunks. If you could find the house where he did that ——"

"What makes you think he used a house? Suppose he has the van pulled up in a nice, lonely neighborhood; there's plenty of them still in New York. Suppose an ordinary wagon draws up alongside the van. Suppose the trunks are pitched into that wagon—quick! The wagon drives off—maybe to the railroad station, maybe to some dock, maybe to some hotel. If to either of the first two, they're shipped aboard a train or boat like any other baggage. If to a hotel they belong to some guest who just came in from out of town. Doesn't that sound a bit more like what a brainy man would do?

"And how are you going to identify those trunks? There's law, you know, Mr. Pelham. And that law provides that you can't open a man's trunks without due process of law. Of course if I found those trunks and knew them to be the ones—— But what I'd have to do would be to search every single trunk that arrived at the different railroad stations or docks to-day. I'd have to search the effects of every guest who had baggage brought to a New York hotel to-day. And inside of six hours there'd be a roar that would just about turn this city upside down. It's too big; it couldn't be done."

Tryon got into the roadster and Pelham drove him downtown. Neither of them spoke until headquarters was reached. Then Pelham said:

"I don't want to butt in, Jerry; and, now that you're back with the force, I don't feel like bothering you with my presence. It wouldn't do. But I'm just as much interested—a hundred times more, of course!"

"The Tryon Agency ain't abandoned yet," said Tryon. "I'm back on the force because I can do more good there just now. But when I land this Ghost—if I do—I guess the advertisement will be good enough to assure that Tryon stock will soon pay dividends. I guess I can quit the force forever then, and begin to accept private business. And meantime you ain't a detective, Mr. Pelham; but you think straight, and precedent and red tape don't cloud your brain. You could help me lots by talking things over. And you've got lots of spare rooms in that big Madison Avenue house of yours, haven't you?"

"By George! You said it!" cried Pelham. "Give me your keys and I'll get my man and we'll transfer your things over to my place right away."

"And you might give me a key to your house," suggested Tryon.

Swiftly Pelham detached his own latch-key from his ring.

"There you are!"

With a handshake they parted, Pelham to drive uptown and Tryon to go to the commissioner's office. At seven o'clock he received word that the missing van had been found in a garage in Greenwich village. The owner of the place had dropped in to see how the person who had recently rented it was getting along. He had found it deserted, save for the van. Casual inquiry at a near-by saloon had developed the fact that, far from seeking business, the new tenant had been turning it away recently. The owner had reëxamined the van and found it loaded with household effects. He had become suspicious and telephoned the moving company, which had notified the police.

Detectives, rushed to the spot, had learned that an ordinary express wagon, drawn by one horse, had driven up to the garage during the afternoon and gone away with some trunks loaded aboard. Tryon's reasoning had been proved correct in every detail.

But at eleven o'clock there had been found no further trace of the express wagon. Those who had seen it only remembered that a tarpaulin had been hanging over its sides as it stood before the garage, and the name had been invisible. To find it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. Tryon knew absolutely that his men could not locate it.

At one in the morning, having pored over every report that came in to him, having sought again and again to find the weak spot in the plot without result, he turned to the anxious commissioner.

"Well, what do you think?" queried Brainerd.

"I think it's time I went to bed and slept on this," replied Tryon.

"But, man alive," cried Brainerd, "every moment you delay gives him so much more time to ——"

"Commissioner, for the mental exercise—not because I thought it would lead to anything—I traced the Gray Ghost's gang's movements for an hour or so after the robbery. I'm really rather tickled I was able to do that much; but, having done that much, I know there's no more to be done along those lines. It was naturally impossible for the Ghost to make the first part of his getaway so clean that there'd not be a trace to show his passage; but it wasn't impossible for him to hide his trail when he started the second part of the getaway. He's done it; he's hidden it, as I knew he would.

"In every crime he's committed he's never left a trail that could be followed. He planned too carefully, too cleverly. And he'd plan more carefully than ever in this, the biggest trick that he or anyone else ever pulled. He can't be traced."

"Then you're beaten—right off?"

"I didn't say that. I said that his getaway was too well-thought-out for me to hope to land him by studying it. There isn't a weak spot in it. Why, commissioner, at this moment I don't believe that a single one of his gang—those at least who figured in the actual robbery—know where he is. The head ones—those who helped him plan—they may know; but the others—they don't even know who he is. That's how I feel about him. With the exception of Williams, perhaps, and we don't know where he is; and he's one of the main guys at that!"

"But surely some of the many who took part in the crime can be found by our detectives!" cried the commissioner. "It's impossible that thirty or forty men should all disappear."

"I don't agree with you," said Tryon. "I've explained how it's possible. It looks big, but remember—the Gray Ghost is big!"

"Well, what does it all lead to? That he'll never be caught?"

"It leads to this," answered Tryon—"that there's no weak spot in his getaway and no weak spot in the crime itself. It's useless to study either. But before—before! If there's a weak spot anywhere it will be found in some action of his before the crime."

"But if you can't find any in the crime or in his escape, how on earth do you expect to do so in his actions before the crime? When you don't even know where he was or who he was! Where's your weak spot to be found?"

"In a bed at the Emergency Hospital, commissioner," answered Tryon—"sick, wounded, paralyzed. A bit of luck—planned luck; planned by somebody else."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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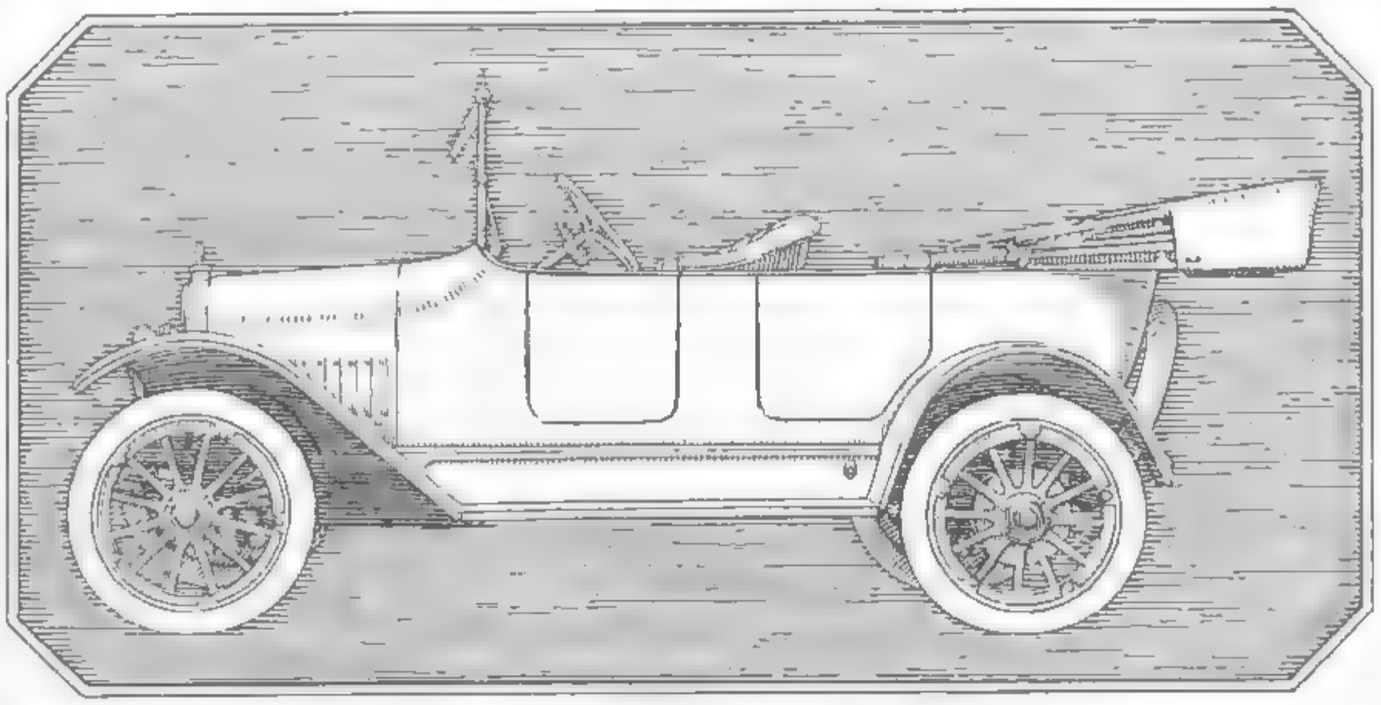

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*One Chassis, three other Body Styles.*

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# EFFICIENCY EDGAR AND THE HOME CIRCLE

(Continued from Page 17)

Six o'clock came at last. Mary called and I went to the table. In the middle of it sat a chocolate cake.

"Doesn't it look lovely?" Mary said.

"I never saw a finer," said I with all sincerity. "But—where is the other food?"

"Other food?" said Mary with an air of surprise. "Why, there is none. It took every minute of my hour to make this cake. I just barely got it done in time. You see I couldn't start till five, and dinner must be served at six. You have no idea how I had to hurry."

"But ——" said I, "but—er—I'm hungry, Mary."

"I'm sorry, dear. You wanted the cake, and I tried so hard to please you." For a moment it looked as though she would cry.

"I'm not blaming you, honey," said I as patiently as I could. "It's not your fault, not in the least. But something's wrong. Something is wrong!" I was impressed with the truth of this. Either Mary had not utilized her time efficiently, or she had miscalculated. Other families have chocolate cake, but do not have to omit the rest of the meal.

But I said no more about it. I would not hurt Mary's feelings for the world. We dined on cake. So hungry was I that I must confess to eating a full half of it. I had expected to return to the office in the morning, but when morning came I found my bronchitis had been exchanged for an ailment in quite another part of my body, and I was forced to extend my stay at home.

Just after the doctor left, Mrs. Pierce called up on the telephone and told Mary that Mr. Pierce was going out of town for a day or two and she felt nervous about staying alone in the house.

"Come right over here, mamma," Mary said. "We'll be tickled to death to have you."

She hung up the receiver and turned to me.

"Edgar," she said with that twinkle that comes into her eyes every little while without any reason for it that I can see, "papa's going out of town and mamma's coming over here. Now you listen. You're the efficiency expert of this family and—it's—up—to—you." Exactly in that manner she said it.

"What's up to me?" I asked.

"The rumpus," said she. "I'm neutral."

"I don't follow you," said I.

"Naturally," said she. "I'll make a picture of it for you. Mamma has sent papa out of town so she would have an excuse to stay here a few days. She's planning," said Mary with the twinkle showing plainer than ever, "to pull your schedule up by the roots and drop it in the alley."

"You promised you wouldn't let her interfere."

"And I won't. I'll be efficient to the last gasp. I'll sweep according to your diagram, and wash dishes with the easy, swinging motion you taught me, and live my day on your checkerboard with fifteen-minute squares. But I can't prevent mamma's dropping a monkey wrench into the works. That, as I said before explicitly and with emphasis, is—up—to—you."

My first collision with Mrs. Pierce was on the subject of beans—baked beans. The morning of her arrival she announced she was going to bake a pot of beans for us after a fashion said to prevail in the city of Boston.

"Mrs. Pierce," said I, "Mary and I, by carefully conducted experiments, have proved it is more efficient to buy our baked beans in tins rather than to bake them ourselves."

"I never did!" sniffed Mrs. Pierce.

"We are very fond of them," said I. "To have canned beans on your table, all that is required is a moment's use of a can opener. To bake beans oneself, there is, in addition to the first cost of the beans, a considerable expenditure of labor in cleaning, soaking, boiling and afterwards baking, but also a cost for gas to do the baking with that approximately equals the cost of your beans in the first instance. You can see for yourself that from a standpoint of economy of both money and labor, the canned bean is immeasurably superior."

"This is my daughter's kitchen, and if she wishes me to bake beans for her I shall do so, efficiency or any other nonsense to the contrary." She looked to Mary.

"Mrs. Pierce," said I with all possible restraint, "you are a guest in this house a welcome guest. Certain rules have been established by my wife and myself for the efficient carrying on of the business of housekeeping. So long as you remain our guest you will observe those rules, I am sure."

"Mary," demanded Mrs. Pierce, "now is the time to put a stop to this. If you let it go on you will never be able to assert your true place in your home. I do not wish to interfere. I do not wish to cause an unpleasantness, but for the good of both of you, I urge you, Mary, to take a stand to-day. Let Edgar know that you will conduct your own house in your own manner. Housekeeping is no husband's business. Edgar"—she turned to me—"would you allow Mary to come to your office and dictate how you should work?"

"If Mary could make suggestions that would add to my efficiency I should welcome them," said I distinctly.

"Mary," said Mrs. Pierce.

"I'm neutral," said Mary meekly. "As I see things I am not much concerned. Why, no. You, mother, want to run my house your way and Edgar wants to run it his way.

"But, Mary," said I, "you appreciate the value of efficiency. You have told me so. All I am trying to do is to make your work easier and more pleasant."

"And all I am trying to do," said Mrs. Pierce, apparently on the verge of tears, "is to prevent my daughter from being the laughingstock of this town. The idea! She can't sneeze without looking at a schedule and consulting a wrist watch to see if the correct moment for sneezing is here."

"As to the beans," said I with an air of finality, "we shall continue to buy them in cans."

Mary invited a few old friends to dinner that evening—three couples, two of whom were unmarried. Mrs. Pierce, fortunately, was invited out herself. Mary determined to have, as the foundation of her dinner, a roast goose, and dinner, according to our schedule, was to be served at six.

Promptly at five o'clock Mary laid aside the book she had been reading to me and proceeded to the kitchen to commence the preparation of the meal. I had asked if I could be of assistance, but Mary replied that she would do excellently without me. I passed the time of her absence in diagraming the drawers of the linen closet.

At five-forty-five the guests began to arrive, and I received them. At six, to the minute, we sat down at table. The goose lay on a large platter before me, looking, I thought, a trifle pale for a roast bird. I looked at Mary, whose eyes were twinkling in the manner I have before described. I commenced to carve.

Immediately I saw that all was not well. It was exceedingly embarrassing. The fact of the matter was that the goose was not done. Though it had been cooking upward of an hour, it was, as I should judge, practically raw. I looked again at Mary, not in the least knowing what I should do. She perceived by my expression that all was not well.

"What's wrong, dear?" she asked.

"I'm afraid," said I, "that the—goose is a trifle—underdone."

"Mercy!" said Mary. "I put it in the oven at four minutes past five."

The guests, at least the girls, looked at one another a bit uncertainly, and the married one covered her mouth with her hand to conceal a smile. It was irritating.

"Never mind," said her husband. "I'm hungry enough to eat it raw. Go to it, Edgar."

"But," said I, "it is raw."

"It ought not to be," said Mary. "I told the butcher I wanted a goose that would cook in an hour. It's entirely his fault. He must have given me a two-hour goose, or even a three-hour goose. There are such things."

"There are," said the married guest; "but, though my experience is limited, I have never met a one-hour goose. Didn't didn't you consult your cookbook, Mary?"

"The cookbook is all right," said Mary, "for telling you recipes, but it doesn't help a bit when it tells how long things take."

"Why?"


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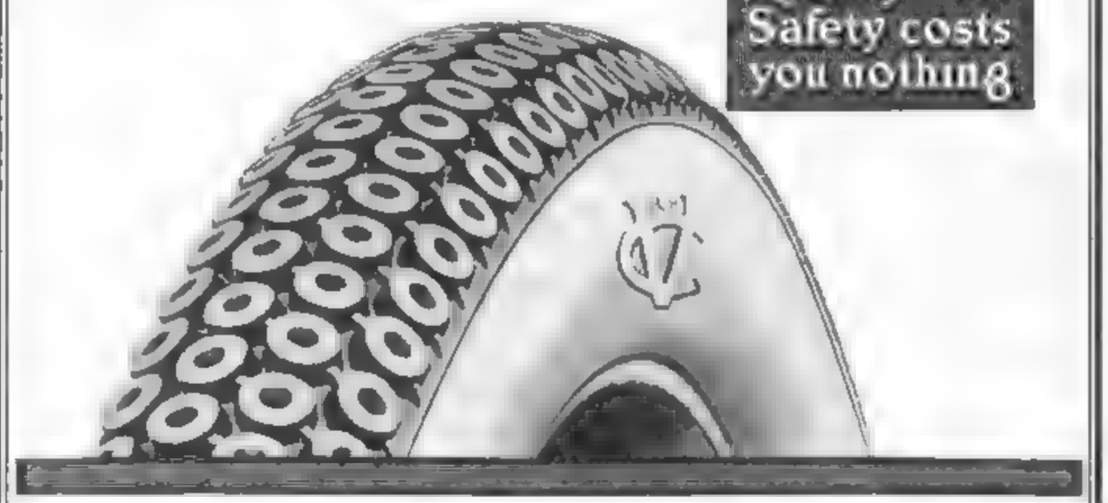

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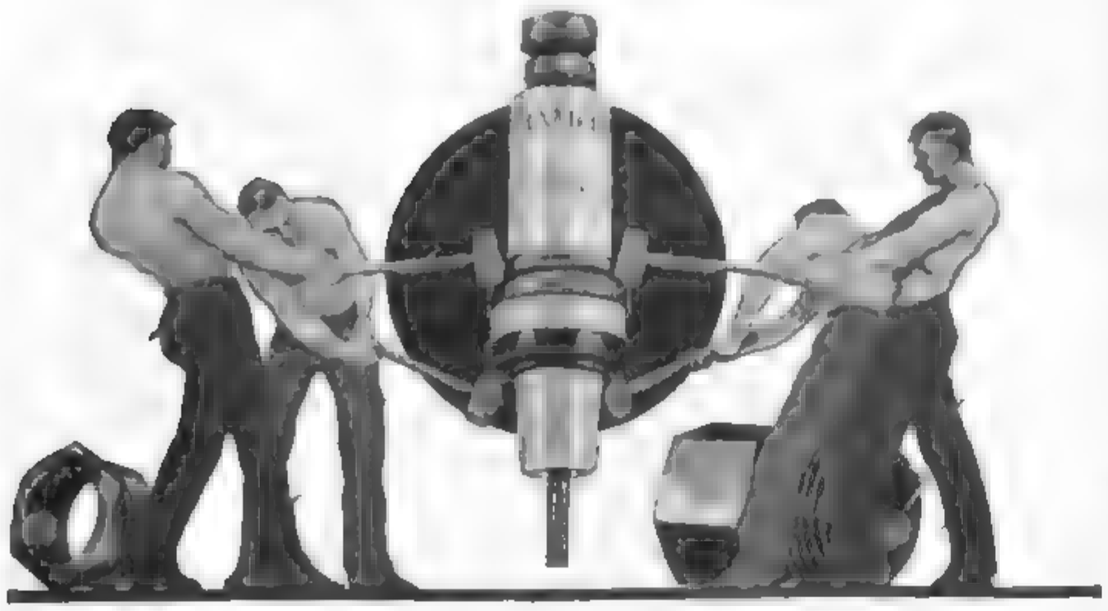

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"Because," said Mary, "it doesn't always agree with the schedule."

"Schedule?" asked the married guest.

"Yes," said Mary. "We have gone in for efficient housekeeping according to the Science of Efficiency." Here the three male guests made gurgling sounds in their throats. "Edgar has been helping me. It makes housekeeping so easy for me. Every single thing is helped by a rule, and just so much time is allowed for every part of the work. We have allowed an hour for dinner."

"You should have consulted the goose," said the married guest. "Geese are notably unable to operate on schedule."

"It's a shame!" said Mary. "I shall speak to that butcher. And I kept the fire as hot as I could, and every once in a while I showed the schedule to the goose. But it didn't do a bit of good."

"Anyhow," said I, deeply humiliated, "we can't eat it. What shall we do, Mary?"

"Apply laws of efficiency," said one of the men.

"We have beans," said Mary. "Canned beans."

Mary removed the goose to the kitchen and replaced it with two cans of beans. They were filling and quite satisfied one's hunger, but when one has been smelling roasting goose for nearly an hour one finds beans a poor substitute. The guests were very pleasant about it, and declared it was the first canned-beans dinner they had ever attended. Also they spoke admiringly of our schedule, which Mary showed to them. The married guest declared it the most remarkable thing she had ever seen. Once I thought I saw Mary wink at her, but of that I cannot be sure. There certainly was no reason for a wink. On the contrary it seemed a moment for sober calculation on her part and mine.

During the evening I noticed Mary in close and earnest conversation with her married friend. Their eyes turned frequently to me, and I could not but suppose I was the object of their interest. It pleased me to see that Mary liked to talk of me. It is not every husband whose wife makes him a subject of flattering conversation.

We danced, the music being furnished by a phonograph. During the dancing a most regrettable incident occurred—Mary tripped and fell, turning her ankle. I lifted her to a chair and removed her shoe. She seemed to suffer considerable pain, but, strangely enough, the ankle did not swell. However, she could not walk.

Fortunately one of the young men was a physician. I carried Mary upstairs. He followed with our married guest. I could hear them talking behind me. To me the ankle presented no dangerous appearance, but the physician assured me it was sprained.

"An exceedingly disagreeable sprain," said he. "Mary must not think of stepping on it for two weeks. To do so might cause permanent lameness."

"Oh, dear!" said Mary tearfully. "And all the housework! Just when the schedule was working so nicely. What in the world shall I do?"

"Why," said the married guest, "mother and dad are going to Europe. They've shut up the house and Lena has gone home. I'm sure you could get her. She's the best cook in Detroit."

Mary looked at me.

"Clearly," said I, "it is the thing to do."

"Shall I telephone?" asked the married guest.

"Do, please," Mary said.

The result was that at seven o'clock in the morning a stout German woman with a papier-mâché suitcase appeared at the back door. It was Lena.

I took her at once to see Mary.

"Explain the schedule to her," I said, and left them together.

Presently Lena descended to the kitchen. Mrs. Pierce appeared almost immediately, and I knew at once it was her intention to give Lena directions as to the conduct of the household. I, therefore, went to the kitchen myself.

"Lena," said I, "has my wife explained to you our schedule?"

Lena jerked her head affirmatively.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Pierce. "Lena is new here and will need directions. If you will lie down, Edgar, I will take charge and everything will be all right." She fixed me with a look of great determination.

"Mrs. Pierce," said I, "I shall make what explanations are to be made." I turned to Lena. "This house," said I, "is run according to the laws of efficiency. Here is a copy of the schedule. You will see your work is laid out for you and carefully timed. You will follow this exactly."

"You will do nothing of the sort, Lena," said Mrs. Pierce.

Lena regarded me solemnly, then turned a similar look on Mrs. Pierce.

"Listen," said she, and at once her attitude became belligerent. "I'm workin' for your wife, young man. She iss boss—yass. But in the kitchen who iss boss? Vell, I tell you that too, perty quick. Lena iss boss. Schedules I dunno. Rules I dunno. You I dunno." Here she jabbed a pudgy finger at Mrs. Pierce. "Upstairs is a young lady who hires me. She can come in the kitchen when iss need for her." She stopped and advanced a pace. "But you—bot' of you—you vill git oudt. Also you vill stay oudt. Dut iss who iss boss here. First one sticks their nose in here gets vat they iss not looking for. Now git oudt! Quick!"

We hesitated, looking at each other with astonishment, not to say trepidation. Lena reached for the broom. I think Mrs. Pierce was first through the door, though I cannot be certain. Both of us found ourselves in the dining room; nor did we pause there. We continued on into the library.

"Well," said Mrs. Pierce breathlessly, "of all things!"

"I," said I, "shall call a policeman."

Then I heard Mary's voice calling me, and hurried up to her. In a word I told her what had happened. She turned away her face and buried it in the pillow. Poor child, I suppose it startled her.

"I will telephone for the police," said I.

"No. No, Edgar! She might—you can't tell what she might do. Let her stay. She's a splendid cook and housekeeper, and, till I'm well again, just let her have her own way. Please!"

I thought it best to humor her. At any rate Mrs. Pierce was checkmated. That was something.

My wife remained in her room two weeks. I went to work again. At night when I came home, though Lena always showed a cool and distant bearing to me, I found my dinner waiting for me. And such dinners! The woman was a truly remarkable cook. Also the housework was done. Though I rubbed my finger on various surfaces I found not a particle of dust. And as Mary was able to be about I found it gave me a great deal more of her society.

One night she said: "Edgar, I'm afraid it will be quite a while before my ankle is strong. Don't—don't you think Lena had better stay right on?"

"Mary," said I, "I—I was thinking of proposing that myself. She seems efficient."

"Oh, she is. You haven't any idea how efficient she is!"

"But it means giving up our schedule."

"It also," she said meaningly, "prevents mamma from—upsetting the schedule."

"True," said I.

There was a silence, then she came and sat on the arm of my chair and put her arm about my neck.

"Edgar," she said, "I—you know every girl likes to run her own home."

"Of course," said I.

"But—but I—I didn't have a chance. Between your efficiency schedule and mamma—I—why, Edgar, I didn't count at all."

She paused and stretched out her poor lame ankle and wiggled it.

"Edgar." She pointed down to the ankle. "I'm going to own up—it waan't hurt a bit."

Usually I am not especially quick of wit, but this time my brain acted more efficiently than usual. I was astounded. Then, as I reviewed events, I could not but be filled with admiration. Mary excelled in a field I had thought my own.

"My dear," said I, "when it comes to efficiency you can give me cards and spades—and probably the joker."

"I think, myself," said Mary, "that I'm quite a competent person."

I think, after mature deliberation, that I shall allow Mary to conduct her housekeeping as she sees fit.

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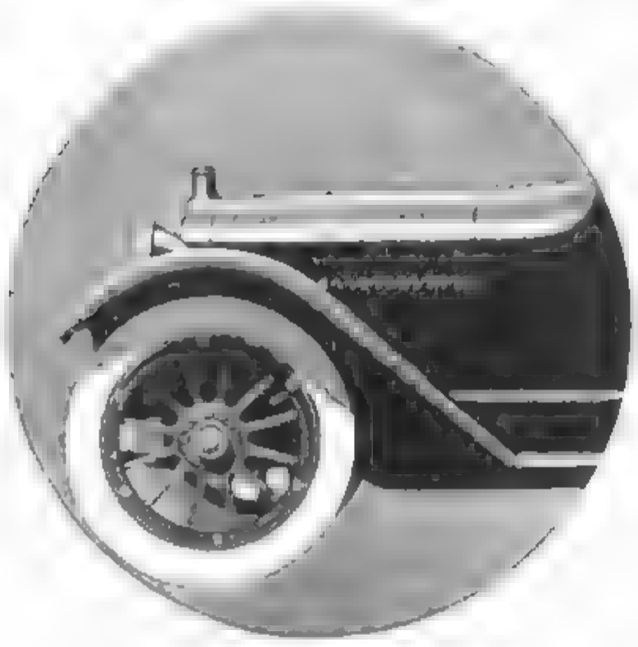

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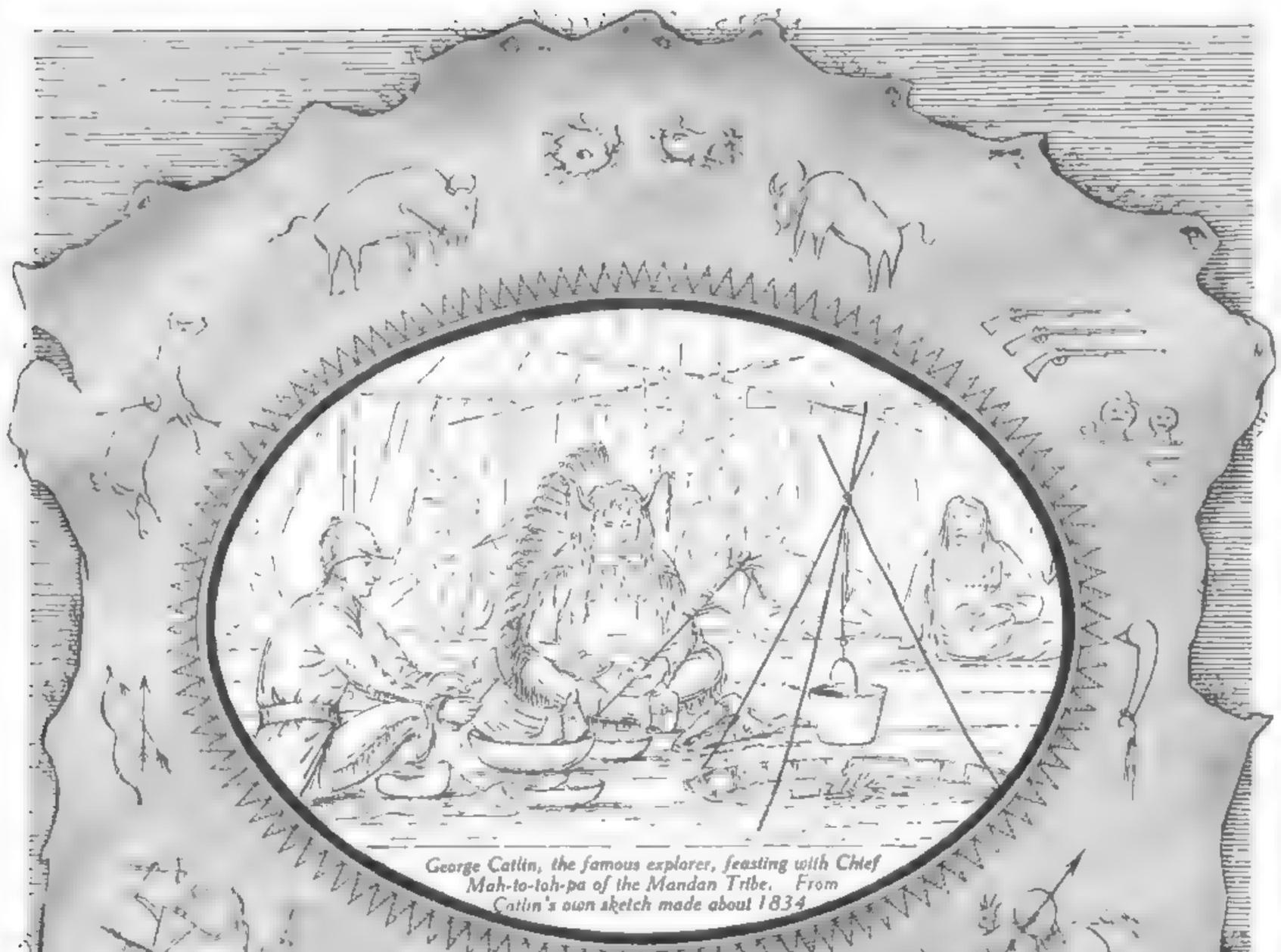

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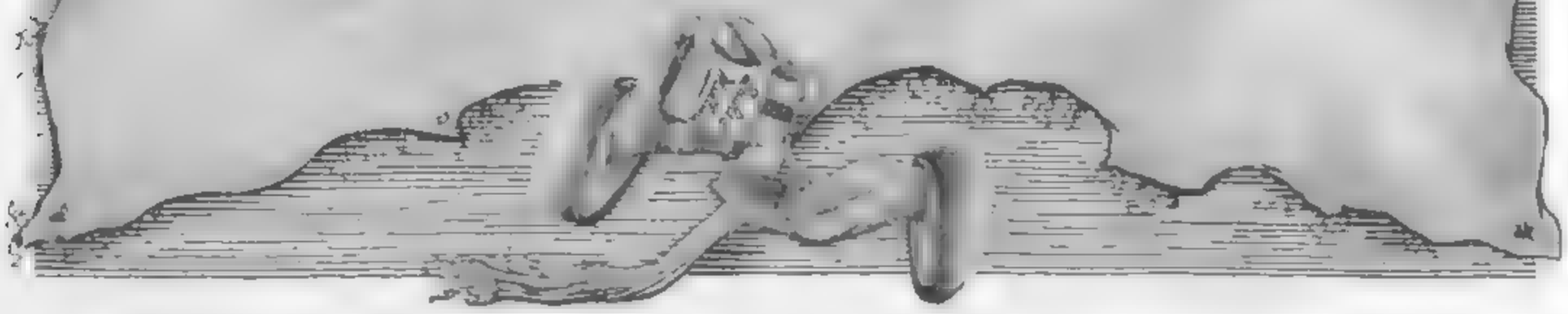

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# WE, THE PEOPLE, OR WE, THE JUDGES?

(Continued from Page 26)

dangerous doctrine indeed, and one which would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy. Our judges are as honest as other men, and not more so. They have, with others, the same passions for party, for power, and the privilege of their corps. Their maxim is: *Boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem;* and their power is the more dangerous as they are in office for life, and not responsible, as the other functionaries are, to the elective control. The Constitution has erected no such single tribunal, knowing that, to whatever hands confided, with the corruptions of time and party its members would become despots. It has more wisely made all the departments coequal and cosovereign with themselves.

The one crying need of the century is to get back to the fundamental principles of Lincoln as to the paramount power of government and paramount purposes of government, and then apply those principles to the now-existing social, industrial, commercial and political conditions of everyday life.

That the paramount power of government is not to-day in the hands of the people; that the paramount purpose of government as exemplified to-day is not "to elevate the condition of men"—is a matter of common knowledge.

It has probably been no more aptly and ably stated in recent years than by ex-Senator Root, as president of the late New York Constitutional Convention, in a notable address delivered before that body in its closing days. It will be impossible in the scope of this article to quote at length from that address, but some parts are so pertinent as to justify a place here:

"We talk about the government of the Constitution. But what is the government of this state? What has it been during the forty years of my acquaintance with it? The government of the Constitution? Not half the time—nor halfway.

. . . . . .

"And, sir, there is throughout the state a deep and sullen and long-continued resentment at being governed thus by men not of the people's choosing.

. . . . . .

"The present system is a perversion of democracy.

. . . . . .

"They call the system—I don't coin the phrase; I adopt it, because it carries its own meaning—they call the system 'invisible government.' Both parties are alike; all parties are alike; the system extends through all.

"The special interests are bipartisan. They use both parties. They are the invisible government behind our visible government. It is this invisible government which is the real danger to American institutions."

### Despotic Judicial Power

And the speaker has never been charged with being either a socialist, anarchist or wild-eyed reformer, or even one who was bent on laying his "impious hands on the Ark of the Covenant."

Did this invisible government, of which the ex-senator so eloquently spoke, overlook the selection and control of the judiciary? Is it possible that, in all their cleverness to control government, they contented themselves with the legislative branch or executive branch?

It seems to me painfully significant that the most prominent and powerful representatives of the invisible government, its political bosses and its business bosses, with their eminent array of legal counsel, are today the strongest advocates of the exercise of this supervisory power by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the most fulsome eulogists of the judges who are the strongest for the exercise of this undemocratic power. It has been said that men are sometimes "damned by faint praise." May not the eulogists representing invisible government be even more condemnatory in their excessive praise of this jurisdiction?

Shall this despotic power, long assumed and exercised, and constantly enlarged by our Supreme Court, go on unchallenged, uncontrolled and unlimited in vetoing the great welfare work of the nation, the states and the municipalities, and in preventing the realization among men, women and children of the twentieth-century ideal of social and industrial justice? Shall one or two men, unchosen by the people and unresponsible to the people and unremovable by the people, control the balance of power as to the general welfare and political policies conducive thereto?

From time to time various reforms have been suggested to correct this growing evil, all the way from a constitutional amendment denying such power to the recall of judges, the recall of judicial decisions, and various other ways and means of correcting this use and abuse of the power.

Federal constitutional amendments are so difficult and tedious that this method is hardly worth considering. Only two amendments to the Federal Constitution have been adopted in the last fifty years.

The recall of judges and the recall of judicial decisions presuppose that the wrong has been done in a particular case and that an effort should be made to correct it by removing the judge, though his successor may be little if any better; or by recalling the decision, which would be difficult in its practical political operation.

### The Ohio Remedy

Ohio has paved the way for a remedy by the states by adopting, in 1912, as part of its constitution the following provision—Article IV, Section 2:

". . . No law shall be held unconstitutional and void by the supreme court without the concurrence of at least all but one of the judges, except in the affirmance of a judgment of the court of appeals declaring a law unconstitutional and void."

I do not commend the exception. It results in this anomaly: that if the state court of appeals by a vote of two to one holds the law unconstitutional, four of the supreme court judges may hold it unconstitutional; and if the court of appeals by a vote of two to one, or unanimously, holds the statute constitutional, then six of the seven judges are necessary to hold it unconstitutional. There should not be this discrimination. The exception should have been omitted from the constitution.

As a step in the right direction this constitutional provision of Ohio is generally approved by our people and has been found to work well as an effective and salutary restraint on the judiciary.

Though Ohio furnishes the suggestion of a remedy for the several states, this remedy is of little consequence where a Federal question is involved under the Fourteenth Amendment; for there the Supreme Court of the United States would take jurisdiction, and could, by a vote of five to four, or six to three, as has been quite common of late, hold the state statute dealing with state matters as unconstitutional.

The Supreme Court of the United States, in the exercise of the power to nullify a statute, state or Federal, on the ground that it is contrary to some provision of the Federal Constitution, has uniformly held that it must be "clearly" so; and as a standard of clearness has again and again held that the conflict must be "beyond a reasonable doubt."

Now, how can the conflict between the statute and the Constitution be clear or beyond a reasonable doubt when nine men, sitting as judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, presumably of equal integrity of mind and heart, equally patriotic, equally learned in the law and the Constitution, divide on the judgment of unconstitutionality by five to four or six to three?

When we deal with the criminal, no matter how atrocious or how overwhelming the evidence may be against him, he is presumed to be innocent; and before he is found guilty the twelve men in the jury box must find that guilt to a moral certainty or beyond a reasonable doubt. On that proposition all twelve must concur. On a matter affecting the millions of people of a state, and perhaps the hundred millions of a nation, the statute should not only be presumed constitutional—and this is the law—but, before that presumption can be overcome, should it not be by at least a three-fourths concurrence, or seven of the nine judges of the Supreme Court?

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Your grocer or druggist has *Sani-Flush* or can get it quickly; or write us a card, giving your dealer's name, and we will have you supplied. Try *Sani-Flush* at our risk—money back if it fails to do as we claim.

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Melville Davisson Post, in an article in this weekly under date of December 18, 1915, uses this language with reference to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States:

"Out of seventy-seven consecutive decisions rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States, twenty-nine were given by a vote of five to four, and forty-six by a vote of six to three; in only two instances did as many as seven out of the nine justices agree."

On the ordinary legal question a mere majority must be sufficient for a judgment, else in many cases there could be no final judgment. But in cases involving public policies, as defined by state and Federal statute—cases involving questions of eminent domain, taxation, police power, and the like, which are inherent and sovereign in the domestic affairs of the state and the home-rule affairs of our municipalities, questions that are more of a political nature than legal—why should not at least a three-fourths vote be required by the Supreme Court of the United States on the fact of clear conflict, before the statute or ordinance should be nullified by the Supreme Court of the nation?

When the statute clearly permits what the Constitution clearly prohibits, or the statute clearly prohibits what the Constitution clearly permits, you then have, in such a situation, that clear conflict where both statute and Constitution cannot stand. Of course the statute should yield to the fundamental law—the Constitution.

But who shall be the judge as to such clear conflict? We have seen that, in England, Parliament alone determines this question—not the courts. In France it is the Senate and Chamber of Deputies—not the judges. And in every leading nation of the world, save the United States, it is likewise the legislative body that determines whether or not there is such clear conflict; and the action of such legislative bodies is final.

The courts of those nations have nothing whatever to do with the question. Their legislative bodies are representative bodies—at least, the controlling branch is elected directly by the people.

But here in the United States, for more than a century, the courts have exercised this power without warrant of the Constitution, but by authority of judicial custom and precedent, which the courts themselves have widened and extended; so that they are not only the Supreme Court but the supreme legislature, the supreme executive, the supreme government of the nation, the states and our municipalities.

### How Congress Can Mend Matters

Now the thing that is proposed is not entirely to reverse this order, but to recognize and restrain it by applying the very principles and rules that the Supreme Court itself has for a century or more announced—this doctrine of clear conflict; this doctrine of a conflict beyond a reasonable doubt, which should be clear to more than a mere majority; else it is clearly not clear.

There is nothing radical or revolutionary about requiring more than a mere majority vote in unusual or exceptional procedure. Legislatures of state and nation, when they depart from the regular order in lawmaking, frequently require a two-thirds or three-fourths vote. Why should not the courts, when they depart from the regular order by law-unmaking, be required to do so by more than a mere majority vote—by a two-thirds or three-fourths vote?

In order that Congress may propose an amendment to our Federal Constitution it is expressly provided that two-thirds of both houses shall concur; and such proposed amendment cannot become a part of our Federal Constitution until three-fourths of the states have ratified the same by their legislatures or conventions.

Of course the adoption of a Federal Amendment to the Constitution limiting the power of our Federal courts in this behalf would be effective when accomplished; but the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment would be a repetition of the time and effort made in behalf of the amendment for the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people, and for an income tax. And it is utter folly, under the enlarged jurisdiction asserted by the Supreme Court of the United States, on the Federal questions arising under the Fourteenth Amendment and other amendments, to attempt to cure this evil through state constitutions; for, as was said of old, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands."

So it can be truthfully said to-day that though the state courts have assumed jurisdiction to nullify legislative acts, the chief offender in this behalf, and from whom the state courts have found precedents more or less obligatory on them, has been the Supreme Court of the United States.

Now, how can this limitation on the power of the Federal courts, touching constitutional questions, be brought about?

After a careful examination of the Federal Constitution I am persuaded that there is no need of a further amendment in order to authorize Congress to place a limitation on the Supreme Court of the United States on Constitutional questions. The power and authority are there now in the clearest and most unambiguous terms. It is found in the Federal Judicial Article III, Section 2, in this language:

"In all cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, and those in which a State shall be Party, the supreme Court shall have original Jurisdiction. In all the other Cases before mentioned, the supreme Court shall have appellate Jurisdiction, both as to Law and Fact, *with such Exceptions, and under such Regulations as the Congress shall make.*"

If now Congress should pass an act declaring that no state or Federal statute should be declared null and void, as contrary to public policy or contrary to any state constitution or the Federal Constitution, unless by the concurrence of a three-fourths vote of the Supreme Court of the United States, the evil would be very largely if not entirely remedied.

### Effective Restraint

It is a well-known fact that these questions arise under the appellate jurisdiction of the United States Supreme Court; and, therefore, the provision of the Federal Constitution above cited would, if it means anything at all, seem to vest the Federal Congress with the power to regulate and control the Supreme Court of the United States as to its power to nullify and slaughter state and Federal acts in the exercise of its appellate jurisdiction.

What objection can there be to this? How can the passage of such a law by Congress be effectively brought about?

It will be the duty of the people of the several states who are interested in restoring political power back to its original sources—the hands of the people—to see to it that their candidates for the United States Senate and their candidates for the House of Representatives shall be in favor of the enactment of such a law.

With public opinion roused and organized for the accomplishment of this end, it will not be long before this extension of power by the Supreme Court of the United States will be effectively and practically controlled.

It will not only inure to the benefit of popular humanitarian government but will be of lasting and substantial benefit to the court itself, by increasing public confidence in the judgments of that court:

FIRST. By giving it an express warrant of authority for the exercise of such power.

SECOND. By so limiting the exercise of that power as to prevent abuse, and to make effective the rule of law that the conflict between the statute and the Constitution shall be beyond a reasonable doubt to at least seven of the nine judges of the court.

After the passage of such a law by Congress it will then be up to the people of the several states to limit their own courts, as to nullifying statutes, by some similar Constitutional provision; but until the Federal courts are restrained such provision for the state courts will be of practically no avail.

If this article shall have produced an interest in this subject, a discussion of the underlying principles of democracy, a consideration of the remarkable growth and evolution of this power of centralized government by the Supreme Court of the United States, and whether or not some practical and effective restraint is not highly and immediately essential to the preservation of our American system of government, then it will not have been in vain.

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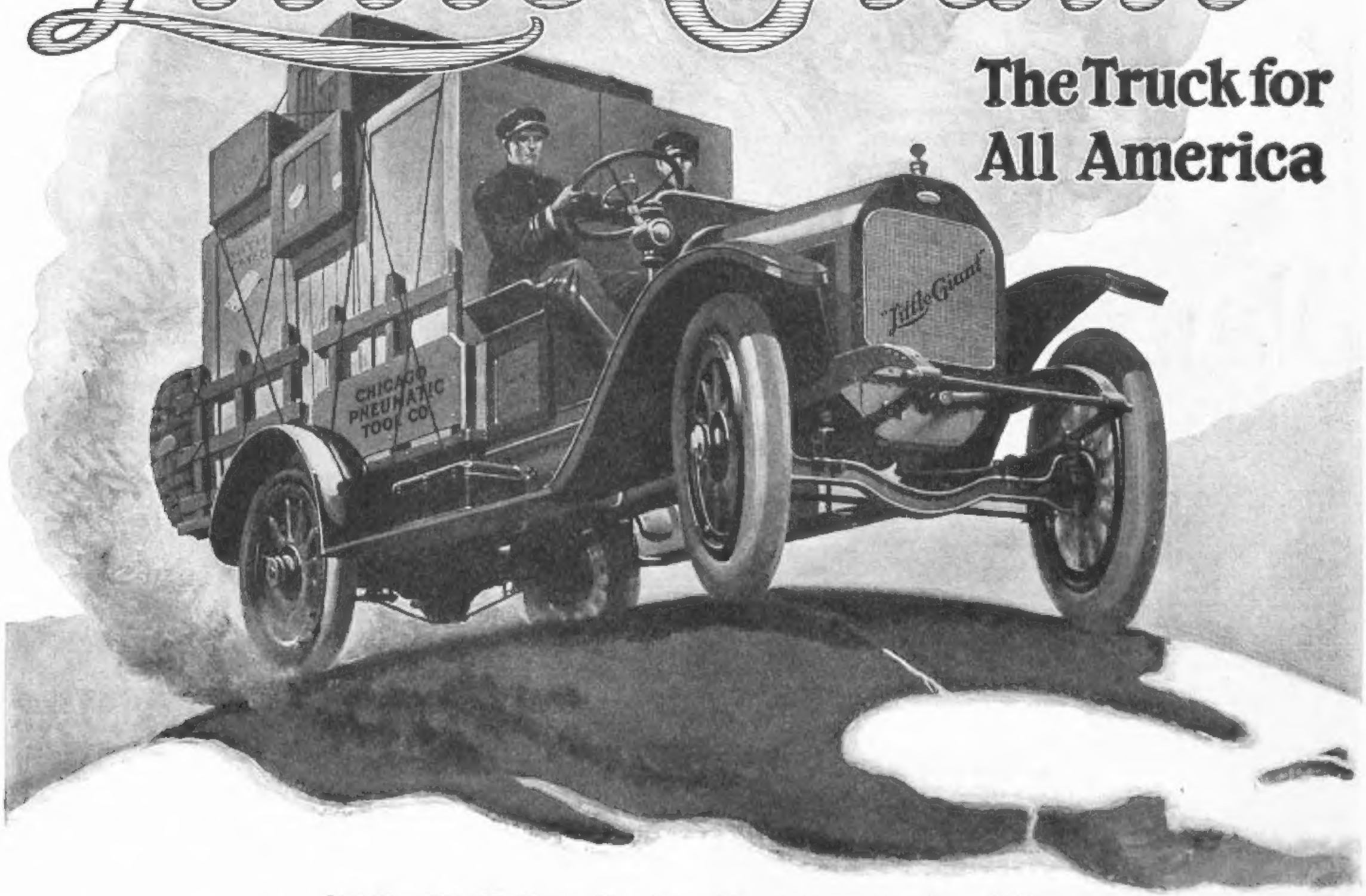
**Author's Note—I desire to express my great obligation to Haines' American Doctrine of Judicial Supremacy, Collins' Fourteenth Amendment and the States, and Roe's Judicial Oligarchy.**

# "Little Giant"

## The Truck for All America




*Little Giant Model No. 15, 1-ton Worm Drive, 138 in. wheel base—Chassis Price—$1500.*

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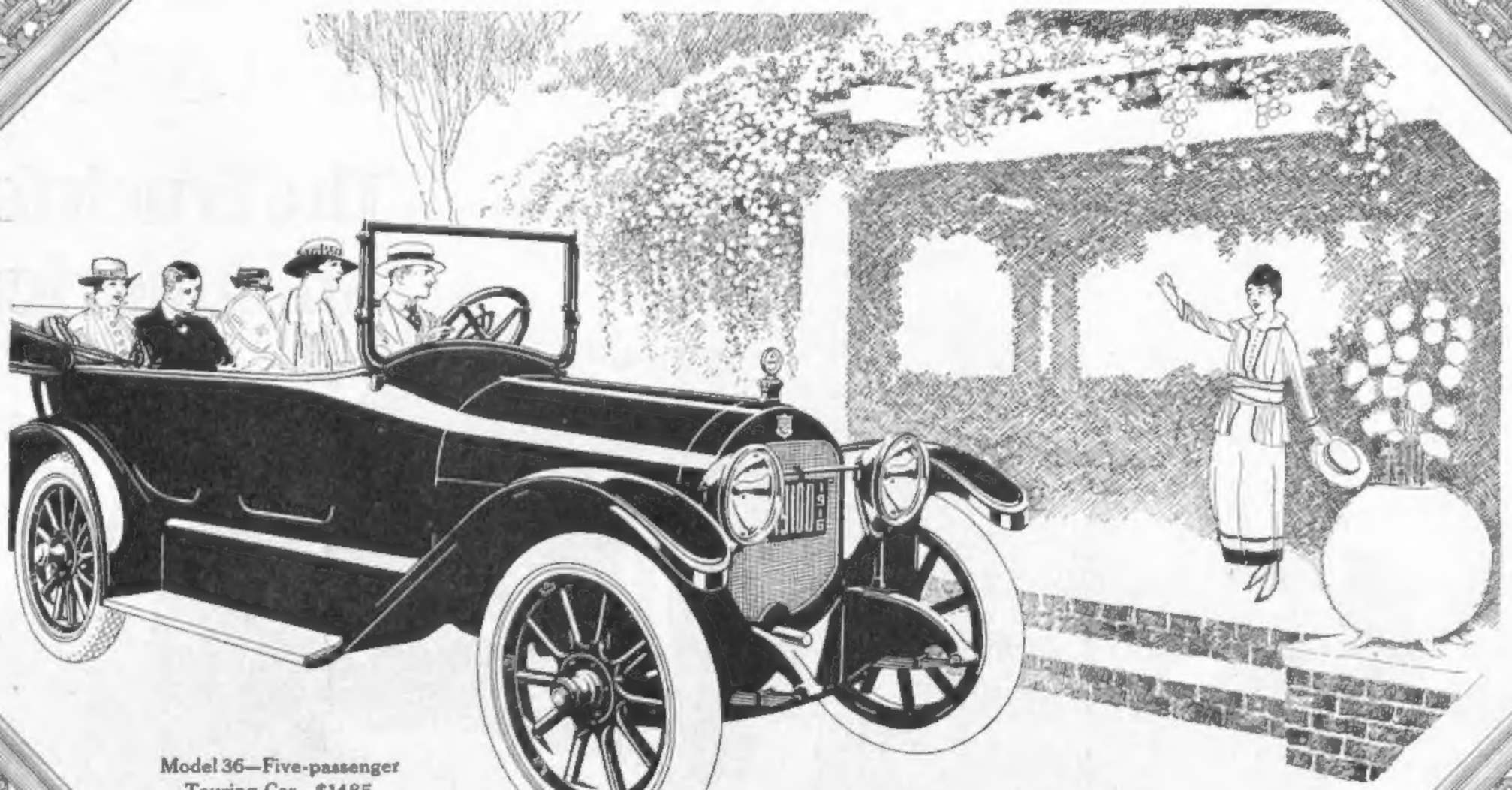

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